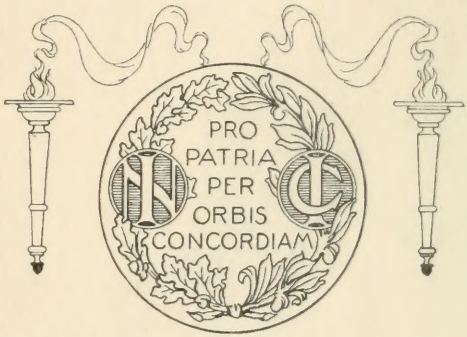
MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

NORVAL RICHARDSON

International Mind Alcove



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MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

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MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

BY

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TO
MY WIFE

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MY DIPLOMATIC EDUCATION

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I

WASHINGTON

WHY don't you go in for the diplomatic service? The question came at a time when I was trying —at what some may consider the mature age of thirty—to decide what I wanted to do with the rest of my life; and I received it—as probably the majority of people do when they think of diplomacy, if they ever do—with the feeling that such a career might be the most picturesque one imaginable, especially for an American. It immediately conjured up visions of kings and queens, beribboned and decorated ambassadors, smart young secretaries and a horde of fascinating ladies who flitted in and out of the picture, coloring it with their beauty, their wonderful jewels, their intriguing perfumes and their possibilities for finding out international secrets which, without their aid, would remain forever unknown. You know the sort of thing I mean—the things which dramas and books and anecdotes have always pictured as a part of diplomatic life. Of course this was years ago—before our American consciousness had been awakened to the realization that we are not a remote factor in international affairs.

After the first flush of interest brought forth by the question, and the picturesque visions had subsided, I began to think of diplomacy as a practical problem. I might as well confess that I knew absolutely nothing about it. I had no traditional interest in the subject, no uncles

or cousins of whom I could boast as having been ambassador or minister or even consul in some remote part of the world—Bangkok, Teheran, La Paz—nor had I been near an embassy during the two trips I had made to Europe. The subject was about as new to me as Relativity was to the world a little while ago.

In my haste to obtain some information at once, I looked over a shelf of books and found the World Almanac. A good many subjects were there. Would diplomacy be too? I turned hastily to the index and found, with a real thrill, listed there "Diplomatic and Consular Service." The information, however, was meager; it included only the names of ambassadors and ministers and secretaries, their posts and salaries; absolutely nothing was said about how one became a diplomat. But the names of the capitals were quite enough to fire my imagination and send me off in a bewildering choice of places to which I thought I should like to go.

Argentina headed the list—which I dismissed at once. Somehow South America did not fit in with my colorful dreams of diplomacy; there were no kings and queens there. Argentina was just a plain old republic like my own country. Besides, it was new, there were no romantic stories about it, no inspiring backgrounds; altogether it was not worth giving a thought to. Next on the list was Austrio-Hungary, which sounded much more promising; but immediately after followed more of those disturbing South American republics—Brazil and Chile. I hurried on to London, Paris, Rome. They were much more suggestive of what I was looking for. I tried them all in imaginary pictures and finally decided Rome pleased me most. The more I thought of it the more delightful it appeared. Why, exactly, I didn't know, except that I had spent two weeks there many years before and had carried away an impression of great romantic and historical interest. Per-

haps, too, I might have been influenced by the thought that—admitted to me by an enthusiastic tourist many years later when I was actually secretary of the embassy there—"the great thing about Rome is all these B. C. things you've got lying around the streets here." There was no necessity of looking farther or trying to find a foreign capital that would please me more. Rome was immediately decided upon.

The next step demanded more consideration. Detailed information of how one went about entering the diplomatic service was impossible to obtain in my somewhat remote "home town." Some one suggested that it was entirely a matter of having the support of your senator; that if he were strong enough politically he could get you the place you wanted; that diplomatic jobs were merely political favors. This brought me to the conclusion that the most feasible thing to do was to go to Washington and consult the senator from my state about the matter. And what appears to me now as having been a very striking example of American energy is the fact that, the day after that question was fired at me—"Why don't you go in for the diplomatic service?"—I was on a train bound for Washington.

John Sharp Williams received me with characteristic Southern cordiality, made me sit down while he unlocked a drawer of his desk, took out a bottle of very fine old bourbon, mixed himself and me a toddy, then listened to the expressions of my new ambition and finally admitted that he didn't know exactly what the system was at that moment for a young man entering the foreign service, that he was under the impression Root had been working on some scheme for improving the service, but that he would make an appointment with the Secretary of State and take me there with him so that we could find out everything that was necessary.

Before he had finished speaking he picked up the telephone and ran from his words to me into a demand—it was exactly that—to be put in communication with the State Department. I was rather surprised to find that it took only a few moments for the Senator to be talking personally with the Secretary of State himself; but then, this was my first experience in these seats of the mighty. The interview ended with an appointment being made for the next morning at half past ten.

The next day, I suppose, would be called my first real approach towards the goal on which I had set my desires. That I was actually going to meet the Secretary of State appeared to me then as having torn away all barriers. I already felt a full-fledged diplomat—somewhat disturbed, however, with the realization that I was going to have my first encounter with a member of a cabinet. Years before, when I was a boy of nine, I had been taken by my father to a White House reception and had been forced, much against my will, to put my hand in that of the biggest man I had ever seen, Grover Cleveland; and the memory of my fright and consternation, brought on probably by the excitement of such an important moment, remained very distinctly before me. Would Mr. Knox prove as formidable? The newspaper accounts of him at that time made him out a very approachable person—it was just at the beginning of the Taft Administration—but just to prepare myself on the subject and appear conversant in case I had a chance to express my great admiration of what he had already done for the nation—was this the feeble stirrings of an embryo diplomat?—I spent the night before reading everything I could find on the Secretary's political career.

I was at Senator Williams' office long before he arrived, and drove with him to that somber structure, the State, War and Navy Building, which was to be such a factor

in my life in the years to come. Its first impression has never been modulated. It appears to me always as one of the most forbidding and dreary structures in the world. I remember particularly the long corridors and the negro men seated before the doors and the generally dreary atmosphere of the whole place. An uncanny note was furnished by the glass cases which contained wax figures in uniform placed near the office of the Secretary of War. Even the waiting room into which we were shown by an unctuous and bowing old negro, who rolled "Mister Senator" between his thick lips with all the sugary flattery of his race, did not dispel the gloom; the spaciousness of the room, its formal chairs, its large oil painting of the Shah of Persia and its impressive silence only accentuated a feeling of depression.

However, senators are not kept waiting, even by a member of the cabinet. When the door of the waiting room flew open and a private secretary asked the Senator to walk into the Secretary's room I experienced a feeling that must resemble very much the stage fright of an actor. It seemed such a very important moment. But all my self-consciousness disappeared as I looked across the large room and saw a little man sitting in a chair, which was tilted back, with his feet on the desk before him. This informal position, accompanied by "Hello, Williams; come in," was a blow that almost robbed diplomacy permanently of its glamour. But at any rate it made a genial atmosphere that left no room for disturbing formalities and gave me a chance to find a seat, after I had been presented, a little away from these two apparently intimate friends. As a matter of fact I appeared completely forgotten as a long and casual conversation went on and on about some political questions of the moment. "This young man," said the Senator, at a time when I was just beginning to think he had forgotten I

had come with him, "wants to go into the diplomatic service. I brought him along to find out what he had to do to get into it. Is my recommendation sufficient?"

The Secretary of State smiled. "Of course that's the best recommendation he could possibly have, but we've got some special regulations just now—examinations, things like that—but I'm sure your friend can pass them all right."

Examinations! The word sent a chill straight through me. What under the sun would I be examined for? It was a moment when fear created courage. I put the question to the Secretary with dry lips.

Again the Secretary answered in a most genial way. "I can't tell you exactly. I haven't time to go into it myself. The Assistant-Secretary will tell you all that. He has charge of the personnel of the service."

The assistant secretary—at that time Huntington Wilson—proved rather less genial than his superior, as is often the case. Reënforced with heavily rimmed horn spectacles and an expressionless countenance, he received the Senator most formally and with very grave courtesy, and explained that all applicants for the diplomatic service were expected to pass an examination in international law, diplomatic usages and one modern language. He accompanied this statement with a pamphlet, which he handed me. Besides the examination the formalities to be observed were: First, a letter of recommendation from the Senator; after this I must await a letter from the Secretary informing me that I had been designated to take the examination; then, if the examination was successfully passed, my name would be considered for assignment to a foreign post—or possibly in the State Department. For further detailed information I could consult the Chief of the Diplomatic Bureau.

The latter official—in spite of his portentous title—

was a most sympathetic person, almost as much so as the Secretary himself. He took great pains to answer all my questions, gave me a copy of sample examinations and suggested that as there would probably be an examination in about two months it might be advisable for me to engage some teacher of international law and begin studying at once. He gave me the name of a man who made a specialty of coaching applicants for the diplomatic service, and also the name of a French teacher. He even went further and introduced me to a secretary who had been in the service several years and who was spending a few days in Washington.

Here at last I was in touch with some one who had been following for several years the career I was entering —or contemplating entering. I looked at him with very keen interest and admiration—this latter somewhat modified when he admitted that he had entered the service before examinations had been instituted, only a matter of a few years before. In appearance he was slim and tall, wore a smart morning coat, a small upturned mustache and spoke with a slightly Englished accent. Being at that time so wholly one hundred per cent American, I viewed him through slightly disapproving eyes; but once by his outwardly foreign assumptions, I found him pleasant and ready to tell me everything he knew about the service. He had served in both South American and European posts, and confided to me, when the chief of the bureau was out of hearing, that the former was desperately boring—a complete waste of time.

When I left the Department of State that day, my arms filled with pamphlets and lists of names of books, my head buzzing with all I had heard, I was fully convinced that it was every bit as dreary a place as I had thought when we entered it. Of course discouragement had much to do with this feeling. The idea of passing

an examination hung over me with depressing dread. I knew nothing of the subjects that had been mentioned. International law was as totally strange as diplomatic usages. The only ray of light was in a modern language —I did know a little French, which I spoke with the fluency of the usual American tourist. At any rate, though, that was not an entirely closed book. The others —international law, diplomatic usages!

I confessed to the senator that I might as well go back home and choose some other career. It was out of the question to learn enough about such subjects to pass an examination in them in two months. He laughed, patted me on the back and attempted to cheer me by saying it would not be half so bad as it sounded, that international law was such a vague thing that no one really knew anything about it; and so far as diplomatic usages went, he supposed that was merely a matter of knowing how to say good morning in French and to eat with the right knife and fork. On the whole, I got the impression that he and the Secretary took the subject rather lightly, but the Assistant-Secretary, the Chief of the Diplomatic Bureau and the secretary I had met—not a bit of it!

The pamphlet I had brought away with me increased my depression. I could hardly wait to get back to the hotel to see what the sample examination contained. Imagine my consternation when I found questions like this included quite casually with many others even more complicated:

"During a recent revolution in Constantinople one X, a member of the late Turkish cabinet, applied to the American Embassy for admission and was admitted. One Y, a member of the recent government, indicted for the misappropriation of funds, secretly entered the American Embassy. Z, an opponent of the revolution, pursued by a mob, seeks refuge in the American Embassy. What

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SENATOR JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, OF MISSISSIPPI

should be the action of the American Embassy in each of these cases?"

Or this:

"A diplomatic agent leases a house for the period of two years at an annual rental of five thousand dollars, payable monthly. The agent pays rent for the first three months, but thereafter neglects to pay the rent when due. At the expiration of a year the owner of the house seeks to evict the diplomat and files an action to recover the rent due and damages for the breach of the lease. What, in your opinion, should be the result? Would it make any difference in your answer if instead of a diplomat the tenant was a consul general?"

Or this:

"Give your understanding of the difference between a chargé d'affaires ad interim and a chargé des affaires."

Or even this:

"Upon the execution of Louis XVI the British Government refused to receive the French diplomatic agent and sent him his passports. Was the action of the British Government correct?"

Naturally I spent a sleepless night, deciding for and against the diplomatic service and reached the conclusion in the early morning hours that it could do no harm to go ahead and make an attempt to pass the examinations. Even if I failed I should have had considerable experience and learned a great deal about a subject that sounded, even under the influence of panic, very interesting. This decision meant settling down in Washington and getting to work at once.

"Can you teach me enough international law in two months to pass the examination for the diplomatic service?" I asked the coach to whom I had been referred.

"How much of it do you now know?" he replied.

"Absolutely nothing."

"Can you give all your time to it?"

I nodded. "With the exception of a few hours on French."

He considered this a few moments. "It all depends upon you. On the whole, you might get a fairly comprehensive idea of international law in two months. At least —you might try."

He could give me only two hours a day, from six to eight in the morning—he was already coaching eight men —but I agreed to this and went on in search of the French teacher. At the end of the day my room was filled with ponderous volumes and grammars and much atmospheric uncertainty.

The portentous volumes made a disconcerting array. I hardly knew where to start. Then, with the determination to begin somewhere, I picked up the least formidable-looking volume—The Principles of International Law, by T. J. Lawrence—and read a definition of the subject which at once appealed to me—"the difficulty of making it"—international law—"satisfactory." I ran hastily over the table of contents to see if any of the subjects appeared comprehensible to me.

The Law of Peace and The Law of War seemed to be the two important divisions of the book, with a third part devoted to Neutrality. I settled down in a comfortable chair, plunged in and read for perhaps four hours.

The complete novelty of the subject interested me. Who of us, leading an ordinary American life, ever thinks of the ramifications of treaty rights, obligations and rights connected with jurisdiction, nationality, extradition treaties, and so on? The subject opened up an entirely new world.

When I arrived at six o'clock the next morning at the rooms of the international coach I found that he had

brought with him a book not included in my list—a book of cases compiled by James Brown Scott. My coach suggested that I study that first, as it gave actual cases, the causes, the discussions and the decisions. He considered it the best way to learn the principles of the subject, as one actually learned them through seeing the applications; and each case having actually occurred became more vital and vivid. Those first two hours—and before breakfast, mind you—remain very distinct and suggestive in my recollections. The possibility of study seemed unlimited; but the subjects were immensely interesting.

The French teacher tried me out and no doubt found me discouragingly lacking in any real knowledge of his language; but he proved as practical as his nation is justly celebrated for being. He said there were ten questions which would very likely be asked me in the examination and that it would be advisable for me to prepare answers to them, learn them by heart and be ready with my replies when the crucial moment arrived. The first question very likely would be: "Where have you learned French?" He asked me to reply to that, write it in the French I knew, and that he would then put it into colloquial French, which I could repeat to him each day.

How well I remember that question and my reply! I can shut my eyes even now and roll it out—or let it roll out of its own accord:

"*J'ai appris le français dans mon enfance parce que ma ville natale était près de la Nouvelle-Orléans, où l'on parle français plus que dans n'importe quelle autre ville des Etats-Unis d'Amérique.*"

It always seemed to me that the really French touch to this phrase was the "*plus que dans n'importe quelle autre ville.*" That had a flavor that was far beyond tourist

French. Each time I said it I felt that I had really mastered the intricacies of the language; and in the end I got to a point where I could really let the whole sentence slip out—even rolling the r's—with all the aplomb of a spirited linguist.

Of course besides these questions and replies I did translations, both into and out of French. And as for diplomatic usages, the Chief of the Diplomatic Bureau had given me a slender little volume bound in much-thumbed calf which he assured me covered the whole subject.

Soon after I had got started on my studies the first official communication from the State Department arrived, stating that I had been assigned for examination at a date about two months later. Somehow this document gave me the feeling that I had burned my bridges; there was no turning back now; and there was no failing to be thought of—I made up my mind to that. It would be too hideously mortifying to fail! This thought had been particularly ever present after I had received a letter from one of those so-called good friends, who had written that he thought I had gone off my head in trying to enter the diplomatic service, that it took years of preparation, that he had never known any one to attempt it who had not spent at least two years at the Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques in Paris. Even if I had been prepared for it, he went on, I hadn't a sufficient income to lead a diplomatic life. The salaries for secretaries were nothing—a mere two thousand dollars; it would cost at least ten thousand dollars to begin to do what was expected of a secretary.

Of course this sort of letter is discouraging; but it did me a great deal of good. It increased determination. And as for the statements about necessary income, the secretary I had met that first day at the department

scouted such statements. He assured me that nothing was expected of a bachelor in the way of entertainment; on the contrary, a single man could make himself easily persona grata by only accepting and appearing at all the dinners to which he would be invited. Popularity in diplomacy, according to him, consisted solely in giving oneself.

I had never studied so hard as I did those two months; I probably never shall again. Beginning at six in the morning I ended at any time of the night. I worked on and on, hardly aware of the place I was in. Now and then some one I knew would ask me to dinner or luncheon, and once I went to a reception at the White House; but such diversions were entirely unreal and hardly helpful. During a long dinner party I would often catch myself looking fixedly at the center piece of flowers and imagine it a fishing boat caught within the three-mile limit; or it might become contraband, risking the penalty of capture; and one day I remember asking a very charming lady where her domicile was located—all of these, mind you, subjects which had been particularly difficult to solve that day. Nothing really existed for me during those two months but international law and French; they held every waking and sleeping thought.

The morning of the fatal day came on one of those delightful balmy days for which Washington is justly famous. The streets were lined with trees of sparkling green leaves; Dupont Circle was a mass of gorgeous flowers; houses were covered with wreaths of wistaria; and in every direction were vistas of pleasing freshness. Washington in May is one of the most beautiful cities in the world; even Paris, with its magnificent boulevards, is not quite so intimately lovely. And the White House, shining in early morning sun, surrounded by trees and sparkling fountains, becomes, on such a day, worthy of

the title which Arnold Bennett gave it—"that distinguished little building."

I was up early and sauntered down Connecticut Avenue, repeating every step of the way "*J'ai appris le français.*" Finding myself in the vicinity of the ominous gray building in which my fate was to be decided, I looked at my watch. It was only half past seven; the hour fixed for the examination was nine.

I sat down on a bench in a park and tried to put all thought of the trial out of my mind. I forced myself to look at the people passing to and fro, and to speculate upon where they were going and what sort of professions they were following; and while I did this a man caught my attention. He had passed me several times and appeared to be talking to himself all the time. Again he came near me, and I fancied I caught a murmured French phrase. I threw back my head and laughed. Was I imagining all this? Was I so concentrated on myself that I was seeing a sort of reproduction in others? The man passed again; and when I rose and went towards the forbidding building, ten minutes before nine, I found him going in the same direction. Then for a few minutes I lost sight of him.

I climbed up the two flights of steps to reach the floor of the State Department, and was soon shown to a corner room in which the applicants for the diplomatic service were to assemble. Four men were already there. Their appearance, or differences in age, surprised me. One looked about twenty; another was frankly fat and forty; the third was surely sixty, judging by his gray hair and lined face; and the fourth was very much of the country type which goes to Washington to see the sights. They apparently had never met and were sitting upright in uncomfortable leather chairs—for all the world as if they were attending a funeral. The next arrival was my

friend in the park. I felt very much like going up to him and exchanging French phrases at once. He took a seat in a far corner and continued mumbling, quite unconscious of his surroundings.

Soon others came in, and finally a group of four, who were evidently friends and were obviously not in the least preoccupied with what was before them. But even these could not lift the atmosphere of gloom that hung over the entire twenty-six gathered there, a gloom that increased as the minutes lengthened into an hour. The idea of a funeral became accentuated; the solemn faces, the stiff positions, the careful dressing, the silence, the awful waiting—all of it was exactly like those moments when one waits in a darkened parlor for the corpse to be brought in.

At last the climax of agony was reached. A pleasant-faced young man—entirely too pleasant for such a moment—came in and announced with a smile that the examination would not take place that day, that it had been postponed until the next morning at nine o'clock, at which time we would be expected to be at the Pension Building to take the written examination in international law. An audible groan went up from every one in the room. To prolong agony twenty-four hours was more than mere flesh and blood could stand. We filed out in dead silence and separated in the dismal corridors of the building. Twenty-four hours more of waiting! It was too horrible to believe! It was unfair—cruel—heartless!

The Pension Building is a rather gay structure of red with a yellow frieze of Greek design running round it. At least I always thought it gay until I passed four hours in it. Since then I can hardly pass it without a shiver. We were shown to desks in one of its large rooms; pen and ink and reams of paper were given us; a short address was made by the same pleasant-faced official, whose

insistent pleasantness became more and more irritating. It seemed so heartlessly out of place. He told us that as gentlemen we were placed on our honor not to communicate with one another, not to discuss the questions in the examination papers and not to give or receive aid. He then distributed sheets on which were printed twelve questions of international law, each question being divided into three parts, thus making really thirty-six problems. We were given four hours in which to write out decisions on these cases.

I ran hastily over the list to find out how many of the subjects were familiar, and decided almost all of them looked unfamiliar; then I deliberately took up the first question and began writing, regardless of time and subject. What I didn't know in theory I covered up with quantities of words. The four hours were the shortest I ever spent; they were finished before they had begun. It seemed impossible that they could have passed when the same official appeared, announced that the time was finished, and went about collecting what we had written. After this he announced that we would be expected at the department the next morning to take an examination in languages. Another sigh of protest went up. Were they going to prolong this torture for weeks and weeks? Why not go through the whole thing in one day? Why keep us continually on the anxious bench?

Next morning's examination proved to be one in written French or the language that had been chosen. The selection was left to the individual. We were given official notes in French to translate into English; we were also given a treaty in English to put into French. Put a treaty into French! Ye Gods—that was beyond any one's power—even a Frenchman's! Who under the sun could be expected to know technical phrases in French? The man sitting next to me gasped. He was the one I

had remarked the first day as being fat and forty. I heard him groan and curse and complain in gasping breath.

Then, when the pleasant-faced official—he was eternally in evidence—had gone out of the room he leaned towards me and whispered, "How do you write August in French?"

I glanced furtively towards the door and whispered back "Oooo."

"Oooo!" His voice showed frank distrust of me. "How in the devil do you spell Oooo?"

"A-o-u-t—with an accent circumflex."

"Where does the accent go?"

"Either over the 'u' or the 'o'—I'm not sure which."

I heard him mutter the letters as he wrote them down. "A-o-u-t. Are you sure that's right?"

"I'm not sure of anything to-day."

"It doesn't sound a bit familiar to me."

The watching official returned before the argument brought on further ill feeling.

After the French examination we had another free afternoon. Most of us gathered at the Shoreham, in the grill, and spent the whole afternoon there exchanging opinions and arguing points in the subjects we had already essayed. By this time a feeling of friendship had sprung up among the twenty-six. Misery loves company. Even the four casually acting ones had begun to grumble, and complained bitterly of the way we were being delayed. One—quite English in accent and appearance—raised his high voice in poignant plaint:

"My dear grandmamma is awaiting me in France, you know. Quite shocking—my keeping her this way. We are going to do the château country in motor—awfully jolly, you know—but I ought to be on my way to her now. Beastly—I call it—this hour-by-hour affair. Only

ran over specially to get through this tommyrot. Thought it would take about a couple of hours. Why can't they see whether we are suitable for the dip without all these stuffy exams? I say—it's all poisonous. Do you get me—what?"

Another maintained an impressive silence and a patronizing attitude. The other two tried to cover uncertainty with amusing remarks. One, who had been private secretary to an ambassador in the Orient, gave a long dissertation on the special duties of a secretary, which comprised—so far as experince had taught him—spending every day in a motor distributing the ambassador's cards; he confessed that he had never had time to do anything else—not even sightseeing.

These four men interested me particularly. They had had all the experiences I had not had; they had lived some time in Europe; one had been educated in England; and all four of them had taken a course at that famous Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques. In a way they appeared very well fitted for diplomacy—that is to say, from the traditional point of view. In contrast with them the rest of us appeared somewhat less finished, less cosmopolitan, less prepared to shine in court circles.

This contrast became acute when I looked at the chap who had impressed me the first day as having arrived in Washington as a tourist. His rather unkempt hair and unpressed clothes made him appear a bit out of place. He felt this himself, it was easy enough to see, and confessed to me very simply and rather touchingly that he hadn't an idea what he was going in for.

"What made you think of diplomacy?" I asked.

He ran his hand through his sandy hair and smiled ruefully. "I didn't. Some one else thought of it for me."

This made me sit up. My own case had been somewhat similar.

"My Senator made a speech out home not long ago and said he wanted some of the home boys to go into the foreign service. It struck me as being a pretty good way to see the world—so I came on here to see about it. And here I am. Of course I ain't going to pass this examination. I ain't fooling myself a minute about that. To tell you the truth—there's been some mistake. What the Senator wanted me to do was go in the consular service. I didn't know the difference, so I got sidetracked with this bunch. I'm going to stick this out another day or two and then I'm going to beat it for home. Don't know what ever made me think of leaving home anyhow. It's good enough for me—a sight better than Washington is, anyhow. Have another beer on me?"

The waiters at the Shoreham that afternoon were kept busy tending our wants. We had to get a moment's respite in some way; anything that pushed harrowing uncertainty into the background was welcomed. About five o'clock the funereal atmosphere had somewhat disappeared; even an outburst of cheer had shown itself in several quarters. But this was not to last long.

Like a bomb one of our colleagues burst into the room and stood gazing at us with fixed and bulging eyes. It was easy enough to see he had something important to communicate.

"I want to ask every one of you what you were told this examination would cover. How many subjects were you told?"

Unanimously our voices rose: "International law, diplomatic usage and a modern language."

He nodded and mopped his brow. "That's right. That's what I was told. Now—what do you suppose they are planning to run in on us?"

Practically every man was on his feet now.

"What?"

The newcomer's voice grew husky. "World politics!" He continued mopping his brow, while we fell back in our chairs. "I've just heard it—friend in the Department told me. It's to be to-morrow morning—oral—we're to sit before six judges and stand the grilling—it's to come just after oral French. World politics! What does it include? Everything under the sun!"

Dead silence followed the announcement.

"You'd better get busy to-night," the disturbing speaker went on. "I've just seen a man who said he knows some one—some sort of a professor of history—who'll give us a lecture to-night—just a skeleton of everything that's happened since the world began. I've talked to him over the telephone and engaged him for the evening. Any of you want to go in on this?"

There was no time to argue the matter. We agreed as a whole and met that night to hear a shrunken old fellow talk for three hours on everything that had happened since the world began. It was quite impossible to keep up with him. He changed the subject as fast and as frequently as the dictionary.

Before I had finished making a note on the Young Turk Party he was in the midst of the Treaty of Vienna. It was a wholly worthless and unprofitable evening, for it left nothing but confusion.

The following morning was the really horrible experience of the whole four days. We were taken into a room, six at a time, and told to sit in chairs which were placed facing six men—the final judges of the examination. The light streamed in through three wide windows directly on our faces, a fact which left the faces of the judges somewhat indistinct but none the less formidable. I can still see the face of one of them. It was long and thin and

severe, the relentless expression accentuated by gray hair and piercing black eyes.

"Spanish inquisitor," I whispered to my fat-and-forty friend.

"Ku Klux," he whispered back.

The grilling began. The first one examined was a member of the experienced four. He got through French beautifully, but did nothing remarkable with two international-law questions; however, he recovered well when asked to describe the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. The second, my friend who had mistaken diplomacy for consular service, failed miserably throughout. The third was the fat-and-forty person, who went completely under on French. Finally the French examiner turned to me. He was entirely American in every way, especially his accent. I had already noticed that as he spoke to the others.

"*Monsieur, où avez-vous appris le français?*"

I started. This was really too good to be true. I was sure I was dreaming, and probably smiled, for after a few moments the question was repeated in a louder voice. I shut my eyes and let that delicious phrase roll out with the smoothness of hourly repetition:

"*J'ai appris le français dans mon enfance parce que ma ville natale était près de la Nouvelle-Orléans, où l'on parle français plus que dans n'importe quelle autre ville des Etats-Unis d'Amérique.*"

When I looked at the questioner again he had turned away and taken his seat. Was he satisfied or utterly disgusted or bluffed into silence?

I never knew. But I bless that French professor to this day.

Then followed a question on citizenship: "If an Austrian woman married an Italian, came to America, where the husband became a naturalized American, di-

vorced him, married a German, went mad and was deserted by the second husband and left entirely destitute—what country should take care of her?"

It was a case in which the coach had grounded me. I got through with flying colors.

Now came the dreaded world-politics question: "Tell us what you know about the Barbary States."

The Barbary States! I sent out thoughts in every direction. Of course they saw at once that I didn't know anything about them. Then a faint recollection swept over me, somewhere out of a very dim past. It was absurd, but I decided to try it.

"Just now—all I seem to remember about the Barbary States is that when our warships used to go there and insisted upon being received with salutes, a barrel of gunpowder was demanded for each salute fired."

This actually brought a smile from one of the judges and another question: "Describe the present political situation of Korea."

I struggled through some vague references to Japan and China and ended with an unfinished statement.

Then: "What were the results of Mr. Root's efforts to establish a Pan-American Union in Central America?"

I frankly admitted that I didn't know; and breathed with deep relief when I saw that my grilling was over—even if disastrously. But it was not quite over, for that afternoon we were examined physically—eyes, heart, kidneys, lungs, etc., etc. This in itself had a certain element of discouragement—at least for me, when I was told that my physical condition was such that I could be sent without danger to any part of the world. It is all very well to know that you are perfectly fit; but when this fitness subjects you to being sent to many places that you have no great desire to see, it becomes a little less exhilirating.

This examination ended the trial and we were dismissed with the suggestion—not absolutely official and rather casual—that we remain in Washington a fortnight or so until we were informed whether we had passed or not. This was almost worse than waiting for the examination, as before we had been occupied in preparation, now we were idly waiting.

In desperation I sought out Senator Williams—after a fortnight had gone by—and told him the uncertainty of not knowing whether I had passed or not was just about finishing me. He smiled encouragingly and said he would see what he could do to relieve my anxiety, that he had to go to the State Department the next day and would ask a discreet question or two.

Late the next night he telephoned me that I had passed, but that he had a good joke on me. He said that in looking over the report on my examination he had found a comment stating that I was a provincial type. I retorted that I didn't mind that in the least; I didn't mind anything, just so I passed; besides, it was quite natural to call me provincial. Hadn't I spent most of my thirty years in a small Southern town? I made no pretensions of being cosmopolitan. Still—the comment did linger a long time in my thoughts and perhaps did much to influence me later on.

An official announcement came the next morning, informing me that I had been found acceptable and that I would be expected to remain in Washington during the next two months in order to have some practical experience in the Department of State before being assigned to a foreign post. I went to bed and slept for two whole days and nights; but not before sending a telegram to that good friend which scouted his dismal prognostications.

The next two months were really the first steps in my

diplomatic education. Up to that time study had occupied every moment; I had hardly been conscious of anything going on about me; international law and French had blotted out the existence of real life. But with the Rubicon safely crossed, a normal point of view returned. I began to observe, listen and absorb everything that pertained to the career of which I now considered myself a part. The fortunate sixteen out of the twenty-six who had taken the examinations settled down for two months. The chap whose grandmamma had been awaiting him in France went off to join her and never returned; the guileless youth from the distant West went happily back home; my fat-and-forty friend was never seen again; in fact, those who had failed disappeared as though they had never been there.

A banquet at the Metropolitan Club put the seal on our success and inaugurated a week of rather hectic amusements. It was a very necessary relief from too much concentration. Washington was gay and lovely, aspiring young diplomats were welcomed everywhere, and the stories and gossip—mostly gossip—of the life that lay before us made the time pass delightfully and interestingly. I heard at that time more stories of American diplomats than I have ever heard since.

We went each morning to the State Department and were instructed by the heads of the different departments in the technical side of the work in foreign missions—such as making out passports, the forms used in diplomatic correspondence, citizenship questions, and so on. We were also given subjects to write on, which were read, without our names being given, before the assembled class, and which we were all allowed to discuss. And the most enjoyable part of the whole time was when some one who had been or was at the time in the diplomatic service would be asked to give us a talk. John Barrett

was the first one to tell us of his amusing experiences in Siam; others followed every few days; but the real success of the series was the talk made by Horace Porter on his mission to France. He told us story after story to illustrate the different phases of diplomatic experience. He began with a story of the country lawyer who defined a diplomat's attitude, in order to be successful, as being similar to Cæsar's wife—all things to all men; and ended with an account of the man who was being operated upon —having a leg and an arm cut off—and begging the doctors to leave him at least the *entente cordiale*.

There was something very gay and care-free about those two months. The work at the Department did not keep us too much occupied; and a pleasant atmosphere of comradeship had developed among the lucky sixteen. We spent many evenings together at the club, exchanging hopes and desires about our future posts, and arguing at great length on whether a frock coat was absolutely necessary for foreign diplomatic functions or if a morning coat would do.

But of course the vital subject was—where were we going? Department officials stressed the importance of Central and South American capitals; they considered these much more useful places for young diplomats to go to than those delightful European points on which we had set our hearts; that there was much more opportunity for making a really lasting record in Tegucigalpa than in London.

This was at the time, or soon after, that Mr. Root had made his journey through South America and a Pan-American Union had been given much prominence—in spite of the fact that I had not been able to tell anything about it in my examination. Latin-America was *the* subject in the State Department. You couldn't get away from it—no matter how determinedly you kept your eyes

fixed on Europe. And Tegucigalpa became more important than any other spot. Its unfamiliarity and remoteness and admitted undesirability perhaps made it so. We could not find any one who had actually been there; but there were plenty of rumors about its death-dealing climate, its unsanitary conditions and utter lack of amusements—with the exception of revolutions, which were said to take place every other day. We wrote each other notes saying we had been told confidentially that So-and-So—usually the one to whom the note was addressed—had been chosen to go there. Poor Tegucigalpa! How maligned and insulted it was; and quite wrongly too! When I eventually met a secretary who had spent two years there he told me he had found it one of the most interesting places he had been to.

Finally, when the heat of July had reached its zenith—and if you have ever spent a summer in Washington you know what that means—we were assembled in the Department and told that we might go home. Consternation showed on every face. What under the sun did this mean? The official was asked for an explanation. He replied that he didn't exactly know, but that he thought it would be a month or two before the President would send our names to the Senate, and that there was no use of our remaining there all that time; that we would be notified when the appointments were made, and should keep ourselves in readiness to go anywhere in the world.

Then we were marched down to the lower floor, herded in a small room, and there, with one hand on the Bible, the other held upright, were told to repeat words which made us full-fledged representatives of the Government of the United States of America:

"I do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and

allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter. So help me God."

It was a rather dramatic moment for most of us; at least I felt it particularly. It was the final seal to a complete change of life—a change I was not to understand in its far-reaching influences until several years afterwards.

After the oath of office we were taken to the White House and received by the President, who made us a short talk on the responsibility and opportunity of carrying American ideals with us wherever we went. The day ended with a dinner at the Army and Navy Club, and we finally separated to go to our widely apart homes. Strangely enough I have seen very few of those colleagues since that time.

I had been away from my Southern home for more than four months and had passed so completely into another sphere that when I returned I felt that many ties had already been broken. New subjects, new associations and entirely new interests had made the break deeper than I thought possible. Up to that time I had lived a somewhat provincial life in a small town: I had traveled some, been to Europe twice, and about America a little, especially to New England, where my father's relatives lived. I had not wanted to go to college, and had spent most of the time up to thirty trying to make up my mind to get away from the career my father had chosen for me—business. I felt I was unfitted for this and had made feeble efforts to get into other more sympathetic fields by writing a novel which had been accepted by the first publisher I sent it to. This had spurred me on to taking some definite step.

Thirty may strike many as being a bit late for a man to start out on an entirely new career; but if he finds out the thing he is doing is giving him no pleasure, why not break away from it—even at seventy? No man is going to make a success of something that his heart is not in. We must love the thing we are doing in order to do it well. Whether I was going to make a success of diplomacy remained to be seen. At the moment I was satisfied with having passed the examinations and being assured of a post.

But the post! For some unknown reason it was one I had never even thought of.

Two weeks after I had returned from Washington a strange-looking tubular package was left at the door. I saw first the seal of the United States and then "Department of State" written on it. I tore it open and drew out a large square of parchment and found it to be my first commission in the service of my country:

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

To Norval Richardson, of Mississippi: Greetings. Reposing special trust and confidence in your Integrity, Prudence and Ability, I have nominated and, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, do appoint you Second Secretary of the Legation of the United States of America at Habana, Cuba, authorizing you hereby to go and perform all such matters and things as to the said place or office do appertain, or as may be duly given you in charge hereafter, and the said office to hold and exercise during the pleasure of the President of the United States.

In Testimony whereof, I have caused the Seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed.

Given under my hand, in the District of Columbia, the

fourth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nine, and of the

Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and thirty-fourth.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

By the President
PHILANDER C. KNOX,
Secretary of State.

Habana, Cuba! The disappointment was so great that it was real suffering. Where were all my dreams of romance and intrigue and picturesque diplomacy? Habana! Cuba! Why—it wasn't even far enough away to be called a foreign post! I could go to New Orleans, take a boat, and be there in three days. To have gone to all this trouble, studied night and day, bought all these suits of dress clothes, dreamed of palaces and royalty—all just to go to Cuba! It was really almost too much to bear.

II

HABANA

IN spite of the disappointment over my first assignment in the diplomatic service being second secretary of legation at Habana, I found the experience extremely interesting; in fact, after many years in the service I have come to the conclusion that it is much better for a young man starting out in the foreign service to have his first experience in a Latin-American capital; it obviates the contrast with the more delightful European life which, if a man has spent many years in it, unfits him for the somewhat dull—at least socially—existence of South America; and, also, in a simpler place he has the advantage of learning all the routine and protocol—that vague word which diplomats use so elusively—without the embarrassments and gaucheries that might occur if he went straight from American life into that of an Old-World capital. No matter how cosmopolitan we may pride ourselves upon being, we must admit—if we are frank about it—that it is rarely possible for an American-bred man to find himself at once at home in a group made up of older civilizations. Traveling in Europe is very different from settling down and living in a foreign community; even a year or two spent in study there is very far removed from having an official position which makes you at once conspicuous and a target for not always friendly eyes.

I never realized until I lived away from America how little form enters into our daily lives; even in official Washington it is treated a bit casually; the theory of all

being equal abolishes its inhibitions at once. Form is one of the first and most important phases of European life that one comes up against. Every one has his place and rarely thinks of going out of it; one is born into a family of butlers and consequently centers his ambitions upon becoming the best in that profession; one learns to be a cook and is satisfied in being considered the best cook in that community; one is born a count, a baron, a lord, is content at being that and never dreams of becoming king. But with us! Every American-born boy is told that it is possible for him to become President of the United States; it all depends upon him: there are no class distinctions; he can go as far as his energy and cleverness carry him. Many people claim that just this unlimited possibility is what has made us the great success we are—and such a belief may be correct; but sometimes I am inclined to think that it may not lead toward contentment. How is it possible for a parlor maid ever to be happy when she is always dreaming—dreams not so fantastic when actual instances exist to prove their possibility—of a time when she will have a box at the opera and a motor just as her mistress has! Unlimited opportunity has some disadvantages; it sometimes makes the ultimate goal disturbingly high. I wonder if I am arguing from an un-American point of view!

Though I was fully convinced—a foregone conclusion—that Habana would offer nothing useful in the way of diplomatic experience, it was not long before my opinion was completely changed; and my surprise at its extraordinarily foreign aspect, in spite of being only a few hours away from Florida, and completely foreign life increased as I grew to know it better. As a matter of fact, I don't think I have ever been in a place of its size that showed less evidence of the influence of so-called modern civilization. Of course I am speaking of thirteen years ago, be-

fore Cuba had been facetiously described as a mahogany island surrounded by a brass rail. It appeared to me then just as much a part of old Spain as it ever had been—and this after ten years and more of American influence and after the influx of American business had begun.

When I got on the boat that was to carry me from New York to Habana I felt at once a noticeable difference from those steamers that go to Europe. There were very few Americans on board; most of the passengers were Cubans; Spanish was heard on all sides; dark skin predominated; and a difference in the dress of passengers was striking. I missed that gay, well-dressed, carefree attitude which distinguishes most American tourists. Ladies appeared, even before the boat sailed, without their hats and with shawls draped over their shoulders in a way that at once suggested mantillas. An old lady with gray hair looked exactly as though she had just stepped out of a romance of old Madrid. Her hair was piled high on her head, a large comb was thrust through it, a vivid shawl with yards of fringe dangled about her trailing black silk skirt and a cigarette was held in one hand while a fan fluttered in the other. There was something entirely unfamiliar, intriguing, a bit exotic—even before the boat left the dock at New York; and this became accentuated as the voyage lengthened out into four days.

I had never met any Cubans before; and I was surprised to find them rather informal, pleasant, and speaking a sort of American that was hardly impressive in its suggestion of culture. A somewhat casual young lady, wearing a shawl in mantilla fashion and no hat, had a steamer chair next me and, seeing me struggling with a Spanish grammar, immediately attempted to explain its intricacies to me. She was the first Cuban I had ever spoken to, and I was particularly interested in obtaining from her an impression of the people among whom I was going to live.

She was pretty, in a dark undistinguished way, dressed badly—at least indifferently—and had a sort of good fellowship that almost amounted to familiarity; and her use of English was amazing. It was a bewildering combination of slang and bad grammar.

When she found out—by asking a series of personal questions—that I was to be in the Legation, she informed me that she had known all the American diplomats very well and that the present Minister was a great friend of her family.

This led me on to asking where she had learned to speak English so fluently—I put it that way—and she confessed that she hadn't known a word until she began to meet Americans; as a matter of fact, she had learned it entirely from talking to the secretaries of the Legation. I found out after arriving in Habana that she was of one of the oldest and most distinguished Cuban families and was considered one of their most cosmopolitan products—this latter quality having been achieved at some place in the Catskills, where she spent each summer. Her appetite and choice of food also appeared to me to throw some light on Cuban habits. She devoured quantities of Bologna sausages, raw onions and beer—even at breakfast; and in her attempts to teach me the proper pronunciation of such simple Spanish phrases as "I want two poached eggs and a slice of toast" she would grow violently angry at my stupidity and often throw the book across the deck. I am not picturing her as the most distinguished representative of the Cubans I was to know later—she was not that by any means; she was just the first Cuban I met.

Habana came up out of the blue sea like a sparkling jewel. It is very white and shining and clean—when seen from a ship; and it has an extraordinarily romantic suggestion; in fact, it is one of the most picturesque and unusual cities of the world—in spite of its nearness to us.

Of course I was on deck early in the morning, on the lookout for the first glimpse of Morro Castle; and Donna Maria—that is what she told me to call her—was there beside me.

As we entered the harbor she was quick to point out to me a small launch that was flying the American flag and making straight for our ship.

"That's for you!" she exclaimed.

"I think not," I replied. "I am not expecting any one to meet me." Yet I was hoping all the time the launch was for me; it looked so official and important. And they had told me at the Department in Washington that my arrival had been announced to the Legation by telegraph.

"But of course it is for you. That is the launch the Legation sends to meet all diplomats. See that little nigger in it? I know him. He's the Legation messenger. Everybody in Habana knows him. He brings round all the invitations to dinners and parties."

I was rapidly coming to the conclusion that this lady knew much more about diplomacy than I did.

When the launch reached the side of the ship the little negro caught hold of a rope ladder and swung himself swiftly up on deck. He stared about a few moments and then came directly up to me, took off his hat, bowed profoundly, said he had been sent to meet me and had arranged for the free entry of my luggage. He explained later that he had recognized me from a photograph he had seen in a Washington paper—a group taken of the sixteen before we separated.

This evidence of his efficiency was only the beginning. Almost before I knew it he had my bags and trunks on deck and being lowered to the launch. It was very pleasant, being met this way and taken care of—even by a very small negro porter who appeared to have the open

Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

HABANA, CUBA

sesame of the country. It was the first time I had ever arrived in a foreign land without the usual struggle of landing and having everything I possessed hauled about and ransacked. After all, diplomacy was looking up a bit —even if it was only in Habana.

We landed, were most courteously passed by customs officials—trunks and bags going right along with us—and before I knew it we were driving up the Calle Obispo, my guide and courier and intimate friend sitting on the seat with the driver and turning to me every other moment to show me points of interest. The streets were very pretty with awnings stretched across them, the pavements appeared to have been recently watered, there were strange and intriguing scents everywhere, many fascinating shops and a general air of gayety. On the whole, those first minutes in Habana were entirely satisfactory.

But most enthusiasms are usually so short-lived. I took a hasty glance at the room reserved for me in the Plaza Hotel, found it satisfactory and told my new friend —Lawrence Taylor was his name, of Barbados ancestry— that I was ready to go at once to the Legation. Our journey was resumed down the Prado—a charming broad street bordered by spreading laurels and lined with two-story houses painted every color under the sun and protected by handsome iron grilles—until La Punta was reached, that point which is directly opposite Morro Castle and which is the popular gathering place for all Habana in the evening. Here we turned into the road that lies along the sea front—the Malecón—and soon stopped before a rather shabby two-story building.

Lawrence pointed to it with pride and announced that we were at last before the American Legation. It was so entirely wanting in any dignity that at first I was inclined to doubt him until I saw the shield of the United States shining a bit somberly at the side of the door. My

disappointment increased when I found that only the second floor was occupied by the Legation; the ground floor was apparently filled by a large and noisy Cuban family.

The first secretary, who was acting as chargé d'affaires in the absence of the Minister—who was in America—welcomed me heartily, complained bitterly of having been left without any one for several months, and said that there was a tremendous amount of back work to be done. He showed me over the three rooms that composed the chancery—mind you, no one in the diplomatic service ever speaks of the offices in any other way—and pointed out the desk where, to all appearances, he expected me to begin to catch up on the back work immediately. I was determined to make a good impression, and began work at once, for I had been told in Washington that the chargé d'affaires was considered one of the most capable secretaries in the service and that he would be of unusual help to me in starting off in diplomacy. I remember finding his somewhat severe manner rather oppressive at first. After I had taken a seat at the desk he remained there a few moments looking down at me.

"Are you going to take diplomacy seriously—or have you just gone in for it to have a good time?" he asked without the least hint of a smile. "I put the question seriously, because so many men think it is only a sort of continuous tea party. I might as well tell you at the beginning that I look on it as one of the most serious and responsible and interesting professions an American can follow. I hope you will agree with me."

I glanced out of the window at the dreary patio on which my room gave, and thought that there was nothing suggestive in those surroundings of a continuous tea party—far from it. Then I looked back at my very serious companion.

"Suppose I let you judge what I think of diplomacy by

the way I do the work assigned me. Wouldn't that be the best answer?"

I have often been asked what a secretary in the diplomatic service does, what his work is like, what sort of matters he has to handle. My work that first day appears to answer some of these questions. My room was furnished with a desk, two chairs, and rows and rows of cabinets that contained old legation files of correspondence. The more recent and important documents were kept in safes. The work that was given to me to do was the indexing and filing of the correspondence of the past month.

Nothing could have given me more opportunity to find out at once what the business of a legation was. There were large ledgers in which to record incoming instructions—all communications from the State Department are called instructions; those from the legation to the Department, dispatches. Each is given a number, the date showing when it was received is stamped on it, and then an index number is also affixed which shows under which subject it is to be filed. After this record is made the letter is placed in a *dossier*—a French word which signifies jacket—which contains all the correspondence relating to that subject.

I saw at once that there was work enough to keep me occupied for many weeks, for as I indexed the correspondence I read it and thus became familiar with many subjects. And there were constant interruptions. I soon found out that the work was entirely different from any office routine that I had known at home. It is much more diversified and the personal element is constantly creeping in. A great number of traveling Americans look on a legation as a sort of tourist bureau. They come in all the time to ask about the hours trains leave, how much they ought to pay at the hotel and whether this place and an-

other one are considered healthy at that season. Almost every day a passport has to be renewed or visa given. Then there are numerous cases of people getting in trouble, losing their money and falling into all sorts of difficulties, some even going so far as to have themselves locked up in prison for neglecting to observe obvious laws of any country. The telephone is ringing continuously and you are being asked strange questions in a strange language. Letters arrive from remote districts of the United States asking you to furnish the writer—whose request is usually reënforced by his senator—with detailed information on how the schoolrooms of the country to which you are accredited are ventilated; whether divorce is prevalent; how the majority of women earn their living; how much it would cost to spend a month there; if there are any opportunities there for American dressmakers—all such questions taking many hours to study and answer, and which must be answered, otherwise the reenforcing senator may bring the matter up in the next session of Congress and expose you as an indifferent and unworthy public servant.

Then, of course, there are the more important matters of state, which demand many visits to the Ministry for Foreign Affairs and which are the most important and vital of all diplomatic work. And beyond all these things is a never-ending series of visits from other diplomats, both ministers and secretaries, who appear to have an infinite amount of leisure in which to make merely social calls and find out, by means of a casually put question, what policy your government is observing in this, that and the other matter. Before a week had passed I saw that there was enough to fill every day—and this was before I had begun to meet people who thought I had nothing to do but accept all their invitations to luncheons, dinners and teas.

The third day after my arrival the chargé d'affaires took me to make official calls. In spite of the heat of September—which is no worse in Habana than in New York—I got bravely into my morning coat and top hat, reënforced by an extra collar and several handkerchiefs, and appeared at the Legation with streaming face. Our first call was on the Italian Minister, who lived nearest. The entance to his house was on a narrow side street. We pulled the bell wire which hung at one side of the narrow door, the door opened, apparently of its own accord, and we were faced by a steep staircase at the top of which stood a Cuban servant who called to us to come up. I asked in a low voice if this was the chancery or his residence, and learned that it was both. We were shown into a small reception room furnished with three pieces of green plush furniture. The Minister soon appeared in blue-and-white striped pyjamas, apologized for his appearance and explained it as being due to the very early hour at which we had called—eleven o'clock. He spoke in French, was most cordial, launched forth in a long account of his experiences in the Messina earthquake, and before we had left invited us both to lunch with him the next day.

The German Minister proved much more impressive, had more spacious rooms, and when he was told that I had just arrived ordered sweet warm champagne served in goblets. There was much pompousness and ceremony in his manner, accentuated by a florid fair mustache and loud spluttering English, which he spoke fluently. He spent most of the time complaining of the difficulty of finding a house and the necessity of keeping his family so long a time in a hotel.

The British Minister received us in his shirt sleeves and asked us into a room where he was unpacking a lot of books which had just been received. He had been in Habana only a week and was finding the heat unbearable.

The Spanish Minister had a very pretty house, with a large garden, in the suburbs, and gave the impression of being much more comfortable than any of the others, though the Mexican and Argentine Ministers had agreeable houses too. The French Legation was in the second story of a house that was quite negligible.

The morning ended with a call on the Minister for Foreign Affairs, a distinguished old gentleman who received us in a large handsome room which still maintained much of the dignity and handsome furniture from the time when it housed Spanish governors not so many years before.

This first round of diplomatic calls left me slightly bewildered. I had not expected very much of Habana as a foreign capital, but I had looked for more form and distinction in the diplomatic corps—and the experience of that morning had been woefully lacking in what I had expected. Each of the ministers had been most friendly and informal, and all expressed themselves as being delighted to welcome a newcomer—even a second secretary—into their midst; but not one of them actually came up to the standard I had set; and as for the legations and chanceries—some of them were actually sordid. The whole atmosphere was so much less formal and impressive than I had imagined. Only the old white-haired Minister for Foreign Affairs, sitting in that vast hall which had seen so many Spanish splendors and looking out across the terraces which gave onto a view of the harbor and Morro Castle, suggested in any way the picturesque side of diplomacy.

Housekeeping in a foreign country proved extremely easy and sometimes amusing. As a matter of fact, I have always found this side of diplomatic life comparatively easy—much more so than is apparently the case in America. Servants are better, food is plentiful, and though one

learns to get along without certain luxuries which we are inclined at home to deem indispensable—such as modern plumbing, steam heat and quantities of hot water—this is offset by the pleasant regularity and lack of complications with which the house is run. I spent several afternoons looking about for a suitable apartment and finally decided upon the first floor of a building that possessed a beautiful view—from the kitchen window—of the harbor. Perhaps the principal factor in the decision was a large patio, filled with palms, with a fountain in the center, and some old Spanish tiles set in the whitewashed walls. It had great possibilities as a foreign setting, and I immediately took it for a year and set about trying to find what I thought would be suitable furniture.

This did not prove such a simple matter. Cubans, like all Latins, prefer purely modern furniture—and that of a type that we have long since learned to look upon as appalling. The shops showed only suites of impossible chairs and tables and sofas, all covered with vivid plush or lurid brocades. However, there were several antique dealers who had old Spanish pieces that were cheap and really beautiful. In a week I had moved into the apartment and had a great deal of fun arranging things. In the end it was quite homelike and cheerful; the patio became a pleasant living room in which, after dinner, I could sit and listen to the trickling fountain, talk to the parrot which went with the apartment, or muse over the suggestions offered by the two painted Spanish leather chests which guarded each side of the archway. And if I wanted a view I could go into the kitchen and look out of the window while my Japanese boy—who was cook, valet, and anything else that I wanted him to be—tried his few English words on me. I had engaged him at first sight; and he turned out to be the most capable and dishonest person I have ever known. But I am inclined to agree with the

woman who said she would much rather have a good dishonest cook than a poor honest one. Black Willow did everything perfectly. What he was in reality I never found out, though several suggested that he was probably an admiral in the Japanese Navy who had taken the position only in order to carry off eventually some valuable official document. At any rate he was an artist; and so far as cooking went he was a real chef. Every dish he brought to the table was a work of art; plain old potatoes under his magic touch became bouquets of calla lilies; desserts represented famous châteaux; meat courses were invariably disguised in such a way that a cautious vegetarian would never have known what he was eating; and his coffee became the envy of all my colleagues. But toast was his really perfect achievement. It was the most exactly cut and browned squares of bread that you can imagine; it looked as if each piece had been baked in a mold for the purpose; and the toasting was as regular as though it had been applied with paint and brush. I found a tray of it under his bed when I once entered the kitchen unexpectedly one night, and asked him why he had put it there. He explained that he always toasted the bread at night, put it aside, and then, in the morning, scraped it down to its perfect contours and heated it again.

Besides his expertness in the kitchen—which I found out eventually was due to his constant study of a cookbook published in Boston—he was an excellent valet. My clothes have never been kept in such good condition since. But, as with all such perfect creatures, the flaw existed; it appeared after he had suddenly left me without a word of excuse or good-by. Bills began pouring in from all quarters of the town for things that I had never bought but that he had had charged to me; and my beautifully kept clothes eventually were found to possess only certain

parts—there might be the trousers of one suit but no coat: and so far as socks went, I might never have had any.

Housekeeping develops a new field for observation. I found myself observing details that before had been taken for granted; and considerable variety was offered in the different legations in which I dined. My first diplomatic dinner was at the British Legation, a week after I arrived. It was a small affair with only the German Minister and his wife, the Danish chargé, a visiting Britisher and myself. The Legation was on the second floor of a house on the Prado, a very pret y arrangement of rooms with a balcony furnished with plants and willow chairs. The Minister's things, which he had brought with him from Rome—he had been secretary there for many years—were very beautiful; and he had shown much taste in placing them. His table service was a bit austere but handsome; in fact, the entire management of his house was done with that quiet taste and good form which I was to find out later characterize every British mission. As a nation they have an unusual appreciation of what is comfortable as well as what is good. Though many of his things were actually museum pieces, his pictures by well-known painters, his carpets and *objets d'art* well chosen, there were many comfortable chairs and divans about, all covered with jolly chintz, which gave one the feeling that, in spite of beautiful things about, it was primarily a place to live in. I particularly noted the menu of this dinner, for at that time I was studying all such details. There were no cocktails and trays of tiny *hors d'œuvres* served before dinner, as we seemed to think so important at home. The first course was a thin soup, the second fish, the third a roast with vegetables, the fourth a chicken mousse with salad, the fifth an ice, and the sixth a cheese soufflé served in small pastries. Coffee, with cigarettes and cigars, was

passed while we were still at the table. The wines were good but not elaborate; sherry, white and red wines and champagne—with, of course, liqueurs afterwards; and before we left, a tray of decanters and ice and mineral water was placed in the drawing-room, where we were allowed to serve ourselves.

The conversation at this dinner was in English, quite easy and informal; and the whole evening was characterized by great simplicity and naturalness—an atmosphere that I have found almost invariably exists among diplomats. Throughout the years of my diplomatic experience I have rarely found a diplomat who was not entirely easy in his manners and free from any pretentiousness. This surprised me very much at first, for at home I had had the feeling that self-consciousness, or the belief in one's own importance, was inclined to make many of us coldly formal. Indeed, I believe this characterizes American life to-day. In comparison to the usual simplicity of the foreigner we are very likely to give the impression of being pretentious.

Dinners at other legations were rather less well done than at the British. More elaborate food was served; sometimes a dinner became a succession of *hors d'œuves* without one really wholesome dish; vegetables were very likely to be served as a course by themselves; and the wines were carelessly chosen and seldom iced. On the whole I found them overdone and not very good.

Three months after my arrival in Habana that event took place which every secretary in the service longs for—I was to be chargé d'affairs. The first secretary had asked for leave and was returning to the United States before the Minister had come back. It was to be a time fraught with great importance for me, I felt sure; and I could hardly restrain my impatience for the moment when I could send Lawrence out with my cards on which was en-

graved under my name—Chargé d'Affaires des Etats-Unis d'Amérique. I even went so far as to plan dinners, make out lists of those to be invited, discussed menus with Black Willow, and even considered giving a small ball in a lantern-hung patio. I was torn between the desire for something really thrilling to happen—perhaps a new revolution that might endanger all Americans and in which I should come out as the triumphant protector of my countrymen—and the hope that everything would go along tranquilly and peacefully. And when I rode back from the dock, where I had seen the chargé d'affaires off—and in consequence had become the chargé d'affaires myself—I am sure I showed in my whole bearing the feeling of importance with which I was well-nigh bursting.

My doubts as to whether the term would be quiet or exciting were put at rest in a few hours when a telegram arrived from Washington announcing the arrival, three days later, of the Secretary of War. He would probably spend three days in Habana, the Cuban Government should be notified and complete arrangements made for caring for his party, which consisted of ten people. My elation of at last being the sole representative of the great United States of America in a foreign country—this elation perhaps colored a bit by the realization that while holding this position I was to draw half of the salary paid a minister—soon disappeared in the necessity of making all of these arrangements for the visit of one of the most important of my Government's officials. I hurried to the Foreign Office and announced the news to the distinguished old gentleman who always seemed to me to be sitting in the splendors of departed Spanish glories; and quite with exceptional and unexpected efficiency he planned a series of entertainments that appeared to relieve me of much of the responsibility.

The morning the Secretary of War was to arrive I again

donned morning coat and top hat—I was getting considerable service out of these garments—and passed by the Legation before going to the train, to see if any messages had arrived for him. I was surprised to find sitting in my office, and before my desk, a rather elaborately dressed lady—very decolletée green velvet gown, large black picture hat with towering plumes, and a complexion that bravely contested the brilliance of other flaming colors. In another chair sat a negro woman, evidently her maid.

The lady rose and extended her hand most cordially, explained that she had just arrived from Jamaica, where she had suffered a great loss; the hotel had burned and she had been left with only the dress she had on. She had come through Habana in the hope of being able to catch a steamer for New York. It was very important for her to be there the next week, as she had a contract to begin an engagement in vaudeville; but, alas, there was no boat leaving in the next few days. What must she do? Could I help her to get away? She was preparing to end in tears when I looked at the clock, saw I had only a few minutes to reach the station, and hurried away, telling her to come back that afternoon.

My sole aid, the military attaché of the Legation, was awaiting me at the station, making up with gold braid what we lacked in numbers. As we went out on the station platform a brass band began playing The Star-Spangled Banner and we were welcomed by the Cuban Minister of War and a host of officials. So far, so good. The Secretary, if he demanded attention, could not fail to be pleased with the welcome we were giving him. Every one was in *grande tenue*—which means a good deal when you are speaking of Latins; they invariably get themselves up in a way that gives you at once the feeling that the occasion is exceptional; elaborately curled mustaches, sleeked hair, glistening top hats and rather tight-fitting clothes give

them a very dressed-up appearance. My own Secretary of War and his staff appeared somewhat casual when they got off the train—after a twenty-four-hour journey—in very much wrinkled and travel-stained clothes.

"What's all this hullabaloo about?" grumbled the Secretary as I rushed forward to meet him. "I said I wanted my stop here to be entirely unofficial."

"The Department of State did not inform me to that effect," I replied, a bit dampened by his lack of appreciation of the music and applause, which was now deafening.

"Well—let's get rid of them as soon as possible. Who are they?"

I presented the Minister of War and a number of others as best I could—Spanish names are usually made up of all branches of the family—and attempted to lead the way out to the carriages as soon as possible.

"Don't leave me alone with any of these men," the Secretary commanded as I put him into a carriage beside the Minister of War. "Get in here with us. I don't speak a word of this language."

I didn't explain that I didn't speak much more, and we all drove in comparative silence to the hotel, where an even greater ordeal was awaiting. The whole Cuban cabinet had assembled there en bloc and were waiting to pay their respects and be presented. Not one of them spoke English. Long speeches were made by each one and as they were finished the Secretary would ask me what was said. The lies that I told that day may be held up against me in a future life, but I have the comfort of knowing at least that my intentions were good. The real test of endurance came when the Secretary made a speech in reply to all the others and ordered me peremptorily to translate it at once. Fortunately he had made only the usual references to friendly and cordial relations, and so on, and I got through fairly well, though I must admit I noticed ex-

pressions of bewilderment on the faces of several at the turn some of my phrases took.

Warm sweet champagne was more welcome to me after that effort than it had ever been before.

When the cabinet had finally been got away I mustered up courage enough to show the Secretary the list of entertainments that had been planned for him. At this he complained vociferously.

"This isn't a joy ride," he went on. "I'm making this trip because I had to. Habana has nothing to do with it. I only came by here to pick up the Mayflower, which is to meet me here. Can't you explain that to them? You diplomats always think we want to have the whole town turn out to meet us. That's just exactly what I don't want them to do. Can you tell them that?"

I drew myself up with forced determination. "No, sir, I can't; and you can't either."

At this he laughed, slipped his arm in mine and said gayly that he supposed I was right, and that at any rate let the thing go on as it had been planned. In the meantime, before anything else happened, he wanted to go to the Legation and get the stenographer there to write some letters for him; his own secretary was to arrive on the boat.

I had no sooner thrown open the door of my room at the chancery than the lady in the green velvet dress sprang up from the chair at my desk—she had evidently been waiting there all the time—and rushed forward to introduce herself to the Secretary. Then giving no one a chance to say anything she burst forth with her troubles, which led straight up to asking the Secretary to take her back to New York with him on the Mayflower.

I was tremendously amused at the whole proceeding until the Secretary turned to me with a portentous frown.

"Did this suggestion come from you?"

Then the situation became serious. Circumstantial evidence was against me. There was the lady sitting at my desk. I must have admitted her. And her attitude rather suggested intimacy.

However, I flatly denied all responsibility in the matter and had the satisfaction of seeing the Secretary get rid of the lady much more peremptorily than I should ever have been able to do.

"Friend of yours, young man?" the Secretary asked when the door had closed on her.

"I never saw her before, sir."

"You're sure of that?" with a twinkle in his eyes.

"Quite."

"Dangerous-looking sort of woman. What was she doing at your desk?"

He smiled over my explanations. I am not sure even to-day that he accepted them.

"I've always heard," he said finally, "that young men in diplomacy get into more trouble on account of women than in any other way. My advice to you is to beware of them—especially that type. Now—send me your stenographer and let me have a couple of hours to myself."

The rest of his visit was a round of official entertainments which he went through smiling outwardly and complaining bitterly to me. A motor trip to what was once Camp Columbia took up one afternoon; the evening was filled with a dinner given by the president; the next morning was fairly free; but the afternoon and evening were a repetition of the day before. The second day brought the arrival of the Mayflower, announced by the roar of guns on board, answered by salutes from forts. Habana was in carnival spirit for three days. And then, after a really beautiful ball given at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, at which the terraces and stairways and arches were completely covered with twisted garlands of red

roses—it was one of the most beautiful entertainments I have ever seen anywhere—I accompanied the Secretary to the hotel and told him good-by. He was leaving on the Mayflower early the next morning and had said that he did not expect me to be up to see him off. In spite of being utterly worn out with three days of such continuous responsibility—I had practically been at his beck and call every minute of the time—when I left him I was very much buoyed up by his very kind words about how well I had managed the whole affair; but more cheered still with the realization that I was going to have a whole day of freedom in which to sleep off fatigue. It had all gone off very well, but—there had been entirely too much of it. If this was a sample of official visits I should be contented if they happened only every few years.

But my expectations of a peaceful day vanished early the next morning when the telephone rang and I heard the Secretary's voice once more. I vaguely imagined all sorts of things. Perhaps the Mayflower had been blown up—or a bomb had been thrown—or the lady in the green dress had again appeared on the scene! However, it was nothing very serious. The Secretary had just remembered that his wife had told him to bring her an old Spanish fan and a mantilla from Habana. He wanted me to meet him at once and go in search of these things. I shopped with him two hours—before breakfast, mind you—and finally saw him off; and had the satisfaction, as I left the boat, of having thirteen guns fired in my honor.

The next excitement was caused by a telegram from the State Department announcing that John Brinckerhoff Jackson had been appointed minister to Cuba, and instructing me to ask for the Cuban *agrément*. Fortunately the details and manner in which such matters are handled are always on file in the chancery, and all I had to do was to look up the correspondence relating to the appointment

of the former minister and follow what had been done at that time. This consisted merely in writing a note to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, stating that the President would like to send Mr. Jackson there as Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to the Cuban Government, and asking if such an appointment would be agreeable. With this note was inclosed a short outline of Mr. Jackson's career.

A reply came in a few days, informing me that the Cuban Government was most flattered by the appointment of such a distinguished American, which I telegraphed at once to Washington. A week later the news was published in local papers and the Legation was besieged by both Americans and Cubans who wanted to know all about Mr. Jackson. There is always much excitement and curiosity aroused by the appointment of a new minister.

With the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson the Legation became much more important diplomatically than it had been during the year in which it had been left in charge of secretaries. The first step on the part of the new minister was to look for a suitable house. He found the chancery entirely inadequate and lacking in dignity; and in a surprisingly short time we were established in one of the handsomest old palaces in Habana, with the lower floor arranged as a chancery and the upper floor—a series of vast chambers—given over to reception rooms and the living quarters of the family. Mr. and Mrs. Jackson had spent many years in Europe; he had been secretary of the Embassy at Berlin and afterwards Minister to Persia, Greece and one or two of the Balkan countries. His ideas of diplomacy were based on this experience, and it was not long before the whole atmosphere of the Legation was changed—and very much for the better.

It was an exceptionally useful experience for me to be associated with a man of his type; and from the purely

diplomatic side of the question I learned more from him than I did at any subsequent post. And it was particularly interesting to watch the effect of such a man on the Cubans. The Legation became at once a center of Habanese life. Mrs. Jackson's days at home were quite different from those of any other legation. Members of distinguished old families went there often—almost every week; and the dinners were always interesting and perfectly done. The Jacksons had brought with them from Europe an English butler and several servants, a great deal of furniture and many *objets d'art*. The Cubans were evidently much impressed, and accepted them as much more a part of their civilization than they did those diplomats who arrived fresh from the United States. For the first time since my arrival there I began to feel that the United States was being represented as it should be.

The official inauguration of the new minister was much simpler than I had expected. I advised the Minister for Foreign Affairs of his arrival and took Mr. Jackson to make a personal call, during which he asked that a time be appointed at which he could present his letters of credence to the President. This took place about two weeks later, at which time the President's carriage accompanied by the palace guards and a detachment of cavalry, was sent to fetch the Minister. The Minister for Foreign Affairs and I accompanied him, he was presented to the President, made a short speech, presented his letters, and received one in return from the President. These letters had been exchanged beforehand, so no surprises were in store for either of them. After this formal part of the audience was got through, we all sat down, drank warm sweet champagne, tried to eat some of those appalling Cuban sweets which are made of the yellows of eggs and sugar—finally drove back in the state in which we had come. The whole affair took a little less than an hour—

and ended my term of chargé d'affaires. After that I sank back once more into the insignificance of being merely a second secretary of legation.

The two years I spent in Cuba made up a very important part of my diplomatic education. In looking back on that time I realize now that it was a most useful preparation for the more colorful posts I was to be sent to later. I learned there the routine work of a chancery better than I should ever have learned it in hardly any other place. It was a very busy post; there was always something interesting on hand to be done; and being there alone with the Minister most of the time—a first secretary did not arrive until I was on the point of being transferred, so that the only assistants I had were the stenographer and the inimitable Lawrence Taylor—it was necessary for me to see and overlook everything that went on. I became expert at ciphering and deciphering cables; I learned how to assemble, list, invoice and dispatch the diplomatic pouch which was sent each week direct from the Legation to the State Department—no trusting to open mails for our confidential dispatches! I became conversant with the filing system; I learned a great deal about protocol and the proper way of handling official correspondence; and, thanks to the Minister, I became proficient in that very delicate task of seating people in their proper places at table—a thing we apparently bother so little about at home.

Besides the Legation work, which kept me the greater part of each day there, I was constantly being thrown in contact with people whose traditions and mode of life and thoughts were so entirely different from anything I had ever known. It was actually like living on another planet. The more I saw of foreign life the wider and more interesting my horizon became. I became particularly interested in the transition from old Spanish customs to the more

modern and radical ideas which our occupation and liberation of Cuba had created. The older Cuban families, in spite of their freedom from a régime which they had fought to obtain, were by no means prepared to accept without question the wave of American influence that had swept over their little island. They were quite frank in admitting—after I had grown to know them better—that they found our freedom from conventions, our casual informality, rather shocking—even a little vulgar. The liberty accorded American women, as shown by the tourists, shocked the distinguished old duennas frightfully. They would never allow their daughters to go about unchaperoned and unrestrained as those American girls did —never!

Of course their opinion of us was gathered from observation of travelers and the American colony which had flocked to Habana after the war; and in comparison with those old families that had lived a very retired existence—a trip to Spain every year or two, and the rest of the time either spent in the seclusion of an iron-grilled house in Habana or in the heart of the country, made up the routine of their lives—we no doubt did appear a bit wild. But I must admit that they impressed me very much with their dignity, their quiet good breeding and a certain unobtrusive elegance. I recall vividly a delightful old home in the suburbs of Habana where I often went to tea and sat with the whole family in a quiet patio and heard them talk with undisguised regret of the days when Spanish governors made of their society a little center closely resembling that of the Old World. Sometimes I wondered if perhaps our arrival had not robbed them of much of their former charm in spite of all the prosperity and sanitation and improved government that had followed in our wake—all of which they saw only as the disappearance of an old régime which at heart they respected and admired.

(*Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.*)

THE PRADO, THE BOULEVARD OF HABANA, FROM LA PUNTA FORTRESS

I made some very good friends among the Cubans; I even still correspond with some of them. They interested me with their opposing points of view; they threw new angles on subjects, which were always suggestive; and when they found that I was anxious to know their history and that I was studying their literature they gave me more and more freely of their friendship. I visited many plantations where old houses of the past century and the customs of an older time were preserved in charming style and where palms and flamboyant trees, vast acres of cane fields, wide porches and gleaming old rosewood furniture made a setting that was immensely picturesque and romantic.

These visits to old Cuban estates invariably made the contrast with my own country more vivid. For the first time I began to have a perspective of my own people, my own land; and it was then that I began to realize how tremendously young and new and free we are. Here were these people perfectly contented to go on living as they always had and in the same places their ancestors had lived. There was no continual planning of new houses, new businesses, new trips; mere routine appeared to furnish all the variety they desired. Even the young men of these families seemed satisfied to go to Habana for a few weeks' gayety—usually at carnival time—and then return to a dull, if pleasant, bucolic existence. There was a feeling of tremendous permanency in their quiet contentment—a feeling I had seldom noticed at home. My thoughts often shifted back to the unsettled condition of the usual American family; I even began to feel a certain pride in the fact that the house in which I was born was still owned and lived in by my family. When I boasted of this to Cubans they quite frankly doubted the statement. Could it be possible that any American family lived over ten years in the same house?

The friendships I made among my colleagues were the most lasting and deep of that period. Being all strangers in a strange land naturally created a feeling of fellowship and threw us all into rather intimate association; but as the missions in Habana consisted mostly of ministers without secretaries I found myself associating almost altogether with the heads of missions—much older men. Their wives were most cordial and welcomed an unmarried secretary to their homes in a way which gave a touch now and then of home atmosphere. But there were many times when I found myself longing for the family life, its coöperative interests, its sacred intimacies, which one so rarely finds when one is living about the world with other peoples. Once in a while I would wonder a bit if I had made a mistake in choosing diplomacy for a career; it was tremendously interesting, it had a great deal of undeniable charm, it gave one considerable position and an entrée everywhere—but it also very insidiously removed one farther and farther away from close touch with one's native and natural tendencies.

Even one's conversation was rarely about subjects that would mean anything to those at home. I found this out the first day I returned to America. Something had happened to me that made me somewhat like a fish out of water; my American friends listened perfunctorily for a little while to what I wanted to tell them, then I was forced to listen to them recount local happenings which bored me to tears. It had taken only two years—and those spent in Habana—to show me that I had been infected with that elusive and disconcerting microbe, internationalism. I was not only already talking about my own country as a distant place but I was unconsciously thinking of it that way.

The American colony—which is always an important factor in the atmosphere of a legation—was numerous in

Habana; and it was quite often a very disturbing element. Most of the Americans who live abroad are inclined to think a legation is there especially for their benefit. I remember once hearing the Minister say, when a rumor had been repeated to him that the Americans were complaining that he entertained Cubans more than them, that he had been sent there to make friends among the Cubans and not among the Americans; that his business was with the Cuban Government; that the important part of his work was to create good feeling and friendship between the two governments; that, so far as Americans went, it was, of course, a part of his duty to help them in any way possible and aid them when difficult situations arose, but beyond that his obligations to them ended: if they found that he entertained Cubans more than he did them it was exactly what he ought to do.

And so far as the insidious influence of that international microbe goes, it was often noticeably present in the midst of those Americans who had chosen to make their homes in foreign lands. Perhaps this was accentuated by that form which does not exist at home and which is such an important part of foreign communities. One is bound to admit that, coming from a country where business, particularly when successful, puts one in the first rank, it is somewhat bewildering to find that that same business is an absolute drawback in another land. Many Americans find this a bitter experience—especially for their families; and it usually ends in creating an ambition to become a part of that privileged class which centers about official life. It even goes so far as to develop snobbism—a trait we are freer from than almost any other nation.

A striking example of the ironclad rule of position in foreign capitals is afforded by the difference in place of a minister and a consul, especially when both are living in the same city. The minister and his wife are invited to

entertainments to which it is impossible to obtain an invitation for the consul; even Latin-American republics make this distinction; and yet at home the minister and the consul may come from exactly the same social group. As a matter of fact, I have known of a case where the latter had a better position in his own country than the former. This friction is often very embarrassing to both, and yet cannot be avoided. It never occurs in other than American foreign services, as the distinction already exists at home. Ministers and consuls are chosen on a different basis.

On the whole those two years in Habana passed rapidly and delightfully. The town itself, when one gets to know it, is filled with interest and charm. Merely the names of the streets are a constant incentive to unraveling its historic background; every corner has some architectural feature that is suggestive of romantic incidents; its daily life is always diverting; its industries have a distinctly unfamiliar flavor—especially those vast tobacco factories where hundreds of girls are constantly rolling cigars and listening intently to a man who sits on a table and reads to them in a loud voice some thrilling novel.

There are many theaters where good drama and those amusing one-act plays, zarzuelas, are being given, besides seasons of opera that are extremely good; there are many concerts going on all the time; and as for week-ends, one can spend one or two days in sections of the island which are always full of varied scenery and interesting phases of life. No one need find the time in Habana hanging heavy on his hands; and so far as the climate goes, the summers there are much less trying than in our own more northern country.

One of the greatest charms—or drawbacks, a question of mood—of diplomatic life is the imminence of being transferred to another post, which is always hanging over

one. I remember sitting in the Legation one sultry Saturday morning. I had just finished the work for the day and was planning a free afternoon. Just below the window a crowd of people were pouring out of the Belem Cathedral, which faced the Legation. It was an amusing crowd, full of color and life, a thoroughly Cuban gathering. There were ladies in mantillas, fluttering their fans in the incessant way they have; there were young men loafing about, smoking cigarettes and awaiting a glance from a particularly alluring pair of black eyes in order to follow them; there were many negresses, as usual affecting extreme modern clothes; and there was the crowd of beseeching beggars that always haunt church steps. Above the gathering the sound of beaten, not rung, bells rang out; and the air was filled with the scent of oversweet flowers and the burning glow of flamboyant trees. There was much about the scene that was suggestive of the real heart of Habana.

While I stood there, amused and interested in watching all these different types, a boy came in with a telegram. I tore it open impatiently, and more impatiently saw it was in cipher. This meant spending another half hour there, opening the safe and undoing everything that had just been closed for the day.

But the cable was short and exciting enough when the first group deciphered showed my own name. I rushed on and read:

"—transferred to Legation at Copenhagen. Should leave as soon as successor arrives."

Copenhagen! Denmark! Ridiculously enough, the first thing that popped into my thoughts was Hamlet. But—Copenhagen was at the other extremity of the world! What a change! From the tropics to very near the North Pole! I gasped. It was such a complete surprise.

I turned back to the window and looked down on the

crowd of gay, laughing, smoking, chatting, fanning Cubans. I had resented bitterly being sent to live among them, and yet here I was waving a hand to them—a gesture mildly suggestive, yet still suggestive, of regret at leaving them.

But—Denmark!

III

COPENHAGEN

NO other capital of the world, before the war, offered quite the same opportunities for picturesque diplomatic life as Copenhagen. It was the meeting place for every king and queen, a sort of rendezvous where they threw off, no doubt with a sigh of relief, a great deal of the pomp and ceremony of more formal court life and enjoyed themselves as mere human beings. The reason for this was due to Christian IX of Denmark. He had married one of his daughters to the Prince of Wales—Alexandra; another had become Empress of Russia; his son and heir had married a royal princess of Sweden; another had been crowned King of Greece; a grandson had been made King of Norway, and another had married a sister of the Crown Princess of Germany.

The alliance practically covered the whole of Europe. And a diplomat in Copenhagen—an essentially friendly and informal city—found himself associating with these royal personages in a way he would never do in any other place. Any record of diplomatic service there would necessarily be a continuous recountal of royalty and their personalities. They made up the life of the place; they were the objects of interest everywhere one went. To an American who had only read of these people, seen their pictures in the papers or studied the ramifications of the families in the Almanach de Gotha, it was a fairly exciting experience to find himself bicycling with the King of Greece, having tea with Queen Alexandra, dining with a former Empress of Russia and dancing with royal prin-

cesses. And one of the most extraordinary parts of such experience was to find all of them as keenly interested in everything that was going on—theaters, books, moving pictures and new dances—as more humble people. Tradition has built such a wall about rulers that almost all of us are inclined to look upon them as being entirely apart in their interests and amusements. Copenhagen completely shattered such a belief.

An extremely useful way for one in the diplomatic service to approach the country to which he is going is on board a ship which flies that country's flag—if such a thing is possible, and in many cases it is. I had no idea when I was assigned to Denmark that a very good line of Danish steamers sailed direct from New York to Copenhagen; but inquiry soon brought out this fact and I made reservation on the Oscar II, sailing in July of 1911. I had hardly stepped on board when I realized that I was among a people who in every way were a striking contrast to Cubans. Their language, their manners, their color were different; they might have been a people from another planet, and after a few days had passed I knew that I was going to like them immensely; they were so jolly, so happy, so pink and white and so wholesome; and their language—I still think of it as being ridiculously like baby talk—possessed a pleasant quality that was somehow very homelike and gentle. By the end of the fortnight's voyage I knew almost every one on board, had been initiated into the mysteries of *smöbrö*, had learned to drink schnapps with real relish and had heard so many stories of Denmark, its history and customs, that I felt I was going to arrive as an old citizen of a country of which, up to that time, I knew almost nothing. Some of the passengers gave me very useful suggestions. One, particularly, explained that it was most important to understand the distinction which existed among the three Scandinavian countries, a

distinction that would help me in appreciating their differences—the Swedes were the nobility, the Danes the bourgeoisie and the Norwegians the peasants. I was inclined, at the time, to think this showed a natural patriotic prejudice—as he was a Swede himself.

Copenhagen has no dramatic setting with which to startle the newcomer. From the boat it appears flat and undistinguished. Even Elsinore, which one passes a few hours before the city is reached, looks disappointingly small and uninteresting. I had the feeling of approaching an entirely agricultural country—which was, of course, exactly what I was doing: but once ashore there are castles and palaces and towers and cathedrals which have just as many stories of adventure and romance to tell as those of Cuba: stories that are infinitely older and of as different a quality and sentiment as the people.

Recalling the little negro who had met me in Habana, I stood on deck and scanned the crowd assembled at the dock, wondering who would meet me this time. The upturned, pink-and-white, smiling faces appeared exactly like those on board: but none of them was familiar to me. It is a singularly dreary feeling to arrive on a boat, find every one about you discovering friends to welcome them, and realize that not one of those greetings is meant for you.

While I stood looking down on the crowd my attention was caught by an extremely important looking person. He was quite big—fat perhaps expresses him better—and was dressed in dark blue: a sort of uniform, I took it to be, with a lot of conspicuous brass buttons, a gold-braided cap and an upturned, fair, huge mustache that would have distinguished him in any gathering. He stood at the entrance to the gangplank and towered above the crowd and gave the impression that he, by both divine and temporal right, would be the first to go aboard, which was

exactly what he did. As he drew nearer I saw that his cap and numerous brass buttons were stamped with eagles and stars and stripes; but I was so much impressed with his appearance that I waited quietly for his mission to be disclosed. I had never seen anything quite like him before. The stars and stripes and eagles suggested that he must have something to do with the Legation; but what, exactly, I hadn't the slightest idea. A fleeting suspicion shot through me that it might be the Minister, who had got up some sort of uniform that would compete with those of other diplomats. Finally he appeared on deck, made straight for me, and, with a pompousness that made me feel quite insignificant, announced that he had been sent by His Excellency, the American Minister, to meet me. He had a motor and several assistants waiting on the dock, and with supreme efficiency soon had me ashore and speeding towards a hotel.

With only one exception—Francesco of Rome—Arthur stands out as the most impressive figure in my diplomatic memories. He embodied everything that I had ever read of diplomacy—at least of its dramatic and colorful side—and it seems as though fate has been a bit too ironic in forcing him to spend his last days on a farm in Indiana, where his successful Americanized son undoubtedly scoffs at his royal reminiscences. He was a master of intrigue; his social sense was unsurpassed; his experience was exceptional. He had been employed in the palace when the Prince of Wales had come there courting, and loved to recount how each evening he prepared a concoction of half brandy, half champagne, for that exalted personage. He knew every one who had any position and refused flatly to know those who hadn't; he spoke French and English fluently; and his hardly veiled contempt for us plain Americans without background or lineage or anything

except money—which he did respect—was superb. How he must despise those Indiana farmers!

He had engaged the most elaborate suite at the Angleterre Hotel and escorted me directly to it, and, without asking my wishes in the matter, ordered dinner served at once—in my sitting room. Then he informed me that His Excellency, the American Minister, would be very glad to receive me later in the evening if I felt like going there; that the Legation was only a few steps away, quite near His Majesty's palace. After this he left with a profound bow and backed out of the room. I had a pleasant feeling that this, after all, was going to be something like the diplomacy of the picture books and comic opera. Habana and its simple republican methods were rapidly fading into a negligible background.

First impressions have a way of sticking in one's thoughts and coloring all later decisions. Sometimes they are quite unfair, and yet they are so disconcertingly vivid. I remember very distinctly that first evening in Copenhagen. After I had dined in solitary splendor I went down and sat on the terrace of the hotel, which was near the sidewalk and overlooked the principal square of the town—Kongens Nytorv. I looked about furtively to be sure that Arthur was not anywhere about, feeling sure that he would have disapproved of my doing anything so plebeian, and then settled down to enjoyment of the scene.

Although it was past ten o'clock, it was still broad daylight, that wonderful twilight of the north which in summer seems to last into the dawn. Crowds of people were sitting about, drinking and smoking and talking in that foolish-sounding baby language, every one of them with rosy cheeks and fair hair and smiling blue eyes. In the square, yellow taxicabs were flying by; and in and out of them threaded the most amazing number of bicycles I

had ever seen. There was something very gay and happy in the whole surroundings.

While I sat there a very stout, florid lady on a bicycle rode up to the curb, got off, turned the pedal so the bicycle would stand upright, came onto the terrace, sat down, took off her hat, ordered a glass of beer and then efficiently lighted a large black cigar which she produced from her voluminous sweater. When the cigar was drawing to her satisfaction she took a newspaper from an adjoining table, crossed her legs comfortably and drank and smoked and read as though she were quite oblivious of the rest of the world.

That was twelve years ago, and just for that reason it is all the more suggestive of the advanced state of Danish women. To learn afterwards that they had suffrage, that they were directing large business enterprises, that they were great believers in divorce and carried their beliefs into practice, and that they were more emancipated than any other women in the world—all this seemed like anti-climax after the one I had seen on the evening of my arrival. Habana, with its duennas and carefully guarded maidens, seemed like something from medieval days.

Again, in comparison with Habana, Copenhagen proved almost absurd so far as any work at the Legation went. There was even no necessity for a diplomatic pouch. Official dispatches were sent in the open mail; and as for relations between the two countries, they apparently consisted of being on good terms with government officials, attending court functions and going to as many luncheons and teas and dinners and balls as there were days. The Minister, Maurice Francis Egan, had been there about five years. The Legation, including the chancery, was on the Amaliagade—very near the king's palace, as Arthur was always careful to explain—a typical Copenhagen house of four stories, with an entrance in the covered

driveway which led into a small courtyard. The reception rooms were not very large, but adequate: the dining room, as in all Danish houses, being the largest and most important. The chancery consisted of only one room on the courtyard, which connected by folding doors with the Minister's office and study. We were all a bit top of one another, but as the atmosphere was genial and pleasant, due to the Minister's delightful personality, every one was contented.

Mr. Egan was an entirely different type from my former chief, much more interested in the social side of diplomacy and in a way much more really American. He had been appointed minister when he was fifty-five and had arrived in a foreign land with American convictions, and yet with that sympathetic Irish strain which made him *persona grata* everywhere. Having been a college professor and littérateur, he was much interested in the educational and artistic life of Denmark, and took me with him often to meet men in such professions. We had many interesting trips about the country, visiting university towns and historic spots and spending evenings with the men who were formulating Danish thoughts and policies. I remember particularly delightful afternoons in the home of Georg Brandes when the whole world was passed in review and commented upon by a master mind.

The official season in Copenhagen begins just after Christmas and lasts about three months; so, arriving in August, I had all the autumn to travel about, study the language—which did not prove so difficult, as it is a combination of German and English—and become acquainted with the general aspects of Danish life. The city was one of the most sympathetic I had ever known. It was clean, well administered and particularly suggestive in the way that so much thought and planning were given to the matter of providing conveniences and pleasures for the

population. On almost all thoroughfares were bicycle paths—it was estimated that over six hundred thousand bicycles were in use, practically one for each person, and across the front page of each newspaper was printed every morning the hour at which bicycle lamps should be lighted. On the opposite side of the street was a bridle path. Riding was also a popular sport. The Langelinie, a park with sea wall and broad walks, extended for miles along the Sound. The National Theater, where two ballets, two dramas and two operas were given each week, was one of the best theaters I have ever known, and furnished one of the most interesting phases of the life of the city, as actors, dancers and singers were received everywhere; and there were musical and literary societies that furnished from time to time prominent figures of the art world from all over Europe. On the whole, I look back on Copenhagen as being, in a way, the most advanced and interesting capital I have ever been in. The fact that the sun disappears in November and does not appear again until spring has no dampening effect upon the gay temperament of the people. They apparently think all the joy possible should be got out of life, and their happy faces surely suggest that they are succeeding in that direction, in spite of their literature being so morbid and pessimistic. If one formed his opinion of Scandinavians from such writers as Ibsen, Strindberg and Hamsun, he would be inclined to think they were a rather depressing, desperately abnormal people; and they are quite the contrary.

The diplomatic corps assembled the first of the year—most of them had been, up to this time, in the country—to pay their respects to the king and queen on New Year's Day. Of course this was a tremendously interesting experience for me, as it was my first encounter with royalty. At the appointed hour, eleven o'clock in the morning, the

Minister and I arrived at the palace in full evening dress. It was one of those moments when one invariably feels the mistake our Government makes in not permitting its diplomatic representatives to wear some sort of uniform. It is not only undignified for us to attend official functions in evening clothes, it is even absurd to be in a dress that cannot be distinguished from that of waiters, especially when every other representative of no matter how small a country is wearing some sort of uniform that indicates his rank and nationality. I do not mean to say that we should cover ourselves with gold braid, elaborate embroideries and fur capes, and swords; but at least we might be allowed to wear something that would not give the impression that we had been out all night and hadn't had time to change.

The royal palace used at that time was one of the four which face on Amalienborgplads. The entrance was not very impressive except for the expanse of red carpet and palms and flowers and rows of palace guards who wore picturesque uniforms. We were shown up to an antechamber, where the Minister for Foreign Affairs greeted us and where I got a first look at the assembled diplomatic corps. It was one of the most typical rooms for such a gathering that could be imagined. Crystal chandeliers, damask curtains, gilded and brocaded chairs and flowered carpets—all made an extraordinarily brilliant setting for the really dazzling uniforms.

I particularly recall the uniform of the Austro-Hungarian Minister, of velvet and silk, heavily embroidered with turquoises and silver, cape and cap of astrakhan, and gleaming sword and boots. He looked exactly as though he had just stepped out of grand opera. Next in effectiveness came the Russian; and of course the German, in white cloth trousers and a great deal of red and gold, was not far behind; even several South American ministers put up a very brave front in dark blue and green much incrusted

with embroidery. And in a way each of these men was a distinguished figure of his country; for at that time, when royal families were still a great influence in European politics, Copenhagen was considered a post to which only the best could be sent. It was an exceedingly brilliant and picturesque scene. I had the feeling that I was taking part in—a very small part, however, in my severely plain black and white—a picture of past centuries.

As each legation's turn came—this regulated by the number of years the chief of mission had resided there—the Minister for Foreign Affairs conducted the Minister and his secretary into an adjoining room, where the audience with the King took place—a matter of a few minutes, after which they left the palace by a simpler entrance.

King Frederick of Denmark was a rather small man of over sixty, with gray hair, a fresh, fair face and slight figure. He wore a uniform in which light blue was the dominating color. He stood in the center of a small room and came forward cordially to welcome the Minister. After New Year's greetings had been exchanged I was presented by the Minister, found my hand firmly gripped and held by a delightfully simple, friendly old gentleman. He asked about my trip from America, where I had been before, what my impressions of his country were—the same subjects, I was to learn in later experiences, always broached by royalty. He spoke English perfectly and had the faculty of making one feel entirely at ease. Indeed, I left with the feeling that I should like very much to talk to the charming old gentleman for a long time, and later an opportunity did come in a most amusing way.

From this audience we went to an adjoining palace to greet the Crown Prince. He was a great contrast to his father, being exceptionally tall and with not quite the same ease of manner, though the audience with him was

Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

FREDERICKSBURG PALACE, COPENHAGEN, DENMARK

given a homelike touch by the presence of his two young sons, mere boys, who stood in the room and talked with me while the Minister got through the official formalities. There were no ladies at either of these audiences, though the wives of ministers and secretaries were going through a similar procedure with the Queen and Crown Princess.

I came away from these audiences with the feeling that the rulers of these pleasant people were in every way suggestive of the charm and simplicity of the country itself. There was an almost quaint beauty in the palace surroundings and furnishings, and in spite of the formal ceremony there was nothing oppressive or likely to make one feel ill at ease. Perhaps one of the greatest charms of everything connected with these palace functions was the air of an older time which characterized them. They were so far removed from to-day; traditions colored everything; so few disturbing modern notes had crept in. In many ways they invariably made me think of old paintings which had become mellowed by time.

New Year's Day was a sort of opening gun of the season, and the reverberation apparently reached every person living in town. Houses that had been hermetically sealed ever since I arrived suddenly showed open doors, with liveried flunkies standing guard; windows glowed with yellow silk curtains—a prevalent use of yellow draperies was due to the belief that they furnished a glow that took the place of sunlight; and boxes of green plants gave a gay note to otherwise somber façades. The whole city suddenly changed into party dress, and invitations poured in from all directions. Each legation seemed determined to entertain more than any other; and the Danes—the most hospitable people I have ever lived among—were evidently not going to let the legations outdo them. Forty-seven nights running in the way of dinners is no small record, and yet I probably could have

doubled this if I had been able to be at two places at the same time.

The really confusing part of it all, though, was the unusual fact that no one seemed to have the same dinner hour. An invitation to dinner one day would be mentioned as taking place at four o'clock, another would be at five, another at six, and so on throughout the whole afternoon and evening. Even though the court had fixed eight as the official hour to dine, it was whispered that the royal family always dined, when *en famille*, at six; and accordingly people chose the hour which suited them—or their cooks—best. And those dinners! I had never seen such elaborate food, such prodigality in wines, such quantities of everything. Caviar was usually a first course—that delicious, fresh, gray caviar straight from Russia—and not served on little pieces of toast as I had always seen it. Not a bit of it! Huge bowls of it from which you helped yourself with a ladle. And as for the famous *smöbrö*, which always appeared on a buffet and which you stood and ate and ate before sitting down to the real repast, nothing could possibly equal it in richness and deliciousness and indigestibleness.

Flowers were used in profusion—usually brought from the Riviera, except tulips, which came from Holland; and most tables showed an interesting display of old chiseled silver.

From these dinners we generally went on to dances and balls at other houses, and sometimes to the masked balls given at the hotels—these latter considered a bit *déclassé*, but which were attended even by some of the more distinguished court ladies, who covered their well-known faces with protecting masks.

The Minister took special pleasure—and no doubt got great fun out of it—in initiating me into the ceremonies of court life. The first dinner at the palace came soon

after New Year's Day, and naturally I was very keen about knowing all details.

"Have you never dined with a king and queen?" the minister asked, simulating great surprise at my lack of experience.

"Very few Americans have," I answered on the defensive.

"It's a wonderful experience," he went on casually, "except that the wines are carelessly chosen—not nearly so well selected as at the American Legation. But, of course, that is the privilege of royalty. They don't have to have good wines, just as a rich man doesn't have to bother about his clothes. However, don't fail to notice the wine servers. They wear flowers on their caps—a relic of old Norse days. And I beg of you, after dinner is finished and the Queen sends for you to talk with you, don't kiss her hand. She knows Americans don't do that, and she doesn't expect it of you."

"I don't mind in the least kissing a queen's hand."

He chuckled and I could get nothing more out of him, though the night of the dinner, just as we were going up the steps between rows and rows of guards, he again counseled me not to try to kiss the Queen's hand.

It was a diplomatic dinner, and resembled the New Year's assembly with the exception that much more color was given to it by the appearance of ladies. We were given cards at the door, on which were written the names of the ladies we were to take in to dinner, and a small diagram of the table showing the designated place.

After every one had arrived, a court chamberlain entered, carrying a long baton from which dangled gold cords. This was the signal for a hidden orchestra to begin playing the royal anthem. Then portières were pulled back and the King and Queen, followed by several court ladies and gentlemen, walked through the room, bowing as

they passed, and entered the dining room. The rest of us followed silently.

The table was in the form of a half circle. In the center sat the King and Queen; and the others, according to rank, were placed on the inner and outer sides of the circle. The dinner lasted about an hour; then every one went into an adjoining room and formed a circle about the royal family. The King began at one end of the circle and passed a few minutes talking to each guest; the Queen began at the other side and did the same.

I awaited my few minutes with some perturbation. The Queen was not nearly so reassuring as the King. Very tall and broad, rather severe of countenance and covered with the most dazzling diamonds I had ever seen—her inheritance from the Bernadotte millions—she was far from being a simple person to approach. However, when she came towards me and extended her hand I bowed low and kissed it with all the aplomb I could muster.

"You have not been long in Denmark?"

"Only five months, Your Majesty."

"You find it interesting?"

"Very, Your Majesty. Especially—"

"Yes?"

For some reason that woman on the bicycle had popped into my mind. I stumbled on: "The freedom of the ladies here."

"Does that surprise an American?" I fancied Her Majesty's eyebrows had gone up five feet.

"Ours are only struggling towards complete emancipation. The ladies of Your Majesty's country seem to have achieved it."

"Ah, so!"

Again I found an extended, white-gloved hand before me, and again I bowed and kissed it.

"You have completely ruined your chances of court

favor," the Minister chided me when we were back in the Legation at ten o'clock. "The Queen is very much opposed to newfangled ideas for women. Why under the sun did you pick out such a subject? You should have let her advance any ideas." He sighed with resignation. "But I suppose you couldn't help it. It's an American trait to rush in where angels fear to tread. And I beg of you, if you ever have a chance to see her again, and insist upon kissing her hand, don't smack your lips so that the reverberation can be heard over the entire palace."

In spite of the Queen's somewhat austere manner and very decided stand on many questions, the informality of the royal family was one of the most surprising sides of Copenhagen life. As a matter of fact, I often found myself a bit puzzled as to what was the proper attitude to maintain in certain situations, though a quiet inconspicuousness usually got one through difficulties: but there were times when one had to be somewhat active, even taking the initiative.

I remember one day Arthur came into my room and announced in his customary pompous manner that Her Royal Highness the Crown Princess was on the telephone.

"What can I do, Arthur, even if Her Royal Highness the Crown Princess is on the telephone?"

He went to the desk and picked up the receiver and held it out to me.

"Her Royal Highness wishes to speak to you, sir."

"Are you trying to play a joke on me?"

He signaled to be silent and motioned for me to take the receiver.

"But—I don't believe you," I insisted.

He gave me a withering glance and spoke in the tube: "The secretary is just here, Your Royal Highness."

Finally I took up the telephone, prepared to enter into

the joke, and received an invitation from the lady herself to come over to the palace at once and join them on a bicycling picnic to Helsingör.

Even this did not prepare me for an incident that occurred later. I was in the chancery one afternoon, deciphering a cable which had just arrived. The Minister had gone out and so far as I knew no one was in the Legation. Suddenly the folding doors which led into the Minister's study were thrown open and Arthur stood there bursting with more than his usual pride.

"Well?" I complained, resenting the interruption, and such a deliberate one.

"Get up quick, sir," Arthur whispered.

"Get up! What for?"

"His Majesty is in the drawing-room."

"What majesty, Arthur?"

"His Majesty the King, and Her Royal Highness the Princess Dagmar."

"What under the sun are they doing here?"

"They are calling on the Minister and Mrs. Egan."

"But they've gone out. You know that!"

"Yes, sir. I told His Majesty that; then he asked to see the secretary."

"And he's actually there—in the drawing-room?" It was only a step away, through the Minister's study, and all the doors open.

"Yes, sir; and please, please come at once." Even Arthur's perfect control was lessening under the strain.

I threw the cipher book into the safe—I have always prided myself on remembering to do that under such stringent circumstances—and hurried into the drawing-room to find the King and his daughter wandering about at their ease, looking at pictures and photographs.

The old gentleman shook me cordially by the hand and said: "Thought I'd drop in a few minutes and talk to the

Minister. As he is out, we asked for you. You know the Princess Dagmar."

I bowed as formally as I could and regretted more than I could express the absence of the Minister. The King returned to the inspection of a water color.

"And that," he said, seeing a white-tiled humidor which some one had sent as a present to the Minister. "What is that? It looks like those advertisements I see in American magazines for refrigerating food. Does the Minister keep it in his library? I thought they were for the kitchen."

Nothing would do but that he must see the thing at close hand and have it explained to him; and while this was going on Arthur brought in a tea table and served tea. A few minutes later we were all seated about the table, talking about America, while the King, enjoying a cigar from the Minister's humidor, appeared to be perfectly contented and without any intention of making his call a short one.

I was surprised to find that he knew so much about my country, and was particularly gratified to hear him speak of General Lee as being one of the greatest generals the world had ever produced. However, I have learned after long association with foreigners that most of them—I mean the educated classes—have a most extraordinary fund of information about the United States; and their opinions of our leading men are often very suggestive. Perhaps it is the perspective of looking on from a distance which makes them see us more really as we are than we are able to do ourselves, though I must confess that I often find it rather mortifying when some one who has not even been in the United States writes of one of our heroes in a way that few Americans have done. Drinkwater's Lincoln is a striking example of this.

I tried to make the departure of the King and Princess more formal than their entrance, and walked with them

down to the street door and bowed them out—of course, well reënforced by Arthur; but I must admit that as I stood at the door, watching them walking briskly along towards the palace, I was somewhat bewildered by the whole proceeding. If some one had told me of such an incident I should very probably have spoken of it as *infra dig;* but it was anything but that; it was merely a very pleasant and effective way this charming old gentleman had of showing his friendship and interest in a country which had sent representatives to his court.

A third instance of this informality occurred one afternoon when I went in, after tennis, to the British Legation —always a delightful and homelike place to have tea.

The Minister's wife greeted me and said casually, "Come over here and I'll present you to the Queen."

I looked towards the fireplace and saw a rather small, slight lady sitting there with her feet touching the hearth before the fire.

"But—that isn't the Queen," I protested.

"Not the Queen of Denmark," Lady Lily smiled. "There are others. This one was the Queen of England—Alexandra. And don't bother about trying to say anything to her. She's quite deaf."

That time which every secretary in the diplomatic corps looks forward to so eagerly—when the Minister goes on leave and the secretary is left in charge of the Legation, thus becoming chargé d'affaires—came after I had been in Copenhagen nine months. Little did I know what was in store for me. With memories of Habana and visits of Secretaries of War still vividly before me, I should have been prepared for anything, but never the extraordinary experience of attending a dinner at which almost every king and queen in Christendom was present.

Immediately after the Minister left I began entertaining and trying to pay off some of the obligations of that

hectic season. I began with an afternoon dancing party—this was before the name *thé dansant* had become a part of our vocabulary—to which about one hundred people were invited, among others the Crown Prince and Princess, who were fond of dancing and were anxious to learn the intricacies of the turkey trot, which had just come in.

What ages ago that seems! I gave it at Tivoli—a tea garden and amusement place which Copenhagen looked upon as being very smart—and it went off successfully. Then followed several dinners at the Angleterre Hotel, where I had remained, as it had proved so very comfortable and extraordinarily reasonable; and I was on the way to more and more parties, when suddenly everything collapsed and the whole country was thrown into the deepest mourning.

Early in the spring the King and Queen had gone to Hamburg to spend a week or two; a customary trip, which was not heralded about, as they had gone incognito. When they had been gone a few days I happened to be dining at the Russian Legation and found every one whispering that a rumor had just reached Copenhagen that evening that the King had disappeared from the hotel in Hamburg and had not been heard of since. No one seemed to know if there were any truth in the rumor or not. The French Minister said he had gone at once to the Foreign Office to make inquiries and had been told that it was only a rumor; however, he had got the impression that every one was considerably worried. During the evening many people came in to play bridge or sit about—those who had been invited to a previous dinner were always expected to come in later when other dinners were given—and an ominous pall was evident. Still, no one knew any actual fact. Everything was hearsay.

Early next morning every church bell in the city was tolling, flags were hung at halfmast and the papers, with

deep mourning bands, announced the death of the King. The story published was that he had gone out after dinner for a walk, unattended, dressed in civilian clothes, had had a stroke of apoplexy and had died immediately. Two days later his body had been identified in the morgue.

I rushed over to the Legation and was met by Arthur, who looked at me with amazement and highly disapproving eyes.

"His Majesty is dead, sir."

"Yes, Arthur, I saw it in the papers."

"But, sir, you are not in mourning!"

I happened to be wearing that morning a particularly vivid tie to which Arthur's eyes remained glued.

"Am I supposed to go in mourning, Arthur?"

"Every one is already in mourning, sir. I hope you will let me go to the hotel and fetch your black clothes at once. Surely you will not appear on the street again that way."

"But—I haven't any mourning clothes."

"Then, sir, I had better try to find some of those ready-made garments that the working people wear. Anything would be better than what you have on. In the meantime I shall go out and buy some black gloves, a black tie, bands for your arm and hat—and I'll fetch your morning coat, sir."

I think he wanted an excuse to get out on the street to see and hear what was going on—and a great deal was being said that first day; there were a great many conflicting stories of what had actually happened to the King. At any rate, by noon Arthur had me as black as a crow, and fortunately just in time to go to the window and see what appeared to be the whole of Copenhagen rushing in the direction of the palace. Arthur rushed down to find out what was taking place, and soon returned with the information that the coronation of the new King and Queen

was taking place at that moment. When I expressed surprise at what I considered unsympathetic haste he looked at me with a supreme contempt of my ignorance.

"Don't you know, sir, that the sun cannot set on Denmark without a king and queen?"

We hurried down to the Amalienborgplads, pushed and struggled through the crowd and reached there just in time to see the Prime Minister come out on the balcony of one of the palaces to announce that the king was dead and the new king had been crowned. After this announcement the crowd remained with heads uncovered and eyes cast down. The stillness and silence were oppressively impressive. Tears were in the eyes of every one. It was a tremendously touching sight. Then the young King and his Queen came out on the balcony and held out their hands to the crowd. Another silence followed, and then the most tremendous roar went up from thousands of throats—a solemn, dignified and poignant salute to the new monarch.

The first diplomatic step after this informal coronation was to go about and sign books at the doors of every member of the royal family. This takes the place of leaving cards of condolence, which, of course, you can't do with royalty. It took the whole of the afternoon and brought to my attention the fact that every experienced diplomatic officer has on hand a complete mourning outfit for just such an occasion. I ran into practically every member of the diplomatic corps and was much impressed with their mournful attire. Every one of them was in deep black, crêpe bands upon their arms, crêpe upon their hats, black ties, black gloves; and, of course, black suits. And the ladies! I had never seen such elaborate mourning. The French Minister's wife was admitted by every one to have put all the others—even members of the court—to shame. Her use of yards and yards of crêpe was superb;

and her bonnet—a combination of Mary Stuart and Marie de Medici headdress, composed of a mere line of white and a voluminous trailing veil—far surpassed those historic prototypes in effectiveness.

Arthur had acquired everything necessary for me to live up to the traditions of the moment—he would have been better pleased, I'm sure, if I had consented to don a black silk shirt—and I felt quite properly attired to end the afternoon with a call of condolence on the Minister for Foreign Affairs. He interrupted me rather abruptly in the midst of my expressions of sympathy to inquire who would represent the United States at the funeral. He said he was making up the list of special envoys and would like to know as soon as possible who the American would be, the number included in his suite and the time of his arrival.

I had telegraphed the news of the King's death to the State Department, but had not mentioned that special envoys were being sent to the funeral; in fact, I did not know this until the Foreign Minister told me. An urgent cable was got off at once and I waited impatiently all the next day for a reply; but none came. The third day and still no answer.

By this time the special envoys were arriving. England, France, Germany, Italy, Russia and many smaller countries were sending either some member of a royal family or a prominent official. Each train was bringing in an envoy and his suite, and these arrivals were always an occasion for music, parades and an outpouring of cavalry; the streets were lined day and night with crowds watching for a glimpse of incoming royalties; automobiles assigned to the suites flew about in all directions, flying streamers of gold and crimson ribbons; and the clatter of marching soldiers was incessant. The aspect of the town grew more and more festive; it was evident that some

great event was imminent, but nothing suggested a funeral except that the crowds were entirely clothed in black—though black worn by fair people is rather more becoming than lugubrious.

Still no reply came from the State Department. I had had two messages from the Foreign Office asking if any one had been appointed, and each time I felt more mortified that my own country was apparently going to be the only one unrepresented at the funeral. Then, the same morning that the King was to receive the envoys, a cable came instructing me to inform the Foreign Office that, due to the short time, it had been impossible to send a special delegate and that I had been appointed to represent the United States.

I rushed to the Foreign Office, gave this information and was told to hurry to the palace and be received with the others. I had just half an hour to get into evening clothes and be there, and once more felt entirely out of place among the gorgeous uniforms worn by every one. The King entered the room where we were assembled, shook hands and said a few words of appreciation of the sympathy shown—speaking to each envoy in that envoy's language—and then left us all impressed with the deep emotion he was experiencing.

That night we all gathered again at the palace and I had the rather unusual experience of sitting down to dinner with four kings and queens, two dowager queens, and princes and princesses galore. It was an exceptional gathering even for Copenhagen. On one side of me sat Prince Arthur of Connaught, on the other the Crown Prince of Germany; and all through the dinner the latter kept up a steady fire of questions regarding American baseball. As a matter of fact, the conversation all about the table was far from being suggestive of a sad occasion.

Immediately after dinner the numerous kings and

queens withdrew, which was the signal for the others to leave. It was a very short evening—the whole affair lasted a little over an hour—and though expeditiously got through, it is one of the most salient incidents in my diplomatic memories. It was immensely interesting to see these personages at such close range—the table was narrow and we faced each other across a few feet—and I got many distinct impressions that have lasted. The Crown Princess of Germany was by far the most attractive of the ladies; her wholesome and vivid personality made her stand out above the others; Queen Alexandra, remarkable for her age and really very pretty, furnished a quiet, gentle note that was charming; the Dowager Empress of Russia was a striking contrast and made one wonder how these two could actually be sisters; Prince Arthur—evidently bored by the whole proceeding, a repetition of similar functions which it seems to be his special duty to attend—carried himself with customary British phlegm; Constantine of Greece, affable and casual, was evidently free from any premonition of the stormy future in store for him; and the Kings of Norway and Sweden were somehow a bit austerely suggestive of their more northern kingdoms.

The next day an elaborate service was held in the cathedral, where the King's body lay in state. A huge catafalque filled the center of the church, floral offerings from almost every country in the world were arranged about it and the whole guarded by a double file of soldiers wearing the historic uniforms of Denmark—not only of to-day but of past centuries. The scene was a blaze of color and had much about it that was suggestive of the days of vikings. The funeral procession went from the church to the station, every one following on foot with uncovered heads. A train journey of several hours took us to Roskilde—the Westminster Abbey of Denmark—where, after another long service, the King's body was

placed in a crypt beside his ancestors. Thus ended my only experience as special envoy of the United States to a foreign country.

There is no object or use in trying to pretend that my diplomatic education in Copenhagen was anything other than social. The only question that had any real import was the old one of the sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States. This was always being discussed—officially and unofficially—but advanced very little while I was there. The psychological moment for its accomplishment did not come until my term was ended. If I had been sent there before Habana I should have come away with very little training or knowledge of chancery work. The numerous matters pertaining to citizenship, commercial affairs and development in government administration—so much a part of the work in Cuba—hardly existed. There was no American colony; probably eight or ten made up the number of my countrymen living there; and questions to be taken up with the Foreign Office were so few and far between that we merely made perfunctory calls every week or two. However, the time spent there, besides being agreeable and interesting, gave me an insight into foreign life that was entirely new to me and created influences which colored later years.

The absence of any of my own people threw me necessarily more intimately in contact with my colleagues and the Danish people. I was actually living all the time with those who, even though most of them spoke English fluently, had never been to America and had been brought up and were living in conditions quite foreign to my own.

Without being conscious of it, my opinions and perhaps my character were being modified. I seemed to be in a constant state of flux, very sensitive to impressions

and constantly being surprised at the emphasis put upon things which were not a part of my previous experience. I believe I got to know my colleagues more closely there than ever since; and the opportunities of looking on—almost being a part of—other civilizations were exceptional, especially through the daily association with the members of the legations.

The British Legation, owning its own house, was—as is nearly always the case—the leading one and the nucleus of diplomatic life. The Danes admired the English and frankly showed their preference for them by speaking their language more than any other, adopting their customs and imitating their taste in everything. Next in favor came the French and Russians, both of these legations being headed by distinguished ministers with charming wives, the former being particularly lucky in having a lady who made her house the gathering point of everything artistic and literary as well as *chic*.

The Germans had rented one of the most conspicuous palaces on Kongens Nytorv and entertained elaborately and constantly but without much real success. Schleswig-Holstein was too recent a matter to be forgotten.

One of my most important reactions to this whirl of unfamiliar existence was the feeling that it was fundamentally useless and artificial. Every one seemed to be living for the day alone; a good time and constant amusement formed the main goal; little time or thought were given to serious matters; actual constructive work in any direction was apparently not a part of this life. Still, there was a lightness of touch and cleverness to criticism and appreciation that showed background and serious education.

I often caught myself wondering over the way these people attacked and dismissed subjects which we, as a nation, are inclined to take very much to heart and pon-

der over. Was it that they had had so long the culture we are struggling for that it was no longer important to them? Even when such men as Anatole France came and delivered a series of lectures—over which I was so enthusiastic—they would merely say: "Oh, Anatole France—yes! Of course you've read Thaïs." Which I hadn't, but soon had. Or when the Ring was given at the opera and I had my first opportunity of hearing the complete series in succession, they would say casually: "But you should hear it at Bayreuth! Of course, they will do it quite badly here."

Such comments, such lack of enthusiasm, often made me feel that I was beginning to know and love all the things which my associates had forgotten centuries before. Sometimes I even went so far as to ask myself if I had not begun too late; if I had not better let all this life go and return to my own country and its more virile eagerness. Would not Europe and its old civilization become a disheartening influence? Nothing takes the zest out of one's enthusiasms so much as finding others bored by them.

I often used to discuss these questions with the Minister; and when I tried to encourage myself by telling him that I was continually surprised to find that I was fitting into a life that was wholly apart from anything I had ever known—citing the number of invitations I received as evidence of success—he would take the wind out of my sails by saying that any unmarried secretary would be popular in diplomacy because he was indispensable in filling out a dinner table or completing a four at bridge; it had nothing whatever to do with personality. Then, just to get a rise out of him, I would say that I had spent the whole of the previous afternoon with the French Minister's wife, who had read aloud—for me alone—Verlaine's verses.

"Of which you understood not one word. Besides, the Russian secretary had the same experience the day before; and the day before him was the Austrian. The lady must get through the afternoon somehow, even if she has to read French poetry to an American."

I would retort to this by repeating a whole verse of Mon Rêve Familier, which was evening scores, no doubt, with a vengeance.

"What are you trying to prove to me?" the Minister would interrupt. "That you are becoming denationalized?"

"No! I'm only trying to show that an American is so adaptable that he can, without tremendous preparation, fit into this life. Doesn't that go somewhere in proving we are a wonderful people?"

"Of course we are a wonderful people. No one denies that; but our strength does not lie in thinking we have acquired the culture of these older races after associating a few months with them. As a matter of fact, I am not so sure that we want to acquire their culture. We've got so many bigger and more important and more real things to do than that."

"At any rate," I went on, agreeing with him heartily and looking for more statements which would strengthen conviction and yet wishing to draw him out further, "it is a phase of development which should be useful to us as individuals."

"Perhaps. But be careful you don't let that development lead you in a direction that will make you patronize your own people when you go back to them. There are such instances, you know."

Even though with the entrée which being a member of the diplomatic corps gave one, I often had the feeling that I was very much out of the really intimate life of my colleagues. They had so many vital questions exist-

ing between their own countries which were almost invariably a part of their conversations—questions in which we, at that time, had so little interest.

The Triple Alliance naturally gave the Germans, the Austrians and the Italians a sympathetic subject to discuss; French and Russians had their much-mooted interests; the British were closely allied, both by royal marriages and political affairs, to the Danes; even Belgium and Holland had close affiliations which were constantly offering bases of friendship; but the United States—thousands of miles away, unbelievably rich, a democracy standing for everything that was opposed to old régime and class distinctions—was entirely out of the intimate circle. It was impossible not to feel this; it was in the atmosphere; it was a bit like a man who knows nothing about golf walking over the course with a professional player. I do not mean to suggest that this atmosphere was intentionally created; it was only a natural result.

An interesting phase of life among the Danes was afforded in studying their attitude toward and opinions of America and Americans. I once heard an experienced and much-traveled American say that those of us who had the most success and made the most lasting impression in Europe were our most vulgar types, because they represented to Europeans exactly what their preconceived ideas of us were. He said this was particularly the case in England, where the rough-and-ready type amused the English and gave them something which did not exist in their own life; that they even found the nasal twang and informal geniality delightful qualities, just because they were different from anything they had.

This may be true of England, where a common language makes intercourse comparatively easy; but it was not the case in Denmark. The opinion of the Danes was necessarily formed from the few persons seen there,

American literature and those moving pictures which presented—and, for that matter, still do—our life during the pioneer days of the West. I don't think I saw an American film in Copenhagen that did not picture rough-riders, cow-punchers, shooting parties and primitive frontier life. The Danes loved these pictures.

I left Copenhagen with the feeling that much water had passed under the bridge. It furnished a much deeper influence than those first two years in Habana—an influence the full extent of which I was not to appreciate until I had reached home and once more was mingling among my own people and looking at them through a perspective that was somehow disconcertingly new and a bit bewildering. A widely contrasting background and civilization made my own people flash upon me in an entirely new light.

Arthur was the last—as he had been the first—person I saw in Copenhagen. He went with me to the boat, installed my things in the cabin and very probably instructed the purser in detail of the distinguished attention which he apparently felt—I hope sincerely—my position demanded. I shook hands with him at parting, a gesture which surprised him and which I really believe did not please him. He was so relentlessly correct that he did not enjoy anything which was wanting in dignity, even when meant as a compliment to him.

"I hope some day you will come to America, Arthur," I said. "Your son likes it so much there. Perhaps you would too."

He bowed profoundly.

"Thank you, sir. But, sir, if you don't mind my saying it, I hope no such unfortunate fate will ever overtake me."

Poor Arthur—living on a farm in Indiana! And the splendors of court life in Copenhagen only a memory!

IV

ROME

WHEN I read in a paper—I was in the United States at the time—that I had been appointed second secretary of the embassy at Rome, I took it much more calmly than I should have imagined possible four years before, when I scanned the list in the World Almanac and decided Rome was the place in all the world I wanted to go to. This rather bears out the theory of that discouraging philosopher who believes that we invariably get what we set our hearts on, though often after the desire has lost its zest.

I hardly know why I viewed the appointment to Rome so indifferently, unless it was that I felt my experiences in Copenhagen would not be surpassed in interest. However, healthy reaction soon set in, and I was preparing for the journey and gathering all the information available about diplomatic life in the Eternal City. There were a great many people who had spent winters there, even years, who gave me much information about how to live, the best hotels, what to see and do. But the point of view of tourists and visitors is not very useful to a diplomat. Those who told me Hichens' Fruitful Vine was a perfect picture of what Roman life was like were quite right; but even that did not begin to touch upon the intricacies of a social system that has baffled almost every one who has lived in that extraordinary city. Even when I left there, after an uninterrupted sojourn of seven years—I was there from 1913 to 1920—I still had the feeling that I was an onlooker; and this in spite of the

fact that the war period had broken down barriers and thrown me into intimate contact with all classes.

The ramifications of Blacks and Whites, Vatican and Quirinal, Austrian haters and sympathizers, ancient families clinging to old régimes, young Italy dating only from 1870, followers of Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, English and American colonies and the extraordinary personalities that stood at the head of each of these groups—all these bewildering currents of influence and traditions made me feel as though I had come across something that I could never possibly understand. I decided at once that if the rest of Italy were like Rome, the question of unifying the whole belonged to the very dim future. By comparison, our existence appeared so simple and direct and fresh and clean that for a time I hated Rome with its subtle complexities and intrigues almost violently. I was not able either to understand or fit into it. I wonder if I ever really did. I wonder if any real American ever does.

My arrival was a keen disappointment. I landed at Naples and went up on an afternoon train, after having spent several hours trying to convince a voluble Italian customs officer that a diplomat had the right of free entry. He said quite frankly that he didn't know what a diplomat was, and that it didn't matter, anyway; that I had to open my trunks no matter what I was. I learned later to love Naples; but that first day I was inclined to agree with a fellow passenger who was always saying, "Smell Naples and die."

The journey to Rome gave me a first glimpse of hill towns perched on the top of pointed mountains and climbing straight up into a sky that was dazzlingly blue. The romantic note of Italy was struck with a bang; but it suddenly ceased to sound when the suburbs of Rome were reached; suburbs much like those of any other city, with

the exception that now and then there sprang up out of the midst of sordid tenements a crumbling arch, a fragment of aqueduct or the walls of an amazing tomb.

No one met me at the station, though I had telegraphed from Naples. My thoughts turned longingly to the efficient Lawrence of Habana and Arthur of Copenhagen. To accentuate my depression, it suddenly began to rain in torrents, while I stood undecided in the far from cheerful station, trying to make up my mind which hotel to go to. I had got so in the habit of being met and having plans made for me that I resented arriving in Rome as a plain and unimportant American.

Diplomacy in Rome was evidently going to be colorless and commonplace. Even the Grand Hotel, where I finally went, did not prove encouraging. When I had dressed and gone down to dinner, hurrying to reach the dining room before it closed, I found the pink-and-white lounge, that was later to become the arena of many interesting experiences, entirely deserted. The dining room was also quite deserted. I began to wonder if all Romans kept such early hours, and asked the waiter what was the matter, if there were no guests in the hotel, and was informed most patronizingly that no one in Rome dined before half past nine. However, I didn't wait to see the crowd appear that night; I was too tired and in a way too discouraged.

There I was, having reached the acme of my ambitions in the diplomatic service, spending a solitary evening in a deserted hotel. I stood at my bedroom window a long time, looking out on an empty square. A fountain with three jets of water added to the dismal sound of rain; the houses looked colorless and sad; the few passing cabs appeared to have reached the last stage of dilapidation. My glance finally came to rest on a rather dignified building on a corner. I had no idea at the time that it

was the American Embassy and that I was going to spend almost every day of seven years in it, looking out through its windows upon some tremendously historical events.

I was up early the next morning and at the Embassy door at half past eight. Fatal hour! After ringing several times—during the intervals admiring the white marble steps and the impressive portal—the door was finally opened and I was faced with a somewhat unusual apparition in pink pyjamas. Up to this time I had thought of Arthur of Copenhagen as being the most imposing person I had ever encountered; he was quite insignificant beside Francesco. "Flamboyant" seems to describe him best; or "barocco," if you wish to be entirely Italian—which he was. Rather stout, very dark, a great deal of bristling black hair and a mustache that would have been the envy of any operatic star, were some of the ingredients of his virile personality. At the moment he gave the impression of just having finished a tempestuous night; I felt sure Borgia crimes would have been mere child's play for him. He looked me over with frank antagonism and then pointed to the brass plate at the side of the door.

"Zee visitor ees admitted from zee eleven hour to zee one."

"Yes; but I'm not exactly a visitor."

"Zen what ees zee gentleman?"

"I suppose you'd call me an employee of the Embassy. I'm the second secretary."

"Ah! Zen you are zee Signor Richardsono!"

With a flood of vociferous apologies he let me enter and asked me to take a seat in the waiting room while he made his toilet. It took him about an hour, and so I had plenty of time to look at framed photographs of the Capitol and the White House and several engravings of Presidents. The waiting rooms of almost all embassies

are exactly alike, no matter whether they happen to be in Petrograd or Buenos Aires. There are invariably a Smyrna carpet of dismal blue and red, engravings of Presidents, a long oak table filled with American newspapers several months old, and a few uncomfortable chairs and a sofa that has the air of having done service in a large family for many years. The background for these objects may sometimes be handsome; there may be fine panelings, old damask, a crystal chandelier; but somehow old newspapers and engraved Presidents cast a strangely depressing gloom over what might otherwise be rather cheerful. Almost always, Mr. Lincoln's portrait has the prominent place over the fireplace; and no matter how much we may admire him as a statesman, no one could possibly call his a cheerful countenance.

When Francesco returned, dressed in the latest Italian conception of what Bond Street style might be but never is, he showed me through the Embassy and into the room that had been assigned to me. It was next to the Ambassador's room, and separated from it only by a swinging green baize door; another door led into the reception room. I saw at once that any privacy was going to be out of the question; I might as well have been living in the street; as a matter of fact, that is exactly what my room was during the four years of the war.

Later on, the clerk, who was also the stenographer, appeared; and finally the first secretary. Still later the two private secretaries of the Ambassador looked in, found the Ambassador was not coming to the Chancery that morning and immediately disappeared. At noon Francesco told me that the Ambassador had telephoned for me to come to luncheon with him, and I was directed to the Palazzo del Drago, only three blocks from the Embassy, down the Via XX Settembre.

Probably the most crucial moments in a secretary's

experience are those in which he meets his new chief for the first time. The relationship is a bit anomalous. The ambassador rarely has any choice regarding the secretaries sent to his embassy; and it goes without saying that the secretary has nothing at all to do with the matter.

On the whole, it is rather surprising how well they usually get on together. It is easy to understand how most of us look with some nervousness towards the first meeting with a man with whom we have got to spend several years of close association and from whom we are to take orders. In a way, the relationship is a bit similar to that of master and valet—at least from the angle of the master rarely being a hero. We have such unlimited opportunity to study the ambassadorial state of mind—if there is such a thing—and thus prepare ourselves to fill the same position when our time comes—if it ever does.

At the beginning of my career I had the advantage of serving under a chief who had learned the subtleties of diplomacy during a residence of twenty years in Europe. He was the only chief I had who had had diplomatic experience as a secretary before being made minister. But in the acquiring of this experience, which made him extremely capable in both official and social matters, it was only natural that a great deal of what we call essentially American characteristics had disappeared. It is hardly possible to live out of America twenty years and still keep in touch with the sentiments and influences that are continually shifting and molding us; there is also a very subtle, insidious influence that the American living in Europe usually falls under. European life has a way of developing snobbery in those who never even thought of it before. It is a quite obvious fact that an American who spends the greater part of his life among aristocratic

circles of the Old World is going to lose gradually his feeling of comradeship for the eager, alert, clever but not always cultured American business man. And the business man in turn is going to find his foreignized compatriot irritating with what he believes is an assumption of swank.

Right here is one of the most serious problems that will have to be considered in the developing of our diplomatic service into a career. There is always the possibility of the secretary, who has served long enough to be made minister, being so long away from home that he unconsciously begins to feel more interested in European than American questions—even finding the foreigner more companionable than his own compatriots. Most of us have grown so used to seeing this type of American in London, Paris, Rome—people who have apparently given up all contact with their own country, except to receive their incomes from it—that they are no longer considered a *rara avis*.

A striking contrast to this type is the Britisher who lives out of his own country. You rarely if ever see one who is not just as British, perhaps even a bit more so, after continued residence out of England. Of course, they have had many centuries in which to crystallize their national characteristics, and ours are still in a somewhat fluid state. I am inclined to feel that the man fresh from American life and interests makes a better minister and ambassador than one who has been trained for such a career. He arrives with all the virility and geniality and frankness that make him quite different from any European—qualities that have had so much to do with our success. The subtleties of intrigue are a closed book to him; his wholesome freshness appeals to the best in the older nations. They may laugh at some of his social mistakes; they may even at times find them

embarrassing; but down at the bottom of their hearts they really respect him—because he rings true. Of course, this question can be discussed from many angles. I have had many and heated arguments with my colleagues who object to the stand I take; but on the whole I find that this is my conviction. Needless to say, there are cases that can be cited to disprove my theory; but such cases are rare.

As I went down the Via XX Settembre I was more interested in wondering what my new chief was going to be like than I was in seeing the Palazzo del Drago, which had been rented by him for a residence and which had been occupied by two previous ambassadors—Henry White and Lloyd Griscom. It is a somewhat grubby building from the outside, in spite of having been built by Maria Christina during the seventeenth century. Though it faces on a corner that gives the name to the street—Quattro Fontane—and there are four fountains actually still in existence, there is nothing impressive or handsome about its yellow-plastered walls. A wine shop, a laundry and a tobacco stand on the first floor give it very much the air of a dejected tenement house. But once inside the wide portal the aspect immediately changes. There is a spacious courtyard, with trees and a fountain; and to one side a broad glass gallery leads to a magnificent staircase; but, of course, no one uses the staircase. An elevator took me up to the top floor, which is, in the Roman phrase, the *piano nobile.*

Out of the elevator I stepped into a vast baronial hall, wainscoted in walnut and hung with gorgeous red brocade, and was met by half a dozen footmen in livery. From this I was conducted through a series of handsome rooms, along a gallery of gold-and-yellow hangings, across one of the largest ballrooms in Rome, through several antechambers, and finally into a library and to

a corner room, rather small and very homelike, where, surrounded by seventeenth century tapestries, a ceiling decorated with the arms of the Albani family, furniture used by a cardinal of the same name, a mosaic dating from days before Aristotle, a table on which Michelangio was said to have made his sketches for the Sistine Chapel, I found my new chief, the author of Marse Chan and Meh Lady.

He greeted me cordially and asked if I had identified the palace by means of the wine shop. He always took special pleasure in saying he lived over a wine shop, explaining that he didn't dare write his family about it, as he knew they would feel disgraced for life; and that only diplomacy could ever have brought him to such a pass.

"But the interior is superb," I exclaimed. "It looks as though nothing had been touched for centuries. Is everything here exactly as it has always been?"

He glanced about the room and a delightful twinkle came into his gentle blue eyes.

"They say there isn't a piece of furniture here that doesn't belong to the period of the palace—except my chair there. I brought that with me from Hanover County, Virginia."

"There can't be many such places—even in Rome!"

He waved me to a chair and sat down in the one he had brought with him, of rosewood and black horsehair.

"Young man, America is a great country."

This seemed to me an irrelevant remark; but he was only following the subject.

"An American lady, I believe from Brooklyn, married the prince who owns this palace. When he brought her here, they say there wasn't a stick of furniture in the house. So she turned round and went straight back to New York, bought all these original articles and brought

them over here and furnished the place as you see it now. Do you reckon anybody but an American would ever have thought of doing that—or been able to? Yes, we are a great people."

Luncheon that day—at which Smithfield ham, spoon bread, hot rolls, corn bread and fried chicken were served by footmen in knee breeches and prepared by an Italian cook who confessed to me later that he often wondered why the race in America didn't die out by eating such barbarous food—was the beginning of seven years of the most delightful companionship I have ever known. I use the word "companionship," as no other expresses one's association with Thomas Nelson Page. If he was fond of you, he gave you fully and freely of his friendship. No one could really know him without loving him; but you had to know him and understand that often what appeared to be severity was only covering up a very keen sense of humor; and in spite of his lovable qualities he was something of a martinet. He thought all secretaries were in the diplomatic service for the fun they could get out of it, and unfortunately he had a way of appearing on the scene at moments that convinced him he was right.

I soon discovered that he was a man of very deep convictions and that he was determined to run the Embassy in the way he thought best. Some of these convictions were at times bothersome to us. For instance, he decided that the Embassy was not the place for us to study Italian, all because I had said nothing to him about having engaged a lady to instruct me—a most respectable old soul who had the one fault of covering herself with the strongest perfume I have ever encountered. A few minutes after she had given me a first lesson, the Ambassador came into my room, sniffed the air, then went to the window and threw it wide open.

"Who've you had in here?" he asked severely.

"My Italian teacher, sir."

"You may call her that. Where I come from there is another name for them. I can't keep up with you when you leave this office; but I can while you are here; so you had better write that lady not to come back. As long as I'm here, this is going to be a respectable embassy."

He made us all go to church every Sunday, and if we didn't he asked what had interfered. He said it was bad enough for young men to be in Rome with something to do; to be there idle was nothing more or less than going straight to the devil. To keep us out of mischief, as he expressed it, he would call a meeting of the whole staff every Monday morning, ask us what we had been doing—he got as much fun as we did out of our recountal of Roman gossip—discuss the work that lay before us for that week and end by asking what unfinished business was on hand.

That year before the war there was really very little official business, and whenever this question was sprung I would rush off to the clerk and beseech him to dig up something that was actually unfinished. Our one resource in these moments was the case of an American lady who, many years before, had bought a so-called Raphael and had never been permitted to take it out of Italy. She had appealed to the State Department, and successive ambassadors had tried to persuade the Italian Government to release the picture. After having presented this unfinished business to the Ambassador for four consecutive weeks, he finally told me that if that were all he had to discuss with the Minister for Foreign Affairs, he was going back to Virginia and take up farming again.

He had, or pretended to have, a most profound contempt for my attempts to furnish an apartment with what he called secondhand furniture. One day when an antiquity dealer had come to the embassy to show me

some old brocades, and, the better to display them, had closed the shutters and turned on the electric lights, the Ambassador pushed open the baize door and came quietly into the room. He sent the antiquity dealer flying and told me that I would have to make a decision that very moment—that I had either to give up the interior-decorating habit or resign from the diplomatic service; that he would not stand for the Chancery being turned into a display parlor for every fake dealer in Rome.

One of his private secretaries was his most trying problem. He had been brought up in Europe, spoke several languages perfectly, knew the ins and outs of Roman society and was altogether most useful, but his casual way of doing everything and his late appearance in the morning finally got on the Ambassador's nerves. His constant telephone excuses of a slight illness prohibiting him from coming to the Embassy that day, eventually brought the comment from the Ambassador that he hoped he would soon have an illness that was not trivial; and the climax came one day when, arriving at noon, he explained that his tardiness was due to the fact that he had been washing his hair. The Ambassador looked at him silently and witheringly, then his hand came down on the desk with a bang.

"Dog-gone it! In the country I come from ladies wash their hair; men wash their heads!"

During the seven years I served under Mr. Page I only had one real misunderstanding with him, and for a few moments this looked as if it were going to be serious. We had been discussing some embassy business upon which we had directly opposed opinions. In the end—I suppose I had become a bit too insistent in the expression of my view—Mr. Page suddenly lost his temper and ordered me out of the room. At this I lost mine and said I wouldn't submit to being ordered out of any one's room

—even an ambassador's. To this he replied that if I didn't like it I had better resign from the service. I retorted that nothing would please me better, and rushed off to my room to write a telegram of resignation to the Secretary of State. As all messages had to be initialed by the Ambassador before being sent, I had to return to his room and show him what I had written.

He read the telegram slowly, smiled, deliberately tore it into bits and then changed from the chair before his desk to one before the fire and dropped the pieces of paper into the flames.

Then he pointed to the chair on the other side of the hearth and said very gently, "Sit down."

"Thank you, sir, I don't want to sit down."

Again he smiled.

"You hot-headed young upstart, I told you to sit down!"

I remained standing, rigid and silent.

"You act as if you were still mad."

I still said nothing, and he went on smiling in a way I found extremely irritating because it was disconcerting, for it was the most delightful and disarming smile in the world. Then he lighted a cigar and drew at it complacently.

"You'll get mighty tired if you keep on standing up there like a ramrod, for I'm going to tell you a long story —about the Civil War. It's about General Lee and General Jackson. They were both high-tempered gentlemen —in spite of what the histories say about them—and they used to get mighty outdone with each other. Once General Lee ordered General Jackson out of his tent; then he called him back, put both arms about him and said, 'For God's sake, when you see me losing my temper, don't you lose yours! Let's take turns at it.' Now, get your hat, and let's go for a walk over the Palatine Hill."

And the rest of the afternoon we spent in roaming through the palaces of the Cæsars, with a stop now and then while Mr. Page recited appropriate lines from Byron's Childe Harold or Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome.

Mr. Page took his diplomatic mission to Italy very seriously. He left nothing undone that would make his own country appreciated and respected there. He studied Italian and finally learned it sufficiently well to make speeches in it; and he understood Italian character sufficiently to create about him that atmosphere of luxury that Romans worship. It is the one criticism you hear them make about their King and Queen—that they do not live in the way royalty should. The Palazzo del Drago became, under his régime, every bit as distinguished as the British Embassy, the Palazzo Farnese of the French, the Palazzo Cafarelli of the Germans and the famous palace of the Austrians.

Though these embassies were owned and furnished by their governments, and formed settings that were really magnificent, their entertainments were not in any way better done than those at the American Embassy; and we surely had the great advantage of an atmosphere of cordiality and geniality that was usually missing in the other places.

When one of the oldest American residents of Rome—they say she had been there since the days of Romulus and Remus—attacked Mr. Page for entertaining Romans more than Americans, and reënforced her complaint with the criticism that he was entertaining some ladies to whom gossip attributed lurid presents as well as pasts, he smiled blandly and asked for a specific case.

"I mean the Princess X. All Rome knows she is a woman of no character whatever."

"That lady! I won't believe it! She is one of the sweetest ladies I ever met."

"That is the trouble—too many gentlemen feel the same way about her. But you do know what she has recently done!"

"I hear so many stories here that I never know which one to fit to which person."

"At any rate, you show approval of her shocking behavior by asking her to the American Embassy."

"The King and Queen ask her to court. In fact, she is one of the Queen's ladies in waiting."

"All the more reason why you should show these people that we, as a nation, do not approve of such characters."

By this time Mr. Page's patience showed signs of diminishing.

"My dear lady," he answered slowly, "when President Wilson asked me to come to Rome as his personal representative, he said nothing whatever about wanting me to reform Roman morals. If he had planned anything of that sort, he should have sent me here in the days of Suetonius."

The Roman season opened officially a few weeks after I arrived there, with the reception of the diplomatic corps at the Quirinal on the evening of the second of January. A little before ten o'clock the Embassy staff assembled at the Palazzo del Drago and we all went on together to the Quirinal, the city residence of the King and Queen. It is an interesting old building, with many evidences of the time, not quite half a century ago, when Pius IX lived there as Pope.

The staircase leading to the reception rooms was lined on both sides with the Royal Guardsmen, the most imposing group of soldiers one is likely to see in any country. They are all over six feet, come mostly from

Northern Italy, wear very picturesque uniforms—white trousers, blue coats, quantities of gold braid, and brass helmets from which hang pendants of black horsehair. The Prætorian Guard surely could not have made a more impressive appearance.

Our chatting group was immediately silenced when we found ourselves passing between these rigid, motionless Imperiali; and when, at a turn in the steps, the Ambassador's presence was announced and a trumpet was blown several times, we all became very self-conscious and important. At the door of the great salon we were each greeted cordially by the grand master of ceremonies, Marchese Borea d'Olmo, a delightful old fellow of some eighty or more years. Little did I know, when I shook hands with him that night, that we were going to become rather intimate friends, and actually sit up together a whole night, planning the details of a visit to Rome of a President of the United States.

Once in the grand salon we were among a lot of acquaintances, our colleagues of the diplomatic corps. A number of ladies and gentlemen in waiting were passing from group to group, helping to make the time pass pleasantly until Their Majesties were ready to receive us. The only similar function I remembered to compare this one with was the one in Copenhagen; and by comparison that became suddenly very small, almost provincial. The setting alone, with its Gobelin tapestries, crystal chandeliers, red carpets and frescoed ceilings, was tremendously theatrical; but this was nothing to the people gathered there in their court costumes and magnificent jewels.

I resented being dragged about and presented to people. I only wanted to be left alone so as to look on. On the whole, I think it was the most picturesque scene I have seen in the whole of my diplomatic experiences; and one of its greatest interests was that many of the people

present bore names that made history come crashing up about one like a huge orchestra. All of them looked the part so perfectly, too.

Particularly effective was one of the Queen's ladies in waiting. With blue-black hair, rather severe Roman features, large, glowing, almost heavy Italian eyes, flashing teeth and perfectly chiseled lips, she made not only a distinguished but a very beautiful picture. Her severe white velvet gown made a suitable background for the amazing jewels she wore—mostly uncut emeralds, a tiara of diamonds and emeralds and a huge parure that had been set by Benvenuto Cellini himself. She had the reputation of liking Americans, invited them often to her palace, and spoke English perfectly.

I remember her asking me when I was presented to her if I were going to hunt, and if I had brought my horses with me. When I said no, trying to hide the fact that I had never ridden to hounds, and regretting it very much, too, when I heard that she was an enthusiastic hunter, she then said she supposed I gave most of my time to bridge. A second negative answer made her eyebrows go up an amazing distance.

"But if you don't hunt and don't play bridge, what is there left for a diplomat to do? Perhaps you dance?" It was a relief to hit on something that I did. "Then you must come to us to-morrow after dinner. We dance every Thursday evening. I'm sure you can teach me some new tango steps. You Americans always have so many new stunts."

Stunts! And from this wonderful creature of medieval Colonnas! It was almost too much to believe.

"But I hear the Pope doesn't approve of the tango," I said. His pronunciamiento had just been issued that day.

"Yes, I know; and just for that reason we shan't dance

it when we go to the Vatican. But there are other places where we can."

After waiting about an hour, the master of ceremonies announced that Their Majesties would begin the audience. The *doyen* of the corps—at this time the French Ambassador—immediately gathered his staff about him and stood before the folding doors at the end of the salon. There was much arranging of trains and straightening of feathers. Then the doors were thrown open, the French group sailed in and the doors were closed after them. A few minutes later the German Ambassador and his staff went through the same procedure. There was something amusing and rather ominous, too, in this formal passing through doors of people who were apparently swallowed up in an adjoining room never to be seen again. It made me think of Christians being sent into the arena to be eaten by wild beasts, or the nobles of France answering the roll call and going out to the tumbrel and on to the guillotine.

When our turn came we anxiously approached the door and took our positions. We were not a large group—the Ambassador, two secretaries, two private secretaries and the military and naval attachés, besides the four ladies, wives of the attachés, who accompanied Mrs. Page. Of course, the question of trains was the most absorbing—and the most difficult; they were very long and in every one's way. I had stepped on several at the beginning of the evening, and when Mrs. Page threw hers out behind her—it seemed to be of yards and yards of silver brocade—she gave me a searching glance and said if I stepped on it while she was approaching the Queen she'd commit murder right on the spot.

Just at this moment the doors were thrown open and a loud voice called out, "*Sua Eccellenza, l'Ambasciatore*

degli Stati Uniti di America," and we all moved forward into what I was now sure was the arena.

But it turned out to be only a vast room in the middle of which the King and Queen stood with, far beyond them, a group of court officials and ladies in waiting. It was very much the same arrangement as when the principal actors have the center of the stage and the chorus is relegated to the background. While the Ambassador and Mrs. Page approached Their Majesties, he bowing at the door, half across the room and immediately before them—Mrs. Page curtsying as he bowed—the rest of us followed, imitating them and several times getting hopelessly in each other's way. Then came endless minutes during which we had to wait for the Ambassador and Mrs. Page to finish their conversation with the King and Queen, minutes that seemed to lengthen into hours as we looked at the ceiling or the floor or glared at the chorus across the room, which glared back at us.

Finally the conversation came to an end, we were all presented, shook hands with the King, kissed the Queen's hand, and then the real ordeal of the evening began—backing out by a door of which none of us knew exactly the location, and while backing curtsying and bowing continually. It was with indescribable relief that we found ourselves eventually out of the royal presences and in a room where the embassies that had preceded us had fallen upon a buffet of *foie gras* and champagne and were recovering rapidly from their ordeal.

However, the ordeal was not finished by any means. We had to rush on from the Quirinal to the Palazzo Margherita to have an audience of the Queen Mother, a quite different setting from the Quirinal, very modern, very comfortable and interesting to us, as it had once been the residence of an American ambassador. This

latter audience was much more easily got through. The Queen Mother received with only two ladies in waiting—the chorus had been suppressed—and these two had evidently been instructed to talk incessantly during the audience, which meant that we were to do the same and not become wall-eyed while she received the Ambassador and Mrs. Page. Then, instead of having us all presented to her, she came up to each of us in turn, extended her hand cordially, asked what part of America we were from, how long we had been in Rome and, of course, if we liked it. There was something very personal and easy in this audience—I am almost inclined to say it was enjoyable—and it surely convinced one that Queen Margherita deserved the reputation of being the most gracious and distinguished of all queens.

These two official functions safely passed, Rome burst forth into a season that ran from one extravagant form of entertainment to another and lasted straight up to Lent. We used to keep a daily program posted up in the Embassy and had a good deal of fun deciding which party we would go to that night. It was something like scanning the list of plays in a New York paper and wondering which was the best to see; and the usual decision was to look in on all of them. The Grand and Excelsior hotels were the centers of luncheon parties, teas and dinners, for Romans rarely entertained in their own houses. People from all over the world arrived, some for weeks, some for the entire season.

At dinners you were just as likely to find yourself seated between a Russian princess and an Indian potentate as a Chinese lady and a famous Parisian artist. Actors and painters and musicians mingled casually with groups that had only their titles and families to distinguish them. Every one appeared happy and gay and seeking only amusement. An elaborate Egyptian cos-

tume ball in one of the famous palaces was considered the success of the season, until a small affair at which the ladies wore pink and blue and green wigs was pronounced more *chic;* and this in the end had to hand the palm to a cotillion given by a rich visiting American at which gold wrist watches were the simplest favors distributed.

This last ball was apparently a great boon to the pawnbrokers of Rome, for the next day it was said that these watches could be bought for a song or a plate of macaroni. And besides these indoor entertainments, there was almost every day a ride to hounds, a game of golf where ancient aqueducts served as hazards, or picnics on the Campagna where lunch was eaten under cypress and olive trees, amid the ruins of Hadrian's or Horace's or Cicero's villa. There will never be another season like that last one before the war—at least not for many years. In looking back on it, one is inclined to think of the ball that was given on the eve of the Battle of Waterloo. Every one danced, every one was happy, every one was enjoying life as though nothing sinister could possibly be hanging over an extravagantly gay world.

Housekeeping in Rome proved a very simple affair—and for a single man, ridiculously cheap. I had hardly been there a week when I passed a house that pleased me immensely, particularly, I think, because it was near the one spot in Rome that I had remembered distinctly from a previous visit—the fountain in front of the Villa Medici. Almost every one in the world has a photograph or a water color of this spot. The next day I found an apartment was to be had in the building and I took it at once. It was called the House of the Four Winds, a somewhat simple yellow-plastered building at the top of the Spanish Steps.

As is the case with most Roman apartments, the bath-

room had the best view, a really superb vista across Rome to the sea near Ostia; but the other rooms were not to be snubbed. From the dining room I looked out on the Villa Medici and the avenue of ilex trees leading to the Pincio; just beneath the drawing-room windows lay the heart of old Rome, and across the Tiber rose the Janiculum; and from the bedroom the Quirinal, the Palatine Hill and a stretch of the Campagna were visible. No wonder D'Annunzio chose this house in which to write Il Piacere, or Hall Caine found it inspiring for The Eternal City.

My one servant was as efficient as Black Willow of Habana days, though his Italian temperament made him much more friendly than Oriental character permits. At his request I called him William. His real name was Ubilio, a native of Como, a seventeenth child, which perhaps accounted for his small stature and somewhat anemic appearance. He had been trained in England, and returned to Italy with an assumption of British stolidity that disappeared at the least criticism. His accent was broad enough to please the most exacting; he might have been born and reared at Oxford. As a matter of fact, I think it was due to association with him that my American twang began to modulate. His use of the broad *a* was too irresistible not to imitate; and his choice of words—quite different from mine—was intriguing enough to arrest attention.

When I told him to mail my letters he would reply, "Yes, sir; I shall post them at once."

When I referred to lunch he would say luncheon; when I spoke of trunks he mentioned boxes; and, of course, there were no cars in Rome—they were all trams. But the Italian artistic temperament would crop out in spite of all this British phlegm. He had a passion for flowers; and as the flower market was just at the foot of the

Spanish Steps, he spent most of his time there, making selections and returning with arms full of tulips or almond blossoms or mimosa and poppies, or whatever was then in season. His second passion was cats; and I once found that he had built a sort of reproduction of the Coliseum in his own room and had four cats living in it.

Dear William, alias Ubilio! We lived together for seven years, with the exception of the three months he spent on the Piave, from which he returned with one leg missing but with enough decorations to cover amply such a loss. Only an Italian could have got the intense pleasure he did out of red and green ribbons and the artificial leg I bought him.

My housewarming was a tea. It remains in the whole of my diplomatic experiences as the most embarrassing function I ever attended—all due to the rivalry of two of my own compatriots. It seems that I was the only one who did not know that it was fatal to invite them to the same party—one of those complications that Rome understands so well and the outsider never does.

Both had married into Roman noble families; one belonged to the Blacks, the other to the Whites. The feud between the Roman families had begun some time about 900 A.D. The personal enmity between the two ladies had started during the early Pullman period in America. It was difficult to say which was the more violent.

When both accepted my invitation to tea I was very much pleased; both being prominent, I felt that I was actually putting something over on Roman society. I had, too, as was shown during the afternoon. The drawing-room became as war-like as a battlefield, with a dividing line that even the tea table could not wipe out. The duchess enthroned herself on a divan at the right of the mantel and gathered her faithful troops

about her; the marchesa dug herself in just opposite and lined up her forces. The vassals of both glared at each other across what I had hoped would be the rallying point of the afternoon—a jolly fire of crackling olive twigs. The traditional chatter of a tea party was strangely subdued; whispers became ominous; then, through this undercurrent of sound, the duchess' voice, with all its dominating Middle-West *r*'s, rose sonorously. She was discussing her own native land:

"How Americans can dine at six o'clock is quite beyond my comprehension. Fancy sitting down to dinner before half past nine! For me it would be quite impossible."

This remark penetrated even the deliberately closed ears of the marchesa. I saw from the way she lifted her lorgnette that she was preparing to fire a gun; yet her voice, when it rose in the ensuing silence, was sweeter than honey. It might even have been called a caress.

"My dear Amy," she said, leaning slightly towards the duchess, "did you always dine at half past nine in Terre Haute, Indiana?"

The duchess rose and gathered up her furs and ropes of pearls and diamond-incrusted purse. For a moment there was not a resonant *r* in the whole of her vocabulary.

"Of course, Milly; didn't you, in Pottstown, Pennsylvania?"

In spite of the awful moment, during which my guests left by both front and back stairs in an attempt to be the first to spread the story, the incident gave my tea party considerable *réclame*. After that people came more to see what an American would try to do in the way of assembling Roman personalities than to partake of the frugal refreshments William served. Just such incidents as this make or ruin one's chances in Rome. There is no place in the world where gossip travels so fast and so

insidiously. One man insisted he could lock the door, tell a story no one but himself knew, then go straight to a reception and find every one repeating it.

It seems extraordinary that with all that was going on outside the Embassy we accomplished as much as we did in an official way. The reception room was usually filled every morning with people to see the Ambassador; and though we tried very hard to save him needless interviews—as a matter of fact he liked to see every one who called; and no visitor cares to talk to a secretary when there is a chance of seeing an ambassador—his mornings were invariably exhausting.

One of his most trying problems was to prune the list of Americans who wished—and demanded—to be presented to the King and obtain invitations to the court balls. Unfortunately there were only two of these latter functions that first year; and our share of invitations, being restricted to about fifty, made the decision of who was and who was not to be given them an extremely difficult affair. The British Ambassador used to laugh at our struggles and say that we should adopt their plan of not presenting any one at a foreign court who had not first been presented at Buckingham Palace. The equivalent in America of Buckingham Palace being the White House made his suggestion of no value whatever, for almost every American who has been to Washington has been to the White House.

When I think of my special duties at the Embassy at Rome before the war—of course, after that everything changed—I seem to see myself as a sort of calamity expert. In fact they used to call me the embassy undertaker. If there was a funeral or a cable announcing the death of a relative of some American living in Rome or bad news of any kind to be communicated to some one, it usually fell to my lot to have charge of the matter.

For such occasions I always got myself up in what I considered appropriate dress—long, voluminous frock coat, top hat, ebony stick and black tie. Any one seeing me arrive in such ominous attire would naturally have expected some sort of a mournful announcement even before the accompanying grave countenance had been noticed. I thought it a rather subtle way of preparing them for the worst. And these gloomy missions were often very valuable in throwing light on character.

Once I had to attend the funeral of an American who had died in Rome, and upon being shown to the top floor of an old palace that overlooked the Forum, was left entirely alone in a room that contained only the corpse —in an open coffin—some candles and a quantity of flowers. I sat there so long that I felt sure they had misunderstood my mission. I had come to represent the Ambassador; but the family evidently thought I had come to sit up with the corpse. After about an hour a most rosy-looking young woman, dressed from head to foot in crêpe—I had never seen such a sumptuous and dramatic use of mourning—trailed into the room and, after making some reference to poor papa, accompanied by a casual nod towards the open coffin, burst forth in a recital of the untimeliness of poor papa's death—not untimely for him but for her—as she was making her début as a full-fledged operatic singer in Naples the next night, and naturally the incident—of poor papa's demise —might rob her success of its—what should she call it? —*allegria.*

A telegram once came from the Secretary of State asking the Ambassador to call on two young ladies from Nebraska who were traveling in Europe and announce to them, as gently as possible, the sudden death of their sole relative, an aunt. Of course I was sent to break the news. After I had spent a day finding out which

pension they were stopping at, I donned my depressing clothes and sallied forth, wondering how under the sun such news was broken gently. They received me, themselves dressed in black, but with very eager countenances. Yes, they had already received a cable: as a matter of fact, it was not an entire surprise to them—their aunt was a very old lady; and they supposed—all this before I had a chance to say anything—that I had come to tell them whether the aunt had left everything to them; she had promised to, but one could never be sure—especially when there were other nieces. After this I never bothered again about breaking news gently.

Besides funerals and announcements of deaths, there was a continuous series of public functions going on all the time, and it seemed that every royal personage in Italy had a dozen birthdays a year. As a matter of fact, every Italian does have two feast days—the day on which he was born and the day on which the saint for whom he is named was born; and if he were in any way connected with the royal family we had to go in person and sign our names in his book. I used to think it was a perfectly useless thing to do until I learned that these books afforded interest for months afterwards to these people; they read all the names signed there and made copious notes about the signers, who they were, where they were from and what they did. Royalties must have some occupation, I suppose.

Then we had our own national feast days. Rome was different from Habana and Copenhagen in that there were throngs of Americans passing through all the time. At our George Washington's Birthday reception there were over one thousand Americans present, and this was said to be a small number. Whenever Rome appeared particularly congested with his compatriots, Mr. Page would give receptions for them, announcing the date in

the papers and sending printed notices to all the hotels and pensions.

These functions brought out a side of American character that surprised me. I had never thought of ourselves as being a particularly hungry nation, but judging by the quantity of food we consumed at these receptions, we are on the verge of a starvation more appalling than what we are told exists in Russia.

Alfred, the Ambassador's major-domo, who had been in his service for more than twenty years, said that barbecues in Virginia were nothing in comparison to embassy teas. He finally hit on a plan for taking care of the crowds that proved most successful. In the long gallery, where popes and kings and courtiers frowned down upon the gathering, he had a long narrow table built, exactly like a lunch counter in a large railway station, except that this one was in the center of the room and you could attack it from both sides. In the middle he would always arrange tall vases of flowers—once he had a decoration of asphodels—and long ropes of smilax; all this as a concession to embassy traditions, as he said no decoration was necessary; then, in masses that should have taken every one's appetite away, and yet never seemed to, he placed platters of actually thousands and thousands of sandwiches and cakes and candies. He always took two automobiles the day before one of these receptions and raided every confectioner's shop in Rome; and in spite of this, the lunch counter, when the party was over, looked as though there had never been anything but flowers on it. It is no wonder the Ambassador found at the end of that first year that he had spent five times the amount he was receiving as salary from his government—seventeen thousand five hundred dollars.

One of the most puzzling sides of my diplomatic education was the constantly recurring incidents which

showed me more and more the gulf of misunderstanding that exists between America and Europe. Writers are always stressing the point that we do not understand Europe; I wish some one would accentuate the fact that Europe does not understand us. I am inclined to think that we understand Europeans much better than they do us; at least we know something of their history, their customs and their ways of living; but they accept without question anything that is told them of us.

An Italian littérateur used to come often to the Embassy in Rome to discuss with me what he termed the peculiarities of American life. He said he had difficulty in believing all he read about us; the descriptions of life there sounded so strange and primitive, even barbarous; and yet when he met Americans they always impressed him as being quite normal. When I happened to mention to him that I was born on the Mississippi River he almost jumped out of his chair.

"It isn't possible!" he exclaimed.

I insisted it was and had been possible, and asked him what he found so alarming in it. He only replied by asking me to luncheon the next day. It evidently meant something very important and interesting to him. After he had given me a wholly Italian repast of raw ham and melon, *ravioli*, macaroni and that heavy volcanic wine of Capri, and we had gone out on the terrace of his dingy old apartment that overlooked the Tiber, the object of his invitation came out.

"You said, signore, that you were born and had lived on the Mississippi River."

I nodded.

"Is it like our Tiber?"

"It is much wider and perhaps a bit muddier—if that were possible."

"But"—and here he held up an alarmingly bony finger

—"there are no crocodiles in the Tiber. In the Mississippi they are a constant danger, a terror to the natives. No, you cannot deny it. I have the facts here." He opened a book he held in his hand and sought a page. "Signore, listen to this," and in his halting English he read:

" 'At some points of this dismal river crocodiles are so abundant as to add the terror of their attacks to the other sufferings of a dwelling there. We were told the story of a squatter who, having located himself close to the river's edge, proceeded to build his cabin. This operation is soon performed, for the social feeling and the love of whisky' "—I had to stop him here to applaud these salient American characteristics—" 'bring all the scanty neighborhood round a newcomer, to aid him in cutting down trees and in rolling up logs, till the mansion is completed. This was done; the wife and five young children were put in possession of their new home and slept soundly after a long march.

" 'Towards daybreak the husband and father was awakened by a faint cry, and looking up beheld relics of three of his children scattered over the floor and an enormous crocodile, with several young ones round her, occupied in devouring the remnants of their horrid meal. He looked round for a weapon; but finding none, and aware that unarmed he could do nothing, he raised himself gently on his bed and contrived to crawl from thence through a window, hoping that his wife, whom he left sleeping, might, with the remaining children, rest undiscovered till his return.

" 'He flew to his nearest neighbor and besought his aid; in less than half an hour two men returned with him, all three well armed; but, alas, they were too late! The wife and her two babies lay mangled on their bloody bed.' "

He closed the book and looked at me through wide-open, staring eyes.

"And you, signore, were born and brought up in a country like that. It makes my blood run cold to look at you. How happy you must be to be so far away from its horrors!"

"Who under the sun wrote that?" I asked, when he gave me a chance to speak.

He handed me the book and I found it to be Mrs. Trollope's descriptions of America written in 1832. When I explained that almost a century had passed since the book had been written, and that even then it was probably an exaggeration, my remarks carried no weight.

This same old gentleman was the cause of my becoming acquainted with an equally strange condition in his own "home town." It seems that almost every Italian believes in the evil eye, and I found out later that this harmless old fellow was supposed to possess it. It was said that wherever he appeared something disastrous happened, and that in his youth, when he found that no cab driver would stop for him, that ladies refused to sit at the same table with him and that hotels put up their prices so exorbitantly that he could never stop in them, he decided to kill himself. When he had made all his arrangements for death, he jumped out of a sixth-story window, fell on a man who was passing at the time, killed the man and did not even break one of his own bones. In his old age he had grown callous to what people thought, but people had not grown callous regarding him.

Just to show how little I believed in such absurd superstitions, I invited him to dine with me and told every one who dreaded him what I had done. They held up their hands in horror, said I was seeking disaster and that if I insisted upon having him dine with me to be sure to

keep my first and third finger crossed all the time he was in the house.

He came, we dined and had a delightful evening. After he had gone William came to me with a forlorn countenance and said he had dropped a tray and broken all my best china. When I went to my room and prepared to take a hot bath the gas heater blew up and wrecked the bathroom. During the night William had nightmare, fell out of bed and broke his arm. The next morning I found one of the cats from the Coliseum had crawled into the piano, got caught there and the entire instrument had to be taken apart before she could be extricated.

Naturally, to Romans, there was no longer any argument; and, as a matter of fact, I was inclined after that to agree with them. They had lived in Rome longer than I had and knew its peculiarities, just as I had lived on the Mississippi River and knew its. I gave up my old friend at once; I even avoided him like a pest, and so successfully that it was two years later before we came face to face again. He gave me a penetrating glance, said nothing and passed on. That night I went to bed with the most violent attack of influenza I have ever had. People may laugh at the Romans' belief in the evil eye; I never do.

Spring in Rome comes and goes very quickly. Before we knew it, the summer was upon us. The hotels, at least the fashionable ones, were empty; restaurants had come from behind closed doors and taken possession of the sidewalks, sometimes even the street; bright-colored awnings and tubs of plants gave a gay note to the whole city; the type of tourists changed from smartly dressed people with maids and valets to serious, spectacled, eager travelers who carried red guidebooks and rode about in processions of dismal-looking carriages; flocks of sheep

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THE TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF CONSTANTINE, ROME, ITALY

blocked the main streets, being driven from the Pontine Marshes to the cooler northern plains; and almost overnight every Roman palace appeared closed and deserted. The Ambassador and Mrs. Page left in a motor to tour France and England and make a short trip to America. The private secretaries disappeared never to return, and the Embassy dwindled to only two secretaries and the clerk—and, of course, Francesco.

When the days grew hotter and hotter—though the six summers I spent in Rome never equaled days in Washington and New York—a group of us left-over diplomats would meet and dine together at the out-door restaurants. One of my favorite resorts was the roof garden of a small hotel that overlooked the Borghese Gardens. Here one night—the twenty-eighth of June, to be exact—six of us were dining together; the Swedish chargé, an attaché of the German Embassy, Signor Tosti and his English wife, and a Russian girl who was spending the summer in Rome to learn just exactly how the *maestro* wished his songs sung. It was one of those wonderful nights that exist nowhere except in Italy; the city glowed with subdued lights; the dome of St. Peter's appeared to be a floating mass of gray clouds; cypress trees sprang up here and there as though cut out of black paper and pasted against a purple sky; and the ruins of Aurelian's Wall lay just beneath us, overgrown with sprays of yellow roses. When we had finished dinner and were smoking, Tosti began humming the air of a new song he was composing, and now and then the Russian girl would let her voice rise almost into song as she caught the lilt of the melody. It was very quiet and peaceful and delightful; just the sort of night when one feels that everything is quite all right with the world.

A newsboy came along the street calling out a special edition of a paper.

"How absurd!" said the Swedish chargé. "Why get out a special edition a night like this? Who wants to hear of what is happening in other places? This is all so perfect here."

Then he called a waiter and told him to buy the special edition. We indifferently gathered about him while he read aloud the news of the murder at Sarajevo of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria and his wife.

"Another Balkan complication!" exclaimed Tosti, and resumed the aria of his new song; the German lighted a cigarette and said he must be going on to keep an engagement; the Russian girl settled back in her chair and said nothing; and the Swede shrugged his shoulders, tossed the paper away and said blandly, "At least it is their affair—not ours. A family quarrel that will bother none of us."

Yet six weeks later the German attaché lay dead before Liège and the Russian girl had been shot as a spy in Austria.

V

A NEUTRAL EMBASSY

WHEN any one asks what we had to do in the diplomatic service at the outbreak of the Great War, I always recall one of those first days of August when I went to the Embassy rather early in the morning, found the doors wide open and the corridor so filled with people that I had literally to struggle and push a way to my room. Francesco was the only one on hand, and was making a gallant effort, by means of eloquent and explosive gestures, to answer the questions hurled at him.

He almost fell into my arms when he saw me and exclaimed, "Signore, what is the matter? I understand nothing they ask! Has l'America declared the war?"

When I finally reached my room—it was as crowded as the corridor; in fact every part of the Chancery was jammed, even the Ambassador's room—I found a very old lady stretched out on the sofa in a dead faint. A younger woman was kneeling beside her, holding a bottle of salts to her nose and weeping during this effort, while several other ladies stood about fanning her and themselves. It was all somewhat bewildering; especially as every one was talking in high, excited voices, demanding of one another all sorts of information on all sorts of subjects; and Francesco's excitement had reached such a pitch that the only information to be got out of him was that they had begun to invade the Chancery at seven o'clock and had been arriving ever since.

By the time I reached the sofa the old lady had recov-

ered sufficiently to open her eyes and stare accusingly at me.

"I want to go home! I must go home!" she exclaimed, rather firmly for one in her apparently weakened condition. "How am I to get there?"

I tried to reassure her: "But—that is very easy, madam."

"No, no! They tell me the whole of Europe is at war, and no ships are ever going to sail again for America! I knew I had no business coming over here! It was all your fault!" Here she raised a weakly threatening finger towards her daughter. "You made me do it! It was those travel books put the notion into your head. We were getting on so well on the farm; it was so nice and quiet-like and peaceful there. Then she got to studying about this country over here. Just a month ago to-day we bought the tickets, and yesterday we landed at Naples. Now they tell us all Europe went to war while we were on the ocean, and they say there aren't any boats going back home! They won't even give us money on our—what do you call 'em?—travelers' checks." A sob choked her. "I knew I hadn't ought to come! I knew it all the time! The day we drove to the depot a rabbit ran across the road. I knew something awful was going to happen!"

My attention was called from this stricken compatriot to a group of four men who had pushed their way up to the sofa and were thrusting cards at me. I stared at the cards blankly. One stated that the bearer was president of the chamber of commerce in a small Western town; another was a professor of English in a New England college; the two others appeared to be even more important in the communities from which they hailed.

"Do you belong to this Embassy?" one of them asked severely, as if the admission of such a fact would be sufficient to put me under arrest at once. However, I mus-

tered up courage enough to tell him I was the second secretary.

"Where is the Ambassador?"

"We expect him at any moment. He left Paris two days ago."

"What did he go away for? It's every ambassador's business to be on hand when the whole world goes crazy."

"If he had had an idea it was going crazy, I'm sure he would have been here."

"Well, what's an ambassador for, if he doesn't know a war's coming before it does? He must be a pretty poor excuse for an ambassador. What's his name? I'm going to write my congressman about him as soon as I get home —if I ever do."

Here the president of the chamber of commerce interrupted.

"You don't seem to understand that we are here with our families, touring Europe. At least that's what we intended to do. Our tickets are bought and paid for. We even have hotel coupons, and now they tell us nothing we have is worth anything. The hotels say they don't know how long they can keep us. The banks won't pay us anything. The trains have stopped running. We can't go anywhere and we don't know how long we can stay here. Now, what I want to know is, what are you going to do for us? What arrangements have you made to take care of us? What is the United States going to do to get us home? We are all Americans and we demand assistance. Speak up! What are you going to do?"

I held up my hands futilely. Everyone seemed to be yelling at the same time. I felt like Rienzi on the steps of the Capitol.

"What are you here for if you don't know how to help us? What good is an embassy, anyhow, if it doesn't help Americans in time of trouble?"

To add to the turmoil, Francesco made his way to me and whispered he had closed the outer doors and that no more could get in for the present. Something inspired me to send him back at once to reopen the doors. The increasing murmur of complaints was enough to show that it was the one time that the diplomatic service was going to be assaulted from all sides; it was also a great chance to make its reputation for usefulness. At any rate, closed doors would have brought on a revolution.

Finally I pushed into the reception room, climbed up on the table and tried to make a short address. It was meant to be calming; but it appeared to fall very short of that effect. I was never sure of what I said, exactly, except that our Government had been informed by cable each day of the difficulties facing American tourists in Italy and that we were hoping for instructions at any moment. This was followed by a roar of questions. One man, somewhat calmer than the others, attempted to help me:

"He says they have cabled to Washington. Of course, something will be done for us. They'll send ships over here to take us home; they'll send the whole Navy if necessary."

"It will take two weeks for ships to reach here. By that time we'll all be killed," wailed a lady in panama hat and flowing veil. "Haven't you heard what the Germans are doing in Belgium? They are killing everybody they find in their way. Suppose they take a notion to come down into Italy!"

"But Italy has not gone into the war."

"She will, though! She'll have to! We're all going to be slaughtered! And our Government is doing nothing for us! I'd go home in a sailboat if I could find one."

Which was exactly what the fainting lady on the sofa did the following week; at least, it must have been on the

order of a sailboat, as she found out before she left that it would take four weeks from Naples to Colon. She sent me a steamer letter saying she was glad enough to get on anything that would take her back to the right side of the world; she had always felt in her bones that there was something scary about foreigners, especially their talking a language no one understood. Everything she had ever read about them was immoral; she might have known they would start a war or something awful the minute she set foot in their country.

One is bound to admit that the situation in Rome those first days was disconcerting. To find oneself in a foreign country, not speaking a word of the language, everything disorganized and, worse than anything else, with checks that could not be cashed, was enough to create alarm. What Americans dreaded most, especially the men, was being without money. As one man expressed it:

"This is the first time in my life that I have not been able to pay my way. I've always had money in my pockets and all I had to do was to put my hands in them and draw out what I needed. Now I can't do that." He made an expressive demonstration by ramming his hands in his trousers pockets and pulling them out empty. "You see? It's just like that! And I've got my wife and three children here with me."

It seems ridiculous, now, that every one should have taken the Sarajevo assassination so casually—at least for a whole month afterwards. Embassy life had dragged along quietly through the first weeks of July, with informal dinners being given now and then by a chargé d'affaires or a secretary, as every ambassador was spending a vacation in his own country or at one of the summer resorts of Italy. Of course we discussed the difficulties that might arise between Austria and Serbia, the result of centuries of ill feeling; and there were enough political discussions

printed in the papers to keep the question before every one; but so far as a world conflagration was considered, even experienced diplomats scouted the idea; it was not to be thought of; the world was too allied through commerce for such a thing to happen; financiers would see to some sort of solution before actual war occurred.

The words "ultimatum" and "mobilization" gradually crept into every conversation; and then—I am almost inclined to say out of a clear sky, so unexpected was it—the twenty-eighth of July arrived, with Austria's declaration of war against Serbia. By this time almost every ambassador had returned to Rome—most of them gathering at the Grand Hotel for dinner, as their embassies were dismantled and closed—and I used to see and talk with groups that were for the moment intimate and friendly, and yet within little more than a week had become enemies and were avoiding one another like the pest.

Even after Austria's declaration of war, the question of a world war was not considered very seriously; it seemed too fantastic to be admitted as a possibility. So far as we were concerned, we felt that even though Europe might be drawn into conflict, our aloofness and disinterestedness would surely leave us entirely out of it. We realized that it was going to be tremendously interesting to watch; but so far as having anything to do, what could there be? This realization even created a feeling of disappointment; we were going to be so much out of it that it wasn't going to be real to us at all. Then, like a flash, everything was topsy-turvy, and most of all our Embassy.

After the day on which the Embassy was practically assaulted by frenzied American tourists, we spent the whole night in trying to plan out something that would calm and assist our alarmed compatriots. The military and naval attachés took rooms on the first floor of the Hotel Royal, a few doors from the Chancery, and or-

ganized a committee of several American business men caught in Rome and made it their special function to gather and give out information about the sailings of boats; the consulate accepted volunteer stenographers and teachers—there were many among the tourists—and began at once to issue papers that were used in lieu of passports, the great need of the moment; the first secretary had his hands full reporting conditions to Washington; and Francesco and I were left to receive the onrush of visitors and stand the brunt of their burning questions.

The moratorium, which had been declared by the banks, was one of the most disturbing incidents and for the time being appeared to foreshadow distressing conditions. Several hotel and pension keepers came to the Embassy and explained that they were full up with American tourists; and that, as they could get no money from the banks, they could buy no food; and that it was only a question of a few days before they would have to close.

At this time the only place in the whole of Rome where tourists could get money on their checks was the American Express Company, and they frankly admitted they could not continue paying indefinitely. I remember particularly welcoming a man from Naples who arrived in the midst of the excitement and said he had three ships in the harbor that he would be willing to put into condition to make the trip to America if he could be guaranteed something in advance. I rushed him off to the military attaché's committee, and that night he returned to Naples with the space on all three ships taken and money enough to make the necessary preparations. In two weeks these ships sailed, and though accommodations were rather primitive, they appeared to frightened tourists like cruisers sent directly from heaven.

The consternation and disorganized conditions in Italy were increased by the arrival of tourists who had been in

Germany and Austria at the outbreak of the war. They swooped down on us like a thundercloud, and the almost universal plaint of them all was that they had been forced to flee without their trunks. One charming old lady used to call each morning at the Chancery and ask if any news had come regarding the three trunks she had left in Wiesbaden.

"All my summer dresses are in those trunks. You can't imagine how uncomfortable it is to be here in the middle of August without them. I feel like a tramp. Don't you think they will arrive soon? The porter at the hotel was so sure they would follow me on the next train; but, of course, he was leaving the next day for the war. Poor fellow! How soon do you think it will be over? I'd like so much to go back to Wiesbaden before the cold weather sets in."

If there ever was a time to learn patience—in or out of the diplomatic service—it was during those first days of the war. Every one's complaint was so trivial and personal; so few seemed to have any imagination about what was really happening. The German advance through Belgium and the retreat of the French towards Paris meant to the majority of travelers only that it was going to be even more difficult to return to America via France and England. Of course, it was quite natural that Americans should have viewed the upheaval as some one else's war, and being caught away from home in such a maelstrom was vastly irritating; but that their rights and comforts did not come first and foremost—even over the needs of war—did not appear to enter the average tourist's thoughts.

An almost pitiful example of egoism—or whatever you care to call it—was shown by a professor of English from a small American town, who insisted that I go with him to a ship-agency bureau and explain to the manager who he was. He felt sure that every educated Italian had

heard of him; he had written several books on English literature; and he had lectured for years in all the American Chautauquas. The only way to calm him was to go with him and repeat in detail the history of his life—as compiled by him—to the agent; but it was worth it to watch the Italian's eyes grow bigger and bigger—they have an extraordinary way of opening their eyes until they appear ready to pop out of their heads—and more and more bewildered, and then see hands rise in a gesture incomparably expressive of regrets, deep regrets, at the disastrous circumstances that made it impossible to find a place on a boat for such an extraordinarily distinguished personage as my friend undoubtedly was.

The only calming news we received during those turbulent days was a cable from the State Department stating that the battleship Tennessee was being sent to Europe with a quantity of American gold on board that was to be used for the purpose of taking care of stranded tourists. We had this news published in all the papers, hoping it would prove something like oil on troubled waters; but it had just the opposite effect. The onrush the next morning was greater than ever. When would the Tennessee arrive? What was her destination? Would she come directly to Italy or go to England? Her trip became an Odyssey; the fabulous voyage of Jason could not have aroused more interest; and yet, strangely enough, the eventual arrival was robbed of all interest by the fact that before that time we had reached an arrangement with a bank by which drafts were being paid.

It seemed weeks, even years, later that I was awakened early one morning by a call on the telephone from Francesco, who asked that I come immediately to the Chancery. I rushed out in the gray dawn, expecting almost anything to have happened, and found three bedraggled and utterly worn-out American marines sitting in the Chancery

with two kegs of ten-dollar gold pieces between them. They had just arrived on the Tennessee, had made the trip down from Paris under adventurous circumstances, had been forced to get out of the train at Mentone, the French frontier; and finding no one there to help them carry the kegs to the frontier at Ventimiglia, had been obliged to kick the kegs over the intervening miles.

The $35,000 contained in those kegs was put in the bank and used for many purposes during the four years of the war.

In the midst of all our troubles the Ambassador finally reached Rome, after having made a roundabout trip from London to Paris and thence to Rome by means of motors, troop trains and anything he could find along the way. He was inclined to scoff at our recountal of difficulties, as he had seen what the embassies at London and Paris were experiencing; and he gave a humorous description of the one night he had spent in Paris, during which he was made to get up out of bed, go down to the lounge of the hotel and address a crowd of Americans who had gathered there and were in panic over a predicted air raid. He admitted he didn't see what protection from falling bombs an ambassador would afford; but he did set an example by going back to bed and trusting to God to carry him through a peaceful night.

Immediately upon his arrival he took up with the Italian Government the necessity of arranging some way by which American tourists could obtain money. We had received a communication from the State Department stating that relatives and friends of stranded tourists were depositing money in the Treasury and instructing us to make some arrangement in Rome to pay this money to them. By the end of the first day the Ambassador had put through a plan by which the Bank of Italy would pay drafts on the Treasury of the United States that were

signed by him. This was cabled to Washington and a reply came informing us that a list of names and amounts would be cabled at once, and that we would have to use our own judgment in identifying applicants for the money.

At first thought this appeared a very simple arrangement; but as we began to work out a system complications arose in every direction. The first thing to be done was to have a number of blank drafts on the Treasury printed; these were shown to the Bank of Italy and the following plan agreed upon: When the name of the American and the amount deposited for him in Washington were received he was to be asked to show what identification he possessed, then a draft was to be issued to him, signed by the Ambassador. He was to give a receipt for this, a letter to the bank was to be handed him and in this way he would be able to cash the draft. This done, we were to telegraph the name and the amount paid to our Government; thus was the deposit in the Treasury to be canceled. We were also to notify the embassies at London and Paris of this action, as in some cases it was not known at which embassy the applicant would appear.

The Ambassador, much to my regret, put me in charge of this—what appeared to me to be—very complicated and dubious banking system; and ended with the statement that he would sign the drafts, as no one else could do that, but that he had no intention of being bothered with the details; that he had never had any experience in banking matters, never intended to have, and that he placed the whole responsibility on my shoulders.

I began rather nervously to arrange my room for this new phase of diplomatic experience. Three desks were placed across the center of the room, which gave a businesslike appearance of a counter. Behind these were to sit three volunteer assistants. One was to check the name

and amount as the applicant appeared, the second was to issue the draft, the third was to write the letter to the bank, cable the State Department and the London and Paris embassies. In theory, the system was going to work with mathematical precision. Even the appearance of the room gave an impression of efficiency. At least we felt that it did until, just before closing for the day and congratulating ourselves on being all ready for the next morning, Francesco came in with a strange-looking tubular bundle of papers tied with a heavy cord.

He thrust it on a chair and said laconically, "Cablegramma."

We cut the cord, and in a moment the whole place was filled with a voluminous roll of paper that looked like an exploded film. I finally got down on the floor, found the end of the roll and read: "Department of State, Washington, via London, via Paris, Rome: The following amounts have been deposited in the Treasury of the United States for the persons named opposite each amount."

Then followed a mass of names and figures—most of them garbled—that would have staggered a professional accountant.

How well I remember the name that headed the list! Eunice Swank, $500!

"Of course that isn't her name! It couldn't be any one's name," one of the assistants commented.

"At any rate, it's a name worth $500," said another.

"Let's put it down that way. We'll probably find out to-morrow what her real name is."

The telegram was so endless and so garbled that we decided to have dinner before copying it off in more readable form. By two o'clock that morning we had it in somewhat comprehensible shape, and hurried off to get a few hours' sleep before the ordeal of the next day began.

At half past eight we were all on hand and in what we

considered most business-like attitudes—the three assistants behind desks, with pens poised, I standing in the middle of the room ready to demand any identification I thought necessary.

From time to time Francesco put his head through the door and announced that the reception room was filling rapidly with impatient applicants—we had made an announcement in the morning papers that all those who had been notified of deposits for them in the Treasury would be paid at the Embassy.

At nine, the appointed hour, the first applicant was admitted. A picturesque lady, very tall, very robust, with quantities of fair hair and an enveloping smile, appeared on the threshold.

"I hope you've got some money for me," she burst out. "I'm absolutely strapped."

"What is your name, please?" I asked.

"Mary Thompson Smith."

"Have you any means of identifying yourself, Mrs. Smith?"

"Miss Smith, if you please. . . . Identifying myself! Why, no! How can you expect me to do that when I'm in a town I never saw before? Here's my monogram on a handkerchief. See those three letters—M. T. S. They are a little mixed, aren't they? I paid a franc apiece for them in Paris."

"Perhaps you have a letter, or something that—"

"I've got bushels of letters. But you don't think I'm going to let you read them, do you?"

"Not the contents—the address."

She handed me several envelopes addressed to her. Then I asked, "How much money has been deposited for you in the Treasury?"

"How under the sun do you expect me to know that? Mamma just cabled she had put money there for me.

Golly, it takes you embassy people a long time to do anything!"

"Didn't your mother say how much?"

"No, she didn't. What's that got to do with it anyhow?"

"It is important for us to know if the amount you expect corresponds with the amount we have been notified has been deposited in your name."

"How much has been deposited in my name?"

I turned and asked if her name was on the list. The first assistant replied in stentorian tones that Miss Mary Thompson Smith had $6000 deposited to her credit in the Treasury. At this Miss Smith staggered, quickly regained control of herself, then sank down in a chair and burst into laughter.

"What's so funny about it?" I asked.

"Six thousand dollars! I never saw that much money in my life!"

"Perhaps your mother borrowed it for you."

"She might have tried to, but nobody would lend mother $6000. Why the whole cottage and back yard aren't worth half that much!"

At this I grew a bit bewildered. It was an unexpected complication. I glanced at the list. There it was: Miss Mary Thompson Smith, $6000. When I looked back at Miss Smith she was gazing at me with bulging eyes.

"Say, are you willing to give me all that money?"

"We're instructed to—by this cable from our Government."

She raised one arm and waved it enthusiastically.

"God bless the good old U. S. A.! But look here! There's something wrong with that cable. The wires got twisted at the bottom of the ocean. I don't need all that money. If I took it I wouldn't sleep for wondering how I'd ever pay it back. It isn't for me, anyhow. All I want

is enough to buy a ticket on a boat from Genoa to New York. God knows that costs enough—$400. If you give me five hundred I'll be satisfied. What do you say to that?"

Any one will admit this was a baffling situation, especially as the lady had nothing but a monogram and some letters she didn't want read to prove her identity. It demanded the Ambassador's attention, and though he was at that moment closeted with the British Ambassador, I got him to come to my room for a few moments and solve the problem for us. He greeted the lady as though she were a long-lost friend, asked why she didn't want her letters read, got the coy admission from her that they were from her fiancé, and finally told us to give her the $500 she needed.

So much for being an ambassador! I wonder if a banker would have taken the matter as casually. We issued the draft, got it signed by the Ambassador, wrote a letter to the bank, cabled London, Paris and Washington and said good-by to the lady, the whole proceeding taking about forty-five minutes; and in the meantime the crowd in the waiting room had increased to one hundred. At this rate every one would soon be in a panic: the work would never be finished. However, the next case was simpler. The amount received and wanted was the same; but even this took fifteen minutes, as we had to wait until we could catch the Ambassador to sign the draft.

Working as expeditiously as we could, we were able to attend to only sixteen people by one o'clock. Yet in just this way we went on for several weeks, until the banks and agencies began to pay again. I suppose there never was such a casual and unbusinesslike way of paying out thousands of dollars to people who usually had nothing but letters and visiting cards and monograms to prove their identity; but there seemed no other way of doing it,

and the whole situation was unique. I had the feeling that all of us were going to spend the rest of our days in prison or some place where they confine people for careless administration of funds. It all seemed too absolutely fantastic to be real, and yet the most amazing part of the whole affair was that in the early part of 1919 the Ambassador received a communication from the Treasury informing him that the list had been checked over carefully and that each amount paid at our Embassy had been satisfactorily settled. Even the $500 credited to Eunice Swank—which had eventually been claimed and paid to Eugene Schenk—had not been questioned. And as for Miss Mary Thompson Smith, every now and then I catch myself wondering if at times she doesn't regret not having accepted $6000 instead of $500. But I suppose, like all the rest of us, she would have had all the fun taken out of it by the occasional prickings of that disturbing Puritan conscience.

Each day brought up some unexpected problem that we had to begin work on at once and have in fairly good running order by the next morning. One of these matters, sprung upon us at the outbreak of the war, was the relaying of telegraphic code messages emanating from Washington or London or Paris, and destined to the capitals of the Central Empires, as well as from those latter capitals to the former. There were apparently hundreds of people living in Allied countries, as well as in the United States, who wished to communicate with their relatives in enemy countries and whose most certain means of communication was through the Embassy at Rome.

The messages reached us in code and were sent on in code to their various destinations, each message, of course, bearing the signature of the Secretary of State or an ambassador. It was a job that called for several men who could give their time exclusively to this work. Fortu-

nately for us, a secretary who had been transferred from Athens to another post passed through Rome at the crucial moment. With permission from the Department he was put in charge of these telegrams and was so continuously at work that none of us ever saw him except when he occasionally called out from his room to ask how the war was progressing, whether the Germans had reached Paris or if Italy had gone into the war. He said he did not even have time to read the papers.

When this work had grown a bit easier, and hysterical relatives had sent and received cables from those from whom they felt they were going to be eternally separated, the Ambassador asked him to decipher a few of the cables that had been passing to and fro, with a view to obtaining some information about what was going on in other places. After several hours of deciphering he brought in a series of cables. We all gathered about with the expectation of hearing some vitally important world news. The first message he showed us read:

Washington. From Mrs. X to Madame Z, Number O Unter den Linden, Berlin: How is Jane? Tell her to take six eggs three times each day beaten in a glass of sherry. Thousands of kisses. BRYAN.

The second:

Cairo. For James Russell, Stoke Poges, England, from Tom: If you do not insist upon Molly marrying Jim she will have to leave Egypt. All unmarried women ordered from country. ARNOLD.

And the third:

American Embassy, Paris. For Miss Rogers, Ringstrasse, Vienna, from mother: When you leave bring my black velvet evening dress in large trunk in guest room. All my love.
AMERICAN AMBASSADOR.

After having heard these three examples, the Ambassador said that he felt very much reassured about the world remaining safe for democracy.

Just as personal matters were more important than the war to American tourists, so it was with Romans at this time. One day while I was vainly attempting to convince an old gentleman that it would be unwise for him to try to go to Carlsbad for a cure, Francesco burst into the room and announced that the Pope was dead. Of course, this, to Romans, was much more vitally interesting than that the French Government had found it necessary to move its seat from Paris to Bordeaux; and a few days later, when the Cardinals had assembled at the Vatican and had been locked in the Sistine Chapel to remain until they had agreed upon the election of the new Pope, nothing would quiet Francesco until he had secured the Ambassador's car and whirled me off to the Piazza San Pietro—accompanying me, you may be sure—to find out, by means of smoke that issued from the chapel chimney, whether the Cardinals had agreed or not.

This event took place twice a day, at noon and at six in the afternoon, and apparently every living soul in Italy met in the Piazza at these hours. Every time the smoke appeared thin and negligible a groan of disappointment went up from thousands of throats, for this meant that the Cardinals had not agreed and were only burning their votes. A huge volume of smoke would announce that a new ruler of Christendom had been elected. Francesco wanted me to be present twice each day, which was entirely out of the question; but so perfectly functioning were his communications with the Vatican that when the black smoke finally appeared it was only a few minutes later that we were on our way to St. Peter's.

The immense square was congested with people; a cheer-

ing, happy, enthusiastic mass that suggested very much some of our own political demonstrations. While we stood there the Swiss Guard appeared in the Loggia over the main portal of the church, gorgeous brocades and banners were hung out, and as silver trumpets sent a thrilling blast out over Rome a small man appeared in the opening between two columns and extended his arms. The cheering crowd suddenly became silent and knelt with bowed heads to receive the blessing of the new Pope. It was a dramatic and thrilling scene; even more so than the mass in St. Peter's for the dead Pope and the coronation of the new one, both of which ceremonies I had to attend incognito, as no one in an embassy accredited to the Quirinal is supposed to be present at Vatican official functions.

By the end of August we had become fairly well organized. Several additional secretaries had arrived, we had accepted the assistance of a good many volunteers, and the work was actually becoming systematized. Even Francesco had his own staff to assist him in opening the door and answering the telephone, this latter being one of the most incessant of embassy duties. I can still hear the Italian phrases of greeting at the telephone: "*Pronto! Con chi parlo?*" It went on four years without a moment's cessation.

It was not until September that I got a chance really to read about the war and keep conversant with what was going on. Before that I had got most of the news from people who were flowing in and out of the Chancery. When I finally had time to meet my colleagues again I was amazed to find how little they were doing in comparison with us, even those whose countries were at war. They had none of the tourist problems that had so occupied us; and so far as official duties went, they appeared to have

less than before the war. The British secretaries seemed to have less to do than any one else, and this they accomplished with their usual phlegm.

When I heard on the morning of August fourth, that England had declared war I telephoned to the British Embassy, wishing to confirm this news, and asked to speak with one of the secretaries I knew there. The reply came that he was having a singing lesson and could not be disturbed for an hour. Imagine an American taking a singing lesson on the day his country was entering the war! Or admitting it, even if he had!

This calm attitude was maintained straight through the war; and it was extraordinary how not only the Embassy but the whole of the British colony kept up a certain quiet and deprecating attitude towards everything that happened, especially if it were an event that might be interpreted as being discouraging to them. The similarity between what the Embassy said and what the colony said was almost too exact to be fortuitous. One continually got the impression that the Ambassador had seen each one of his countrymen personally and instructed him what to say when questioned.

Even when Kitchener's death was announced, and every one was deploring it, every Britisher you met, official or unofficial, said almost lightly, "Yes, but of course, you know Kitchener's work was done."

It sounded a bit heartless; but I suppose it was merely the carrying out of that extraordinary policy that has been in existence so many centuries.

As winter came on and the Battle of the Marne had been successfully fought, the French Government had returned to Paris, Antwerp had been surrendered to the Germans, the Battle of Ypres had gone on for many weeks and the whole scheme of warfare had settled down from its first great sweeping movements to an endless under-

ground siege; every one appeared to have accepted the inevitable and decided to make the best of this new phase of existence. Embassies began to give dinners—smaller than the year before, but much more interesting; theaters, opera and concerts went on as usual; in fact, except for a new vital topic of conversation, Roman life went on in much the usual happy, carefree way.

The most interesting diplomatic function of that fatal year was the reception given by the King for the diplomatic corps. It took place in the morning, and though meant to be less formal on account of the war—for this reason ladies were not invited and the Queen was not present—it was one of the most oppressive state functions I have ever attended. Our Embassy staff was the largest one present; and we must have given the impression, in our evening clothes, of there being more waiters than guests. We were the rallying point of the whole gathering, as we were about the only ones with whom every one could talk. We stood about the Ambassador in the center of the vast salon and got a good deal of quiet fun out of watching the others come in, all of them as stiff as ramrods and determined not to see their enemies. The master of ceremonies flitted from group to group, attempting to show no favoritism and confessing in a passing whisper that he didn't know what he would have done without our helpful neutrality.

The first embassy to enter was the British, Sir Rennell Rodd and his staff, who arranged themselves formally against the wall; Prince von Bülow and his secretaries came next, and took up a position directly opposite the English; Monsieur Barrère and his staff marched coldly by the Austrians without even admitting their presence in the room; then came Russians, Bulgarians, Swiss, Turks, Belgians, Dutch and the horde of South American legations. The huge salon suddenly became too small to hold

such a difficult gathering; the silence grew more and more oppressive; and when a German secretary accidentally backed into a French attaché the exchange of "pardons" rang out with a warlike blast and made every one jump.

People were approaching us from every side and shaking hands strenuously. Both the German and the British Ambassador started towards Mr. Page at the same time; and each, seeing the other's intention, stopped and returned to his place. Prince Lichtenstein immediately ended his conversation with our naval attaché when he found the Belgian Minister within hearing distance; and a British secretary confessed to me that it was frightfully awkward to find himself in the same room with Hindenburg —a nephew of the general—whose wife, an Englishwoman, was one of his best friends. A few months before he had dined with them regularly every week. The excitement of the situation was increased by the fact that it was generally believed that Italy would soon make her decision as to the side with which she would link her destiny. Von Bülow showed by his assurance and geniality that he felt there was no doubt; Sir Rennell Rodd's smiling, calm countenance gave the impression that he had already been told that the Italians would be with him.

When we were finally shown into the audience chamber we were all somewhat shocked at the appearance of the King. The seriousness of the situation showed so plainly on his face. He greeted us gravely and had very little to say; and no wonder, when one realized that all sorts of influences were at work, swaying Italian sentiment in opposing directions: the political alliance with Germany and Austria; Austrian hatred, which had increased since the war of 1866; pro-Austrian feeling, which existed on account of so many family alliances between Italian and Austrian nobility; the attitude of the new Pope and the Vatican and the increasing power of the young National-

ist Party, which believed in burning all bridges and redeeming the lost provinces of Triest and Trentino. One had to live in daily contact with Italians during those uncertain days to appreciate the almost hopeless situation that faced their government, not only at that moment but throughout the war.

I found myself in endless conversations with the few Americans who turned up in Rome that first year, trying to explain to them that their criticisms of Italy were unfair, that her unity was only a matter of a few years, that many provinces spoke dialects unintelligible to others, that varying influences of the past century had created directly opposed characteristics, and that to build up a universal patriotic sentiment seemed for a time wholly impossible. We have only to glance at our own situation before we entered the war to realize that widely separated sections of a country possess wholly conflicting sentiments.

Our neutrality and that of Italy were the burning questions during those days; and after Italy took the final plunge we were left alone to bear the brunt of attacks from all sides. Though I do not believe there was one person in the whole of the Embassy staff who was not wholly sympathetic from the very beginning with the cause of the Allies, Mr. Page insisted that each one of us follow to the letter the lead given in the pronouncements of President Wilson. He insisted that if we went out and accepted invitations we accept them indiscriminately; and he particularly made a point of our going to the numerous functions at the German Embassy, at which he, as well as the rest of us, found the atmosphere tremendously oppressive, especially when the conversation turned—or was deliberately turned—into explanations of why Germany had found it necessary to do this and that. And, of course, the secretaries and attachés were immensely cocky; they had every reason to be.

Didn't every communiqué published recount their successes?

Mr. Page was continually rowing—as he expressed it—with his own countrymen, or, to be more exact, countrywomen. I have often seen him clench his fists, bang on the desk and shout out: "Dog-gone it"—his only oath—"if I could only lock up a few of these expatriated Americans! When I hear them cursing President Wilson, our Government, and telling everybody they meet that America is eternally disgraced for not having entered the war when Belgium was invaded I'd like to be able to take their passports away from them! I wish they'd find themselves so disgraced that they'd give up their American citizenship! But, of course, you'd never catch any of them doing that!"

One day he sent me to call on an American who we had heard had arrived in Rome for the purpose of telling Italians, by means of lectures he proposed to give, that the United States was being kept from entering the war by the political party in power. The gentleman received me pleasantly enough, admitted that he was there for the purpose mentioned, but grew rather violent when I told him the American Ambassador objected strenuously to bewildering statements being spread among the Italians. To this the gentleman replied that he didn't give a hang what the Ambassador objected to; that he was a free American and that he felt it was his mission to let the Allies know that the United States, in spite of its Government, was heart and soul with them. Only a threat of taking his passport away from him persuaded the gentleman to give up his course of lectures.

Though the Ambassador had all of us pretty much under his control so far as unneutral remarks and actions went, there was one member of his staff who refuted all such suggestions; and when I think of it now, it must have been

a great satisfaction, even comfort, to him to have had one member of his family who made no pretense whatever from the very start of not being pro-Ally. When official position is an inhibition to expressing your own sentiments it is a great comfort to hear some one say what you are feeling; it is a delightfully vicarious way of blowing off steam. In this respect Mrs. Page was a joy to us all.

It was quite natural that expressions of opinion by unofficial Americans and the reserve of officials were confusing to Italians. They looked to the Embassy for the official attitude, and yet they said they supposed unofficial persons could really speak what was in their hearts. The garbled utterances of President Wilson, which invariably appeared in the Italian papers before we had received them from the State Department, increased our difficulties. It was days before we had the exact text in English of the speech that embodied the phrase, "*troppo orgoglioso per combattere*," and not one of us had translated it as "too proud to fight." Italians were so accustomed to seeing us traveling in hordes through their country, buying their pictures, raving over the beauties of the country and marrying our beautiful daughters to their princes, that they naturally felt that whatever happened to them would be of vital importance to us. It was quite incomprehensible that our egotism and isolation—as some one expressed it —made a European war a thing quite remote from the average American's life.

Our diplomatic colleagues maintained a certain reserve in all discussions with us, a fact that made it easier for us in one way and more difficult in another; yet now and then, in spite of a supreme effort, a biting remark would crop out about the vast sums of money we were making out of the war.

The sinking of the Lusitania brought forth a burst of excitement that concentrated on us with the question:

"Now what are you going to do?" And an interesting story went the rounds that at the house of one of the German secretaries, whose wife was an Englishwoman, a toast was drunk at dinner to the latest German victory, meaning the destruction of the Lusitania. The wife refused to permit the toast, and said that, though she was German by marriage, she would not countenance any congratulations over such a monstrous crime.

A few days later a member of the Austrian Embassy passed me on the street, bowed, then stopped and rather timidly held out his hand.

"I suppose you'll think it strange," he began awkwardly, "but I can't help telling you what I think—how I feel about the sinking of the Lusitania. I hate to think of my country being allied to a nation that permits such hideous deeds to be committed. No good can possibly come out of such warfare."

When Italy finally made her decision and war was declared we all stood at the windows of the Chancery, watching the first contingents of soldiers pass by on their way to salute the King before leaving for the front. Rome was in a state of intense excitement. The streets were blocked with cheering crowds, bands were playing; and from every window strips of old brocades and tapestries were hanging—the Roman equivalent of bunting—side by side with the red, white and green flags. It was impossible not to respond to the enthusiasm of this finally united patriotic sentiment. We all felt a bit bottled up that day, and resented the fact that the biggest thing in the world was going on and we were still not a part of it.

Suddenly Mr. Page turned to me with a desperately worried expression.

"Run down to the Embassy as fast as you can. These soldiers will pass there in a few minutes. Try to get ahead of them. See what is going on down there, and—

and try to impress on my wife that this is a declaration of war on the part of Italy, not the United States."

I hurried out and fought my way through the seething crowds and reached the Embassy just as the first lot of soldiers went by. A block away I saw the Stars and Stripes being waved from the balcony and heard the soldiers cheering it. I flew up the steps and out on the balcony, where Mrs. Page stood waving the flag and throwing huge bunches of roses down on the passing soldiers.

It was a long time before I could make my voice heard above the cheers that came up from the street. Finally I caught hold of Mrs. Page's hand and tried to draw her away from the balcony.

"The Ambassador told me to tell you that the United States is still neutral."

She gave me a scornful look, told me to fetch her the largest basket of roses and rushed back to the balcony.

"The Ambassador may pretend to be neutral—the United States may be—but I want the whole world to know I am not."

She leaned far over the railing, waved the flag with renewed enthusiasm and cried down to the soldiers: "*Viva l'Italia! Viva l'Intesa!*" And the soldiers answered back with ringing cheers: "*Viva l'America! Venga con noi!*"

VI

A WAR EMBASSY

IT seems almost absurd, and surely dull, to confess that my diplomatic experience carried me through the four years of the war without my once hearing the roar of a cannon. Even when I made several trips to Paris on special missions for the Ambassador, and passed not so very far from Verdun during the height of that battle, I neither saw nor heard anything that really approached what was going on at the Front. Existence in the Embassy at Rome those days was very much like a scene in the theater where the action off stage is affecting every one and yet is known of only through those who come in and tell about it.

At times we resented this unadventurous side of the war that we were forced to live; but so far as escape went, that was impossible. The Department of State had issued an order stating that no one in the diplomatic service would be allowed to resign in order to enter the war. We tried to console ourselves with a realization of the fact that what we were doing had to be done, and though it had none of the elements of adventure and enthusiasm and the fascination of danger, it was far from uninteresting. Indeed, except for the restlessness incident to being shut up in offices from early morning until late at night while others were out in the open fighting for what they believed in, it was an absorbing and vitally real experience.

One of the most interesting sides of embassy life was the exceptional opportunity offered of watching and feeling the constant reactions of the Allies, the steady hope that

rose above all discouragement, the development of a faith that would brook no thought of failure, and the intense—often impatient—interest every one showed with regard to the eventual decision of our country.

Those long days of neutrality! No one at home can quite appreciate what we went through; at least not unless he can imagine the United States at war, with a lot of representatives of another country living among us, sympathetic perhaps, but still not taking an active part in the struggle or doing anything to end it. Of course, there were constant veiled and quite frank insults thrown at us; there were many trenchant questions put that were exceedingly difficult to answer discreetly; and the feeling of being so completely out of it, so far as our Government went, often made us realize that expressions of sympathy and interest were out of place on our part.

Rome became, during the war, a sort of stopping-off place for every one who was going to or returning from the Near East; and being in some ways a very small place—in that all were thrown rather intimately together—all these transient people flowed incessantly in and out of the Embassy. The Ambassador was keenly interested in meeting every one who arrived in Rome, and extended a generous invitation to us to bring any one who had had unusual experiences to the Embassy for luncheon.

These luncheons became one of the important rallying points of Rome, though at first they brought on serious household difficulties, especially when twenty people were assembled in half an hour and arrived unannounced for luncheon. Signor Tomasso, the very competent embassy chef, threw up his hands in panic and said it was impossible to prepare suitable meals unless he knew the day before how many guests were expected. The Ambassador insisted that this was not at all necessary—besides being impossible—and pointed out that a well-filled larder would

solve the difficulty and meet any emergency. A well-filled larder, according to him, consisted in always having on hand a cold boiled ham, plenty of preserves, bread and coffee. This had been tried in Virginia and found most successful in a country where any one who calls is expected to remain for at least one meal. Hospitality in that warm-hearted land had even gone to the extent of including on large estates guest burying grounds for those who found their hosts so delightful that nothing but death could entice them away.

Putting Virginia hospitality into practice in Rome, especially during the war, took some clever planning. Roman cooks are not quite so efficient in rising to unexpected situations as our own black artists; and the courtyard of the Palazzo del Drago did not afford such a convenience as a stray chicken that might be caught, picked, fried and served to the casual guest. However, Signor Tomasso, who arrived each morning at ten o'clock in a very smart dogcart, finally accepted the inevitable, and before the war was over had learned that another appalling habit of those people from the other side of the world was to invite fifty people to luncheon ten minutes before the meal was served and expect all of them to be fed. Characteristic Italian cleverness—which is amused in solving the new problems just as the French is bored by them—came up to the scratch and actually met such emergencies. How, heaven only knows!

The faces that appeared at that long table come back like an extraordinary pageant in which almost every one ever heard of was present. Lloyd George, with his keen dancing eyes and poet's brow; the strangely intriguing countenance of D'Annunzio; a man who had been in the Serbian retreat and who told bloodcurdling stories of bravery and suffering; the rather portentous presence of Mr. Balfour, whose sonorous voice suggested a daily diet

of turtle soup and port wine; Mrs. Eleanor Franklin Egan, just back from the Mediterranean, in which she had spent several hours swimming back and forth between a Greek ship and a German submarine in an attempt to use American neutrality for humanitarian purposes; a secretary from the Legation at Berne, who talked most amusingly of spies jumping up out of the most comfortable chair in his bedroom whenever he appeared; the young Duchess of Sutherland, beautiful and exquisitely dressed, recounting her experiences in hospitals at the Front, where she often worked twenty-four hours without a moment of rest; Samuel Gompers, with the youth and vigor of a boy; the delightful, simple charm of the Prince of Wales; Richard Harding Davis, just back from Saloniki; Miss Jane Addams, so quietly convincing of deep sincerity; the severe and intellectual General Foch; the gentle dignity of Cardinal Gibbons; and hundreds of our own compatriots who came to help Italy or were passing on to more distant and difficult posts—all these faces eager and interested in the work before them.

I don't suppose I shall ever again see such extraordinary gatherings and under such unusual circumstances; just as I shall never again see the carefree, happy, luxurious existence that was so much a part of Rome the year preceding the war. Every one was so naturally simple, so enthusiastic, so filled with a mission that was intense and inspiring. All pretentiousness was cast aside, forgotten; no one was playing a part; every one was living one that called for directness, honesty, sincerity and hard work. A remark went the rounds in those days—attributed, I believe, to Hoover—that seemed to fit in perfectly with the attitude of every one, to the effect that we had thought we could do only certain things; that our strength would let us go only so far; but that the effort of the war had shown there was no real limit to enthusiastic endeavor.

People who had thought they could not work twenty-four hours without rest found they could go on indefinitely; frail women who felt they could not face the horrors of nursing mangled soldiers accomplished this without a murmur; men who had spent their lives sitting at desks in offices had shown themselves capable of fighting as well as professional athletes; the intensity of ceaseless necessity obliterated all thought of oneself.

After Italy entered the war we naturally felt that German interests would be turned over to our Embassy, as had been done in other countries, and it was a relief to learn that the Swiss Legation had been selected instead of our own; but we had similar work to perform, due to our Embassy in Vienna taking over Italian interests there. One of the most incessant duties in the Embassy from this time on was the witnessing of signatures on death certificates sent to us from Vienna, which we in turn sent to the Italian Foreign Office. I hate to think how many of these papers I had to sign and the sorrow the receipt of them must have caused.

One afternoon, early in the summer of 1915, when we had closed the Chancery rather early—by this time every traveling American had got safely home, and only those who actually lived in Italy remained, and embassy work had dropped off until we had a breathing spell, the first really since July of the year before—I started off for a walk. Outwardly, Rome appeared very peaceful. Of course, it was a very different Rome from that of the year before; much less animated and much more really Roman, for the people one now saw in the streets, seated at tables on the sidewalks or driving about, were native Romans. The spectacled, red-booked, panama-hatted, weary but eager-faced tourist seemed to have disappeared forever. Rome had changed from a town that lent itself so perfectly to the amusement of other nations to one that held

only its own people and their personal problems; it was as if it had suddenly shifted back several centuries to a time when it was remote and tranquil and forgotten.

Left thus to itself, its charm deepened; it became a place of golden sunlight, cooling fountains and shadowy ilex groves. It seemed impossible to believe it was the capital of a nation at war; at least it seemed impossible until I had bought a special edition of a paper, sat down at a café table and began reading the latest communiqué, which stated that the Italian Army had progressed along the Isonzo and was digging itself in on a mountain range that raised one of the battlefields to an altitude of ten thousand feet.

I suddenly looked up from the paper and saw a procession of ambulances coming from the direction of the station. Behind them followed a line of hand-pushed stretchers. I asked the waiter what had happened. "Our wounded—the first to be sent to Rome."

While he explained this, one of the stretchers stopped beside the curb and the man who was pushing it signaled to us to come to him. We ran forward, the waiter grabbing up the bottle of vermuth and a glass; but when the hood of the stretcher had been lifted we found we were too late. There was only a very calm, gray face lying there; perhaps one of those which had passed so gayly by the Embassy only a few weeks before on the way to the front.

In spite of our neutrality we had many opportunities of working off some of our sympathy for the Italians in helping them in various ways. Checks and shipments of goods from all over the United States began to flow in in amazing quantities, sent by those Americans who had lived or spent some time in Italy and wished to express their sympathy in some material way. Mrs. Page turned a portion of the Palazzo del Drago into workrooms, where incoming goods could be assorted and the quantities of wool

made into useful garments. From looking down the year before upon dinners and teas and balls, the portraits of kings and popes and famous beauties now saw groups of simply clad women of the New World giving all their time and energy to assisting the Old World at war.

At nine o'clock each morning the wide staircase was filled with groups going to work with as regular punctuality as factory employees, and the palace courtyard became a depository for huge packing cases that arrived daily from across the sea.

It was decided, as we were still neutral, to give practically all these contributions to the Queen, who was conducting several depots for distribution to the soldiers. One day Mrs. Page returned from the Quirinal with an appealing story of the Queen and her attitude towards us. After thanking Mrs. Page for what had been sent her the day before, she said:

"You Americans are the kindest people in the world. I not only admire you—I love you. And do you know why?"

She led the way to the vast reception room, where the year before we had all been received with so much pomp and ceremony. It was now filled with carefully assorted piles of woolen sweaters and socks and gloves and scarfs and stomach bands.

"You have given me all these things for my soldiers. No one else has sent anything so useful, so desperately needed. Of course, I love America. I should like to go there some day and thank each one of them individually."

One of the most difficult problems during those days of neutrality was the constant demand made on us to approach the Italian Government with a view to obtaining permission for the passage through Italy to enemy countries of American goods. It seemed that almost every business firm in America had unfulfilled contracts for

goods destined to Germany and Austria, as well as neutral countries; and naturally the simplest way to have these goods sent, after the outbreak of the war, was through Italy. On the whole, the Italian Government was very reasonable in permitting such shipments to pass, unless it was obvious that they were destined for the use of the army and soldiers. A most agreeable Italian was in charge of the department that handled such questions at the Consulta—the Roman name for the Foreign Office—and we spent many hours together, discussing the different aspects of these cases. In fact, one of my pleasantest recollections of Rome is of his room, where, while we argued the possibility of letting this, that and the other shipment pass through Italy and fall into the hands of the Germans, we could look out on the famous fountain of the Horse Tamers, and beyond it over the whole of Rome. The room, too, was agreeably furnished—yellow damask curtains, gilded baroque chairs, a buhl desk and some large oil paintings, everything a bit gayer and more cheerful than the traditional foreign-office furnishings, which have a trick of resembling each other no matter how many thousands of miles of land and sea separate them.

One case baffled us for a long time, and in the end afforded considerable amusement. An American arrived with a long, tedious story about a shipment of rubber hot-water bags that he had sold to a Dutch merchant in Amsterdam. The bags had first been shipped via England, but had been stopped there and returned to the United States. The next time they had been started off on the Mediterranean route, and had reached Italy, where they had again been stopped. The question now came up whether Italy could be persuaded to let them pass her frontier into Switzerland, where they could be sent on to Germany and finally into Holland.

The representative of these bags had brought a roll of documents with him which I spent several days in trying to keep him from reading to me. He was the type that always enters an office with a leather portfolio, opens it, takes out reams of documents and insists upon reading them to you at once. The most insistent and unescapable of all pests! I made up my mind I'd never let him begin reading; if he had once got started he would have been reading still. Finally, in desperation, I promised to take the case to the official in charge of such matters, who received my statement of the matter thoughtfully.

"I'm wondering," he said thoughtfully, "what use Holland has for one hundred thousand rubber hot-water bags."

"Isn't it easily explained by the coal shortage? They want to keep warm."

"And Germany is desperately in need of rubber."

"What do you mean exactly?"

"That if that shipment of rubber goods entered Germany it would remain there."

"Then you think this man is actually sending them to Germany?"

"Don't you?"

I had to admit to myself that the man was rather a German type, and his name was only slightly Americanized; but he came reënforced with semi-official letters to the Ambassador.

"Still," I demurred, "if we get the assurance of the German Government that these goods will be allowed to go straight through to Holland, ought that not to be satisfactory to you?"

"The assurance of the German Government!" He smiled suggestively.

"Well, what shall I say to the man?"

He went on smiling.

"There is always the evasive diplomatic answer. It will not be the first time you have given it, I'm sure. Tell him we are considering the matter."

When I returned to the Chancery the agent of the hot-water bags received the evasive answer cheerfully enough; said he didn't mind waiting—no doubt he was used to that—and quickly changed the subject to rings, asking me if I thought Italy was a good place to buy sapphires, adding that his wife was very fond of them and that he wanted to take her back a handsome ring. A few days later he came in to ask if I had any news about the decision of the Italian Government, and when I had given a negative answer he opened a package and asked me to help him decide in the selection of several rings he had found.

"But these are all men's rings. I thought you were buying one for your wife."

"Yes; but these were so handsome. Won't you try that one on? Ah, it's a beauty! Do you think two thousand dollars a big price for it? I don't." Suddenly his glance grew a bit shifty and avoided my eyes. "I wonder if you'd help me in a very delicate matter. That chap at the Foreign Office is a good friend of yours, isn't he?"

I nodded.

"Suppose you offer him this ring. I wouldn't mind what it cost if we could get him to put that shipment through for us. You see, I don't know exactly how you grease the wires over here; but if you put me next I'll do whatever you say."

He hung on for more than a month, but finally left, quite openly cursing the American Diplomatic service, and especially me: None of us were on to our jobs; we hadn't the faintest idea of how to put over a deal even when we were shown; and as for taking care of American interests—that was the last thing we had any intention of doing.

Of course, our personal problems were continually crop-

ping up in the midst of the routine that made of most of us, during those war years, more automatons than individuals. It was rather extraordinary how all of us—the Embassy staff finally settled down into about twenty-five members—hit it off in those strenuous days, especially as we were crowded into rooms that held from four to five—and this after we had persuaded the owner of the building to eject several tenants and give us two extra floors. Perhaps it was because we were too busy to get into difficulties with one another; but undoubtedly the continued good feeling was due to the Ambassador's genial and sensible way of handling a large staff. At times, though, even he would lose patience with what he considered an obvious example of lack of common sense. When one of the secretaries went to him in the midst of the war rush and said he wanted to be married the next week, this appeared to him to be the last straw.

"Of course you have the right to marry," he exclaimed. "I thoroughly approve of it. But why under the sun do you pick out a time like this, when there's more work to do than will ever be done satisfactorily? Marriages ought to take place in peacetimes, not when the whole world is upset, apparently permanently. Where can you find a house? Where can you find any food? Where can you get any coal? What will you do with your wife after you get her? Of course," he gradually softened, "if you've made up your mind and can't be changed, I'll give you the finest wedding that ever took place in the Palazzo del Drago—in spite of those gay parties Maria Christina used to give there—but I'll tell you right now, it will have to be a nigger wedding."

"What do you mean by that, sir?"

"In Virginia, we call a nigger wedding one that takes place on Saturday so the groom will have Saturday afternoon for half holiday, all of Sunday, and return to work

early Monday morning. That's what you'll have to do. You might as well get all idea of a honeymoon trip out of your head right now. You can't have it. I can't spare you."

Then followed a long discussion of the possibilities of being married in Italy according to American laws, as the secretary wished to avoid the endless procedure incident to Italian marriages, the weekly publishing of banns, and the like. At one time our Government had allowed marriages to be performed by our Consuls; but evidently this had led to complications that made the Department of State find it advisable to withdraw such permission. However, when the Department was consulted on this special matter, and the explanation made that the man was a secretary of embassy and the lady an American citizen, a reply was received stating that as it concerned a diplomatic officer, no objection was held to the marriage being performed in the Embassy and thus taking place on American soil; the legalizing of the procedure would be embodied in the ceremony being performed by an American clergyman in the presence of the Ambassador and Counsul General. These three were to witness the contract, which in turn was to be filed in the Department of State and thus a legal record made of the event.

The morning of the eventful day the Ambassador came into my room, looked me over critically, displayed his white spats and asked if he met the requirements of the man who was to give away the bride. Then he turned to two men who were in my room, and after greeting them asked if they didn't think it too much to expect of a man to discuss business two hours before his wedding; also, didn't they think it dangerous to accept that man's advice given at such a crucial moment? Of course they knew nothing about the event and retreated with many apologies.

The Ambassador turned to me with a whimsical frown.

"You are the first man I ever saw working on the morning of his wedding. If I had seen a fellow at home doing it I'd have said he was a pretty poor sort of a bridegroom."

"It shows what diplomacy, combined with war, will bring one to. I had to see those men this morning. It was important."

He stood about, undecided.

"I don't like the looks of it. Close up and go out for a walk—and compose yourself. If you aren't excited you ought to be; it's expected of you. I'd go with you myself, but I've got to go to the Consulta at eleven—a conference with Sonnino. But I'll be on hand at twelve sharp. Don't get nervous waiting for me."

However, we all did. In the ballroom of the Palazzo, which had been banked with great sprays of mimosa, an effect that softened a setting which seemed always to demand medieval costume, the Embassy staff assembled, the only outsider being the Mayor of Rome, who had been invited in deference to local authority, and who had sent a floral gift so large that it had to be taken to pieces before it could be brought into the house. We watched the clock until noon had struck, and then some one decided to telephone the Consulta and ask for the Ambassador. The answer came that he was in conference with the entire Italian cabinet and could not be disturbed. However, a few moments later he came in, out of breath and complaining bitterly of an embassy staff whose purely personal idiosyncrasies made it necessary for him to break up war conferences. In the midst of a declaration of policy on the part of the Prime Minister he had had to rise and explain that he had to leave and go to a wedding!

The pinch of war began to be felt in Rome towards the end of 1916. Lack of coal was one of the first problems

to be faced. In spite of its reputation for being one of the sunniest places in the world, Rome can at times be bitterly cold; and, of course, those years when coal became almost impossible to find and quite extravagant in price—it went as high as fifty dollars a ton—the weather was exceptionally rainy and penetratingly damp. American oil stoves saved our lives. The advertisements in the papers of people carrying oil stoves about with them from room to room was an actual experience in those days. It even got so bad at one time that we had to live, eat and sleep in the one room that could be kept warm. For a while it seemed as though we were going back to the days of primitive existence.

Food became an even more serious question than coal, and though it has always been the favorite topic of conversation at all diplomatic dinners I have ever attended—which recalls the child's comment that grown-ups never talk about anything but food, money and other grown-ups—it now dominated even war news. The simple things for which Italy is so justly famous—macaroni, olive oil and veal—practically disappeared from the markets. The merchants began to hoard these articles, and asked exorbitant prices for them; and at best they had to be bought *sub rosa*, as the government permitted only certain quantities to be sold to each person. Tickets for bread were finally issued, and the famous bread lines came into existence—a rather diverting affair for Italians, as they made of it a sort of daily meeting ground on which to discuss the war and exchange gossip.

What became of chickens and beef no one ever knew, though it was said that all these went to the front.

When it began to look as if we were all going to become by force vegetarians a sudden relief appeared in the form of huge quantities of tinned corned beef that had been brought from America. I have always liked corned

beef; but I never expected to look upon it as a great delicacy, which it became in those days. If we had friends coming to luncheon and wanted to have a specially smart affair, we always served corned-beef hash. It became the *pièce de résistance* even at embassy luncheons. As for butter, that disappeared as though it had never existed.

One day during a tea party our cook rushed into the drawing-room with bulging eyes, held aloft a strange-looking package and announced in a trembling voice, "One *chilo* of butter!" And every one gathered about to inspect and smell this unbelievable find.

When it got to the point where we didn't know in the morning if we were going to have anything to eat that day we all wrote home to our relatives to send us food—sugar, tinned butter, white flour, anything, everything—and to send it to the Department of State, which would forward it on to us in the diplomatic pouch; otherwise we would have received it months afterwards, if at all. The pouches soon became a sort of grocer's delivery wagon. Every time these bags arrived all work in the Chancery would cease while we gathered about to watch Francesco open them and sort out the various provisions.

One pouch arrived in a deplorable state, very soft and mushy, smelling of sugar and oozing from all sides a sticky syrup. When opened it was found to contain, besides confidential instructions from the Secretary of State to the Ambassador, a smashed wooden pail of strawberry jam that the mother of one of the secretaries had sent him.

If something particularly appetizing arrived for one of the Embassy staff all the rest of us would invite ourselves to dine with him that night and help him enjoy it. When the pouch arrived with a delicious-looking ham, nothing would do but that we should get Francesco to boil it at once and serve it in the Chancery. It seems almost unbe-

lievable now to look back on those days and remember that for practically two years we were actually hungry and, in the winters, cold.

There were an unusual number of professional entertainments going on, though almost all of them had a tinge of propaganda. Great Britain sent out her famous Coldstream Guards band to play for the delectation of Romans, who got much more fun out of watching those giants march about in their wonderful bearskin hats than in listening to what the English considered good music. The effect of the Scottish Highlanders on Italians was a bit dubious, for when they saw these serious-faced, kilted products of their great ally begin to dance to the accompaniment of bagpipes they burst forth in convulsions of laughter that was almost hysterical. The Garde Républicaine had a real success with their rendering of the Marseillaise, and the arrival of Saint-Saëns with a complete company that gave performances of Samson and Delilah under his personal direction crowded the Costanzi as in pre-war days.

Every Sunday afternoon there was a concert at the Augusteo—the vast auditorium built on the ruins of the tomb of Augustus—where a Roman orchestra was led by a visiting conductor of renown. Debussy appeared here and failed to convince Italians that modern French music, even though composed by an ally, was acceptable; and a real thrill of excitement flashed over Rome when it was announced that Toscanini was coming to conduct the orchestra and had chosen several Wagner numbers for his program. Was music international? Could a nation at war with Germany sit placidly and listen to music that was so characteristically Teutonic? Could even Toscanini convince them that they had been wrong in forbidding the playing of enemy music? However, when Sunday arrived the Augusteo was crowded to the roof.

More intense interest was given to the event by the fact that the day before Padua had been raided by German airplanes with particularly horrible success—a school building had been bombed and more than a hundred children killed.

Toscanini began with several Palestrina numbers that brought forth tremendous applause. Then, during an ominous silence, he lifted his baton and gave the signal for the bird music from Siegfried. A sharp hiss shot across the hall and died away. The music continued without further interruption; and those who had been most vociferous in their belief that the most famous German composer's music would not be tolerated by Italians—especially at a moment when their relatives were being killed—had to confess that perhaps after all music was above national hatred. However, not one hand was raised in applause at the finish.

The second Wagner number was the Death March from Siegfried. Again complete silence awaited the signal from Toscanini. The first bars of that superb music rolled across the auditorium; and then, rising sonorously above the orchestra, came a man's voice, as distinct as though spoken through a great trumpet:

"Bravo, Signor Toscanini! Play that for our dead at Padua—our dead women and children, killed yesterday by boche bombs!"

In an instant every person in the hall was on his feet and a roar that was deafening deadened all sound of music. Toscanini waited patiently for the excitement to subside. He waited ten minutes; he waited twenty; he waited half an hour; and then, in desperation, he lifted his hand and gave the signal to begin again. The roar broke out with renewed violence. Finally Toscanini turned to the audience, looked it over contemptuously, threw his baton on the floor, marched out and left Rome

that night. After that no more German music was attempted until the Armistice had been signed.

We had many American, British and French financiers coming through at different times, and now and then a party of labor leaders. I was sent to the station to meet Mr. Gompers, with special instructions from the Ambassador to show him every courtesy, and to put on a top hat and frock coat for the occasion:

"It's all well enough to meet financiers, even royalty, these days in sack suits; but when it comes to receiving the head of the American Federation of Labor you want to put on everything you have."

Most of the financiers, especially the Americans, remained only a few days in Rome, and left apparently with the impression that the time for their endeavors in Italy had not yet come. I recall one especially—one of our most conspicuously successful men—who was much interested in the conditions that would face Italy after the war, and who made the remark that he was amazed at the potential development, especially water power. I spent two days in going about with him, presenting him to different ministers, taking him up to Marconi's villa on the Janiculum, where, by means of something that looked like a fruit jar and a piece of wire, we listened to news being sent out from Petrograd, Constantinople and London; and finally at his request drove with him out on the Campagna so that he could get a comprehensive view of the aqueduct system used during empire days.

We got out of the motor at a spot that has always appealed to me as the most superb view in the world—just a little beyond the tomb of Cæcilia Metella on the Appian Way. Back of us stretched an avenue of cypresses, black with oncoming evening, at the end of which loomed the dim dome of St. Peter's; to the right the Campagna rolled straight out to the sea; to the left the

Sabine Hills rose, skeleton-like and amethystine; and directly ahead Rocca di Papa sprang up against a deepening blue sky, with each pane of glass in the tiny village afire with rays of the setting sun. It was that quiet hour just before night comes on, yet tremendously dramatic in a seemingly artificial arrangement of lights. The sky was full of pageantry; the atmosphere alive with vibrations that seemed to be voices—one of those moments when the great past of Rome rushes up about you, magnificent, articulate.

I watched the financier's face, interested in the enthusiasm shown in it. It surprised me to find that he, supposedly interested only in the commercial opportunities a scene afforded, had fallen under the spell of ancient Rome.

"Isn't it wonderful to stand here," I exclaimed, "and look out over a scene so vibrantly filled with events that have made our civilization! Think of the things that have taken place along this road! It was here those magnificent caravans passed on their way to and from the East; it was here that Spartacus and his followers were crucified for attempting freedom; it was along here that Peter, fleeing from Rome, met Christ and went back to suffer the same fate as his Master. And over there Zenobia lived a prisoner, brooding on her past glories; and there Hadrian built his country palace; and there Cicero conducted his summer school; and there Nero was forced to screw up his courage and face death; and there Julius Cæsar rendered homage to the gods for granting him victory over Gaul!"

The financier said nothing; his glance, following the long line of broken aqueducts, showed the concentration of deep thought.

"Yes," he said finally, "it really offers great opportunities. Why, do you know, it wouldn't be any trick at all! A little patching done here and there to those aque-

Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

ROME FROM THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S

ducts, a few hundred feet of iron pipe connecting them, and you'd have a water power that would make hundreds of factories spring up overnight! Instead of those dismal cypress trees and ruins and fields given over to poppies and stray sheep—this would be a land of the full dinner pail!"

By the end of 1916 it was fairly clear that the end of our neutrality was in sight. February of the following year brought the breaking of diplomatic relations, and by April we were at last in the war. From a strangely anomalous position the Embassy suddenly became the most popular spot in Rome. Delegations from all over Italy called on the Ambassador to congratulate him and themselves; our colleagues surged about us with open arms; bands and processions paraded the streets, stopping always before the Embassy to make speeches and be addressed by the Ambassador, who, by this time, was able to reply to them in Italian; and there was an amusing cabinet crisis during which the Minister of the Marine had to resign because he had said there was no use of thinking the entrance of the United States had ended the war; that we would never be able to send over enough soldiers to make any impression; that German submarines would see that they never reached Europe.

And then our Red Cross arrived. The first group of this organization—there were three before a permanent one settled in Rome—came about the end of 1917. The object of the visit was apparently to find out the needs of Italy. A second contingent arrived soon afterwards; and the third and permanent one, made up of a group of well-known business men, architects and doctors, came during the winter, when Italian morale was at its lowest. These last appeared on the Roman horizon with considerable—as the Italians said—*slancio*. They were a fine-looking lot, smartly uniformed and with an impressive air

of efficiency. Even Francesco—always difficult to please —admitted they gave the impression of being *qualche cosa*. They were very soon installed in a large building, organized departments to cover the whole of Italy, and went to work in a way that had much to do with creating an impression of unlimited funds and capacity for undertaking and carrying out anything.

The Embassy was at once bombarded by every one who had a pet charity or needed financial help to continue work that had been going on for three years.

"I want to meet every member of your Red Cross," said a Roman matron, the second day after they had arrived. "Will you be good enough to extend an invitation to lunch with me to-morrow? Just telephone how many I must expect."

And as the lady was one of the dominating influences in Rome and one of the most efficient war workers, they were advised to accept the invitation. As a matter of fact, Rome and the whole of Italy received them with open arms; and a Britisher said soon after they arrived:

"There is no use of our organization remaining any longer in Italy. Your Red Cross is so tremendously rich that it makes our efforts appear entirely puerile. We are going to close up and let them handle the whole situation."

Although there are some who are inclined to criticize the management of the Red Cross, and cite instances of waste and inefficiency and make fun of the amount of swank that appeared in some quarters, there is no doubt in my mind that just those qualities were the most valuable from a psychological point of view—and particularly so in a country like Italy, which loves show and evidences of great wealth.

We ourselves may have been somewhat amused at the generous use of titles and uniforms and ceremony; but it was just what Italians loved, and it gave them the feeling

that if we did everything in such a spread-eagle way we were undoubtedly the most valuable ally they could possibly have. Again, in Italy we had very few soldiers; and for a long time Italians had to judge of what we could do solely by the Red Cross. One Italian frankly confessed that the style in which the Red Cross went about had more to do with bracing up the morale of Italy than anything that had appeared during the war.

The Red Cross became specially effective during the moral slump that swept over Italy after the retreat from Caporetto. I remember a lady coming to the Embassy and saying she wished to explain to the Red Cross the greatest danger that was facing her country, a danger they could aid so much in overcoming. We saw so many people who had all sorts of schemes for ending the war that her statement was not taken very seriously until she began to describe her work among the wives of soldiers and to advance the theory that the discouragement and lack of morale at the front was due in great part to letters the soldiers were receiving from their families. She had gone deeply into these conditions and found that numbers of soldiers were receiving letters from their wives, beseeching them to return home and save them from starvation, telling them that they had absolutely nothing to live on; that it was practically impossible to obtain work, and that the price of food was beyond their empty purses. A number of letters were shown to prove these statements. One was tragic in its sinister suggestion that if the husband did not return soon his wife and daughter would be put out of their house and only one profession left open to them. The Italian government, through lack of funds, was unable to cope with this situation.

The Red Cross was quick to see that here was one of the most serious problems—one existing far away from the front and yet closely connected with it. It was easy

to understand that no soldier is going to fight enthusiastically for his country when that country does not take care of his family, left without him. Committees were immediately formed to study this situation and furnish wives and children of fighting men with enough to live on —always with the understanding that they would write at once to their husbands and fathers and tell them that they were being taken care of and were once more safe and happy. This was probably the most effective work done by the Red Cross in Italy; and surely it reached the very heart of Italy's greatest problem at a time of desperate crisis.

Almost every suggestive and practical plan that was submitted by Italians was received sympathetically and immediately put into operation by the Red Cross; but another very successful work that was entirely of American conception was a custom we inaugurated of giving the soldiers departing for the front little packages of cigarettes and chocolate. They were merely trifling things; but the effect of a group of American women gathered on the dreary station platforms and distributing these packages to the soldiers individually was something new in Italian experience and, as one soldier expressed it, made them feel as though some one was actually thinking of them in another way than just as cattle being sent to slaughter. As the war went on and on, without an end in sight, an obvious apathy developed among Romans. Many large contingents of soldiers would leave without any sound of music or the waving of a flag or a single cheer. In this way it was that our fresh and undampened enthusiasm proved such a wonderful encouragement during those last eighteen months, when energy and patriotism were becoming deadened by ceaseless effort.

After the Red Cross came the Y. M. C. A., which accomplished its best work in 1918, when Rome was introduced

to the diversion of seeing a real American cafeteria established in the center of town, where concerts and dances and lectures and meals were going on all day and all night. Our enthusiasm and energy became contagious; our apparently unlimited money made Italians gasp.

The most surprising thing to all of us in the Embassy was that, with our entrance into the war, the importance of the Chancery and the amount of work to be done there dwindled almost into insignificance. In a few weeks the military attaché's office grew to large proportions and took an entire floor above the Chancery; the same change came over the naval attaché's staff; a commercial attaché's office, with numerous assistants, was established; the Bureau of Public Information took two floors of a large office building; and the development of Intelligence seemed to reach out and embrace every one. We really felt very much out of it at the Embassy. From having struggled along for three years with an inadequate staff, and worked from early dawn until late at night, we suddenly found ourselves left high and dry, with nothing really important to do.

It actually became so dull that we began to take week-end vacations; and up to that time I had been out of Rome only three times—three short and somewhat poignant experiences. The first time was a trip to Paris, where the Ambassador sent me to carry some confidential communications to Colonel House, to whom I was instructed to describe conditions in Italy. I was in Paris only a day and a night, and spent most of that time waiting to deliver the communications into the hands of a rather small man with very keen eyes, who received me reclining on a sofa, his legs covered with a fur rug. I had no chance to describe conditions in Italy; I was kept too busy trying to answer questions the existence of which hadn't occurred to me before. It was like going through

a diplomatic examination all over again. I have often wondered if Colonel House employed this same method of attack in the various consultations he was having at that time with world premiers; though I must admit that the same evening, when we met again in Mr. Sharp's house—a small dinner to the French premier, Briand—he was somewhat less relentless in his questions. However, this may have been due to some extent to the fact that Monsieur Briand did not speak English.

My second trip was to Milan, where I went to make an address at the opening of an American chamber of commerce. As usual, the Ambassador had been invited, could not go and sent me to represent him. Though I tried to get out of this by pleading that I had never made a speech in my life—not even a recitation at school, always playing hooky those days when scheduled to speak—he refused to send any one else, and said it was high time I learned how to make a speech if I intended to make diplomacy a career.

"That's all most diplomats do. It's what's expected of them—to talk and talk and talk and never say anything. This is an exceptional opportunity for you to begin."

I spent the whole week before the horrible ordeal in preparing a speech, having chosen a subject about as fitting for the opening of a chamber of commerce as for a political meeting—the irresistible charm of Italy. At any rate, I was delighted with the way I had handled the subject, and spent days learning my speech by heart. When I reached Milan and was met by a reception committee and taken to a restaurant where two hundred men had assembled for a banquet, every word of that speech left me as though it had never been thought of. Fortunately I had a copy of it in my pocket, and when I rose and faced two hundred pairs of eyes I knew the only thing to do was to pull it out of my pocket and read it.

I began in such a low voice that several men across

the room called out, "Louder, if you please!" This increased my distress, but not nearly so much as when the toastmaster pulled the tail of my coat and whispered, "Go on to the next page. You've read that one twice."

The third and last trip was to Venice—almost as cheerless an experience as at Milan. I had spent the day in the train, feeding my enthusiasm at the prospect of seeing Venice for the first time on imaginary visions of gondolas and wonderful palaces and music on the water in the moonlight. I arrived in a downpour, was led down slimy steps to a gondola that I only knew was there by feeling it, and peered out into absolute darkness. Not a light was visible in the whole place. I was told that I was on the Grand Canal; it might just as well have been Hudson River so far as seeing it went. When I reached a hotel, was conducted to a damp, dingy room lighted by a single candle and was given the comforting information that I would have to go out to dinner, as no food was being served in the hotel, I began to regret having left Rome.

An hour later I got hold of the Consul and asked him to go somewhere to dinner with me—if such a place could be found. We wandered along narrow passages and across deserted squares and over slippery bridges—Venice was risking no chance of being seen by bombing airplanes—and finally reached a restaurant near the Piazza San Marco. We ordered dinner and soon forgot surroundings in a discussion of whether the Italians were going to be able to hold out against the tremendous Austrian offensive just beginning. So deep were we in this subject that perhaps half an hour had gone by when we suddenly realized that no food had been brought us. Upon looking up we found the restaurant completely deserted. Not a single waiter was in sight. We called, got no response and finally went out to the front door and found a mass of people surging about a notice that had just been posted up telling of the

disaster at Caporetto and announcing the impetuous rush of the Austrian Army directly upon Venice.

I never got any dinner that night; in fact, I was only too happy to reach a train that was leaving in twenty minutes—the last train out of Venice for many weeks, which I just caught by employing four gondoliers to paddle me up the Grand Canal at motorboat speed.

Thus ended my third and last vacation during the war.

It was very mortifying to be caught in bed at the time of the Armistice. I shouldn't have minded so much if there had been something serious the matter with me, a major operation or something of that sort; but to miss all the celebrations just on account of a thorn in the toe—which proved a veritable thorn in the flesh—was a bitter disappointment. There I lay, propped up in bed, while good friends rushed in at different hours of the day and night to announce the capitulation of Turkey, the complete routing of Austria, the flight of the Kaiser into Holland, and at last the signing of the Armistice.

The Ambassador came in this last day and sank down rather wearily in a chair and sighed.

"Aren't you celebrating, sir? Isn't the Armistice really signed? Isn't the war over?" I asked, surprised at his weary and unenthusiastic expression.

"Yes, the war is over. At least they say it is. But I'm wondering if the real trouble isn't just beginning. How under the sun is this old topsy-turvy world ever going to get straightened out again?"

VII

A PRESIDENT IN AN EMBASSY

I THOUGHT the climax of picturesqueness in my diplomatic education had been reached in Copenhagen when I was special envoy to the funeral of Frederick VIII, but that experience takes a very secondary place when compared to the visit of President Wilson to Rome. There is nothing very exceptional in the funeral of a king; such incidents occur almost every year, but the visit to Europe of a President of the United States was a unique historical event. To the world this visit was charged with tremendous significance; to the Embassy at Rome, which had to make all the arrangements for such a portentous event and see that arrangements were carried out, it lost all historical importance in the mesh of protocol that surrounded it.

For weeks before this visit took place the Embassy became a sort of storm center of questions hurled at it from the Italian Government, from every municipal council in the whole of Italy, from every town that wanted to name a square or a street for the President, and from hundreds of Roman matrons who wished to know how it was going to be possible for them to meet the distinguished visitor. The contrast between this attitude and the one maintained during our neutrality was striking; the latter had been one of contempt and ridicule for the endless notes which were thought to lead nowhere; the former was almost fanatical worship. I doubt very much if anywhere else in the world President Wilson achieved quite the same exalted position that he did in Italy towards the end of 1918; it

was a short-lived popularity—it disappeared almost entirely a few weeks after the Peace Conference had been in session—but it was tremendous while it existed.

At that time you could not go anywhere in Rome without finding a life-sized portrait of President Wilson—furnished wholesale by the Bureau of Public Information—staring down at you from the ancient walls of Aurelius or from the arches of the Coliseum or even, some said, from the façade of St. Peter's.

Signor Vovro Veelson—as Francesco and practically all Italians pronounced his name—was indisputably the man of the hour; and, as is always the case with important questions in that city of hundreds of churches, a religious significance quickly developed about his name. It was only natural for a people who always name their children for some saint or religious character to call a man who they felt was going to save them from future wars the savior of mankind. I had no idea of the extent of this religious attitude until one of my friends, an Italian soldier, asked me to go with him to one of the barracks and witness a scene that he felt sure would amaze me. As a matter of fact, what he showed me did exceed anything I had yet heard of pertaining to the Wilson cult. We arrived at the barracks at dusk and were shown down a long corridor, at the end of which a sort of altar had been made of a box covered with a white cloth. Over this hung a large poster of President Wilson. Just below the picture were four lighted candles; and kneeling before this temporary altar were several soldiers.

"This goes on all day," my friend explained. "They say he is the only man the war has produced who is striving to save the world from future wars; and they pray each day that he will be given sufficient strength to carry out his noble intentions."

I heard later that this poster had been hung in many

shrines throughout the country districts of Italy, where mothers and wives constantly brought candles and flowers and prayed for their sons and husbands at the Front; and many touching letters were sent to the Embassy, not only from peasants but from people of evident culture, who said they wished to express their profound respect for a country that had produced a leader who was going to bring eternal peace to the world. This period showed an example of hero worship almost unequaled in the history of the world.

After the George Washington had actually sailed and it was definitely known that the President was on his way to Europe, the constant question was "When will your President come to Rome?" We had not been notified of any intention on his part to visit Italy and when the Italian Government put this question, explaining that it would be necessary to prepare for the visit, we found ourselves in a somewhat embarrassing predicament. If he did not come Italy would be mortally offended, especially if he went to London before opening the Peace Conference.

"I hope your President is not going to be like so many others," an Italian official said, "and discount the part Italy played in the war. If our Allies had listened to us Austria would have been routed a year ago."

In spite of the fact that we had no information as to whether the President would come to Italy or not—even up to a week before his arrival—the Italian Government went forward with preparations. An invitation was extended by the King, and while Paris and London celebrated with great ovations Rome waited impatiently. Then came the notification that the President would arrive the first week in January, spend three days in Rome and return immediately to Paris. We all sighed with relief; Italy was not going to be snubbed. Then every one got tremendously excited and began running round in circles,

for there was a great deal to be done and very little time to do it in.

Several days before the visit I passed through the grounds of the Villa Borghese—Rome's Central Park—and stopped to watch a group of men making what appeared to be miles and miles of garlands of laurel leaves. They were the most sumptuous garlands I had ever seen, thick and heavy and glossy—somehow very suggestive of old Roman days. It was easy to imagine the forefathers of these men—say, twenty centuries ago—working in exactly the same spot and making exactly the same sort of garlands for a feast that was to celebrate the return of Julius Cæsar from some Gallic expedition or one of Nero's numerous feasts, which appeased, at least for the time being, the dissatisfied Roman populace. This is one of the effects of Rome; you can't possibly separate what took place there hundreds of years ago from what is going on to-day. The ancient background absorbs the present. I had let my imagination run riot to such an extent that when one of the workmen recognized me as an American, stopped working and asked what day the President of the United States would arrive, I started. After I had told him that the President would be there in three days he waved towards the garlands. "Then these will be ready for him."

Again I started. Where was I anyway? Could it be actually true that those garlands were not being made for Julius Cæsar or Constantine or Augustus, but for an American citizen—one of my own countrymen! The sudden jump across centuries made the idea seem fantastic.

The workman picked up a handful of leaves and bound them firmly together. "Would the signore be good enough to tell me something of his President? They say he thinks of us—the poor people; that he wants us all to have a fair chance; that he is going to do something when

he gets here that will make it impossible for our government to send us to war again. If he had only come sooner! I have already lost my two sons. Do you believe he is strong enough to stop all wars?"

I offered him a cigarette. He thanked me graciously—you rarely find an Italian who has not instinctive courtesy—put the cigarette between his lips, tied a huge gilded acorn to the end of a garland—another suggestion of ancient Rome—and finally lighted a match.

"I like the way your President talks. I read all his speeches in the papers. I can understand a good deal of them—when he talks about our deciding whether there is to be war or not. I wonder, when Italy becomes a republic, if we could get him to come over here and be our president for a little while!"

I went on to the Capitol, the present City Hall of Rome, to give the mayor a list of names of Americans who wanted invitations to the one public function to be given—a reception by the municipal council at which the citizenship of Rome was to be conferred upon the President. Don Prospero Colonna, or Prince of Sonnino, or any other of the numerous titles by which he was known—this is a very disturbing habit of old Roman families; they have so many names that you never know which one to call them by—was one of the most picturesque figures of modern Rome. He was thoroughly modern himself in ideas, character, dress, yet it was nothing short of amazing to look at him and realize how perfectly typical of ancient Rome he was. He ought to have been clad in a toga of royal purple embroidered in gold, and borne in a litter on the shoulders of Libyan slaves to the baths of Caracalla, instead of being very smartly dressed in a morning coat straight from Bond Street. If you are at all familiar with the heads on old Roman coins you will know exactly what this Colonna looked like. He traced

his family back to 1046 A.D. There were Colonnas before then, but why bother about more than ten centuries of them!

Don Prospero was very much preoccupied with plans for receiving the President of the United States; in fact his agitation recalled a rather amusing story told of the advent of an American heiress into one of the oldest Roman families. It seems that a few days before the arrival of the eldest son of the house with his American bride the old prince called the whole family together. This is an easy matter, as each son, when he marries, is given an apartment or floor in the family palace and, though they live quite separate lives so far as rooms go, the usual custom is for the entire family to eat together—a sort of patriarchal mess.

"I think," said the prince, when he was surrounded by his sons and their wives, "now that my eldest son has married an American and is bringing her to live here with us, that it would be wise for us to observe a little more ceremony and at least dress for dinner. I understand Americans and English form their opinions of us from such trivial customs."

At this one of the daughters-in-law stepped forward. She was a representative of an even older family than the prince's: her name went back without a break to the days of the first crusade. "When I married into your family," she said, "you did not consider it necessary to change your customary mode of living—and dress for dinner. Why should it be done now simply on account of an unknown American without background, without tradition, without anything save money?" "Which is exactly," replied the prince, "what we need most at this moment—and have not got."

Don Prospero led me into the hall of the Horatii and Curiatii and glanced about it with evident pride.

"This is where we are going to confer the citizenship of Rome upon your President. After the ceremony he will be able to say, just as Romulus and Remus and Numa Pompilius and Augustus used to say: '*Civis Romanus sum.*'"

"And is the ceremony to be carried out in all its ancient splendor?"

"We are trying to make it an impressive spectacle. But your President will only stop with us three days. I suppose he is in a hurry to begin the Peace Conference. The last really fine ceremony we had here was when we crowned Petrarch poet of the Capitol and made him a citizen of Rome. That was in 1341. Since then we have not given a great many people the honor, though many have sought it. You will find many on the list that you have often heard of—Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, several Medici, Titian, Montaigne—and in three days Woodrow Wilson."

We went back to his private office, from the windows of which I looked down into the Forum and across to the Coliseum. He opened a large walnut case placed on a table and showed me a bit of parchment on which was an embossed figure of Victory, the coat of arms of the city of Rome and an imposing inscription in illuminated letters, all of which, in good old English, meant that the Commune of Rome proclaimed from the Capitol, that sacred citadel of civilization and the rights of man, that Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, was a Roman citizen ranking with those great men of ancient days who founded through their wisdom the indestructible basis of liberty and civilization in the world.

After this explanation Don Prospero began mopping his brow. "Only three days more before he arrives—and nothing is finished. Three thousand people are to be invited to this ceremony. I must make arrangements to

have the Forum illuminated. I have a thousand things to do. *Dio mio!*" And he ended with a resonant round of pagan oaths.

If Don Prospero thought he had a great deal to do in three days he should have looked in at the Embassy. Even the outbreak of the war had not caused such confusion. Committees from all over Italy arrived and demanded an appointment with the President in which to present some souvenir of their particular district; and what looked like a whole army of Italian ladies came and asked when they could present Mrs. Wilson with a gold wolf and a chest of Venetian lace, and, after being only partially satisfied with an indefinite time, remained several hours discussing whether it would be expected of them to make a curtsy to the wife of the President. One old lady, when she had been assured that no one curtsied in America, said it was all well enough what we did at home, but she was under the impression that Americans were such an adaptable people —especially the women—that you couldn't be at all sure what they might expect when they got to Europe.

But what made all these visits particularly difficult for us was the fact that it was almost impossible to plan for the President before we knew what he wanted to do; and an even more confusing point was that we never knew until the party actually arrived of how many and of whom it would consist. The court chamberlain telephoned every few hours to have the list of names of those accompanying the President. Finally, to appease his wrath we tried to explain to him that, though we were constantly telegraphing Paris to send us the list, nothing had yet arrived.

The Duke Borea d'Olmo counted his age in scores of years—more than fourscore, I believe—and fifty of these had been spent in the same way in which he was then passing his days. He was master of all court cere-

monies; in fact, his job was to see that the wheels of court life moved smoothly and that nothing went wrong. It sounds as if it were a picturesque profession, but the insight I got of his work showed me it was quite the contrary. However, his setting was distinctly theatrical. He had a very handsome suite of offices on the ground floor of the Quirinal, hung in rose damask and filled with massive gilt furniture. His elaborate Empire desk was placed near a window, through which he could look out upon charming gardens and refresh himself when the difficulties of court etiquette became insupportable. He was a thoroughly delightful old gentleman, with snow-white hair, keen sparkling eyes and an ever-present sense of humor. We got to be great friends during my long sojourn in Rome; there was hardly a week that I did not have to go to him to ask about the presentation of Americans or the proper seating of guests at dinner or to deliver letters and gifts to the King and Queen, which, of course, had to pass through his hands.

One day he came to the Embassy and greeted me by saying, "Turn about is fair play. You've been bothering the life out of me for a long time. Now I'm going to turn the tables on you. Retribution invariably overtakes all of us."

I couldn't imagine what he had come for. Usually when he wanted anything he would telephone and ask me to pass by the Quirinal—only a few blocks away. But to have come himself meant something serious, I felt sure. After smoking a cigarette and making a humorous remark about my office looking like the pictures he had seen of American business men's quarters, he broached the important matter.

"You can't imagine what I've come for?"

"I haven't the slightest idea."

"*Ebbene*—it's this. Her Majesty has suddenly decided

she must have a typewriter—an American typewriter; not the lady, you understand, the machine. I suppose some of your American ladies put the idea in her head." He sighed heavily. "I don't know where this American influence is going to lead us! When queens take to typewriting! Now—when I was a boy—but don't let's think of that time! This infernal war has changed everything! Can you help me get the typewriter?"

When I went to see him about the President's visit he was surrounded by a staff of excited court functionaries. He rushed at me with outstretched hands. "You have brought me the list of the President's party?"

I hated to tell him we were still without the list.

"*Diavolo!* And they arrive in three days! What am I to do? You know the Quirinal has been turned into a hospital and there are very few rooms available. I must know how many to prepare for."

He always had a classic string of oaths with which to punctuate his sentences—names of historical characters, saints and mythological personages. "And another matter! The only person in the Quirinal who speaks English is His Majesty. I suppose no one in the President's party speaks Italian. Couldn't you send two secretaries who speak some Italian to help me out during this visit? Suppose"—and here his keen old eyes twinkled—"the President wanted a hot bath and couldn't explain his wishes. I'd have to go to His Majesty and get him to interpret for me. You see how that would complicate matters!"

This difficulty was obviated by the detailing of two men from the military attaché's office who spoke Italian and who were constantly on duty during the memorable visit. I hope some day they will write their memoirs; they would make priceless reading.

Finally it looked as though all arrangements were satisfactorily made; there was a special committee for each

event—the reception at the station, the parade to the Quirinal, the special session of Parliament at which the President was to speak, the ceremony of placing wreaths on the tomb of Victor Emmanuel, the visit to the Forum under the guidance of Commendatore Boni, the gala dinner at court, the reception at the Capitol, the receiving of numberless committees and the audience with the Pope—all of these things, mind you, to take place within a period of three days.

The day before the arrival I went to the station to see the Ambassador off for the frontier, where he was going to meet the President. Just as the train was about to leave he took me aside and said hurriedly, "I have just been told that day after to-morrow the President will be free for lunch. That will be a good time for me to entertain him. I want to ask the King and Queen also, the Ambassadors and a few of the court people—about sixty in all. Go to work on it at once and have it all ready by the time I arrive to-morrow."

"But, sir—a luncheon for the President and the King and Queen and twenty-four hours to prepare it!" I began to grow dizzy at the prospect.

"Do the best you can. It will come out all right. I intended to ask the King personally, but haven't had time. Get the message to him and explain everything. Good-by."

I watched the train pull out, and I am inclined to think I shook my fist at it. Here we were, feeling that everything had been arranged and planned out in detail, and then suddenly, out of an already troubled sky, burst a bewildering downpour. A luncheon for the President and Mrs. Wilson and the King and Queen of Italy to be got up with the casualness of a surprise party!

I rushed off to the Quirinal and insisted that the Duke Borea d'Olmo be awakened from his customary siesta.

"What has happened now?" He greeted me with anxious eyes.

"The Ambassador wants to ask Their Majesties to lunch at the Embassy day after to-morrow—with the President and Mrs. Wilson."

His hands went up expressively. "There is no precedent for such a thing!"

"What do you mean?"

"Their Majesties have never lunched or dined outside their own palaces. It would be an unheard-of proceeding."

"So is the President of the United States coming to Europe an unheard-of proceeding."

"Their Majesties cannot accept such an invitation. To save embarrassment it had better not be extended."

"I have my orders."

By this time he was at the end of patience. "I tell you they will not accept."

"Well, if they don't, I know two people who will be greatly relieved—yourself and me."

He rose, laughing, and patted me on the shoulder. "I'll let you know as soon as I can see His Majesty."

"When will that be?"

"This afternoon."

At this moment a blast of trumpets in the courtyard announced the entrance of the King. The duke started towards the door.

"Suppose I ask him now—and get the agony over."

He went out and I waited anxiously. In a very few moments he was back again with a slightly bewildered countenance.

"Their Majesties will be delighted to lunch at the Palazzo del Drago with the President and Mrs. Wilson."

He said this without any facial expression, but with

an inflection that was inimitable; and then pushed his case of Macedonia cigarettes towards me. We smoked a while in silence, and then, still without speaking, he rose, opened a huge volume on his desk, and pulled several sheets of paper towards him. He knew so well what my next questions were going to be that he did not wait for them to be spoken.

"How many people?"

"About sixty. Their Majesties' special attendants, all the ambassadors and some of the Embassy staff."

Two hours later I had a list of those to be invited and a diagram of the table with each person in his proper place. To an American it had looked like an impossible task; to a court official who had been doing just such things for fifty years it was only a matter of putting his hand on the right book and writing out perfectly known instructions.

I picked up the list with a feeling of great satisfaction. "And now—just a few details about receiving the King and Queen at the Embassy?" I asked.

"That is very simple. The American Embassy is American soil. The Ambassador gives the luncheon and pays for it"—here the humorous twinkle showed again—"but—he is not the host. The President is. And he must be there in time to receive Their Majesties when they arrive. However, I'll see to that. What time is the luncheon?"

"One o'clock."

"Very well. The invited guests must be there and in the reception rooms at half past twelve. Be sure to let them know that. At 12:45 the President and Mrs. Wilson will arrive. They must be met at the street door by the Ambassador and Mrs. Page, who will accompany them to the entrance hall to await the arrival of Their Majesties. The Ambassador and Mrs. Page return to

the street door and await Their Majesties, who will be there at one o'clock and accompany them to the hall, where the President and Mrs. Wilson will greet them. His Majesty will give his arm to Mrs. Wilson, the President to Her Majesty, and then they will go directly through the reception rooms and into the dining room without speaking to any of the guests. When luncheon is finished they return to the reception room, where the guests must be presented to them. By the way, can you draw me a plan of the Embassy? I must give it to His Majesty so he will know his way to the dining room. Now do you see how easy it is?"

"It sounds like the most complicated problem I ever heard of. Half past twelve, 12:45, one o'clock—street door—entrance hall—reception room—dining room—this arm to that lady—that lady to this arm. Good Lord! Do you suppose it will ever come off all right?"

"Such things always do. Somehow people know pretty well how to take care of themselves."

Which isn't true at all, as was shown the day of that memorable luncheon. However, I went back to the Chancery trying to remember details, and spent the entire evening getting invitations out by a special courier.

The third of January, the eventful day, finally arrived.

When I went to the Chancery early in the morning the sky was gray and overcast; and if you know Rome at all you know it is not itself without warm golden sunshine. With sun it is the gayest city in the world; without it it is drab and dull. A strange ominous silence was brooding over the city; there were no rattling cabs, no screaking trams, no noisy rush of motors; even the crowds assembling in the vicinity of the station were unusually silent. A sort of mysterious solemn expectancy was in the air. When I passed the Quirinal I had the feeling that the sun had suddenly appeared; there was a golden

light over the whole neighborhood, which I soon found was due to yellow sand which had been brought from the Campagna and scattered over the streets that led from the station to the Quirinal and from there to the Capitol—another custom of ancient Rome, originated by Marcus Aurelius in honor of sovereigns, which made of the route they passed over a veritable golden way. Here and there I noticed groups of people gathered about large posters and reading intently what was written on them. It was a salutation from the Chamber of Labor of Rome, composed in florid Italian phrases, and seemed so perfectly expressive of the intense excitement existing at that moment that I carried one of them away and made a translation of it.

Workers! To-day the President of the Republic of the United States of America, Dr. Woodrow Wilson, will arrive in Rome as a welcome guest. From this center of Latinism, gifted with all the beauties of art and poetry, where Right was cried out in the Forum, let the warm and vibrant greeting to him who was the powerful asserter of Right burst forth from the ample breast of the proletarian soul. When the great human family was scourged by the tempest of war, seized by a devouring passion which sucked it down like a whirlpool and it seemed that the end of civilization had come upon the world, the thinker of the White House, superbly carrying on the work of Washington, brought the human family back to the source of love, spurring it on in the dawn of hope to the conquest of Justice, from which now shines the light of Peace. . . . This new Gospel preached to the universe reveals his great soul, molded in a palpitating humanity. Meditate, O Workers, on his fourteen points which herald the advent of a new civilization, and you will find in them a great deal of your sacred aspirations which rise to the priestly heights of human goodness. . . . This doctor, with his clear thought, his pure heart and his soul-enlivening faith, comes amongst us awaited and desired and full of cordial feeling.

Be you all present, working comrades, at the review which he will make of the strength of the nation. You, who were the makers of new history and who forged the tenacious desire to live on the rugged anvil of sacrifice, greet him unanimously with the sparkling smile of your flags. . . . Whilst he is on his way to the Peace Congress let the voice from your ranks strengthen him in the faith which holds that only with Justice and with Love can the world be governed.

The Embassy staff left the Chancery a good half hour before the time for the arrival of the train, and, with permission from the numerous mounted policemen, drove along the royal route. Thousands of soldiers, all in the gray-green uniform of the Italian Army, their steel helmets covered with cloth, lined the streets and kept the way open. As far as one could see, this gray-green line extended. Rising above it, only a few yards apart, were red-and-gold flag standards, flying American and Italian flags. Halfway up each standard was suspended a large white-and-gold medallion, in the center of which appeared the name of an Italian city or a town of the redeemed provinces or a place which Italy was praying the Peace Conference would decide was her own. Each name was a history in itself; and each was linked to the other by thick garlands of laurel; symbolic of the blood tie. Behind the soldiers stood the waiting Roman people; and beyond them rose orange and brown buildings, from the windows of which hung pieces of tapestry, gay carpets, old bits of velvet and damask bordered with gold fringe. These windows, with their medieval decorations, were one of the most suggestive parts of the pageant; they picked you up and carried you off in the twinkling of an eye to the days of the Renaissance. You felt sure that if you had looked closer at those windows you would have found Raphael and Andrea del Sarto and even Benvenuto

Cellini gathered there with their favorite models leaning out on the faded velvets to watch the coming of a man from that vague land of which their own Columbus had talked so much. The piazza before the station with its ilex trees, its colossal ruined arches of the baths of Diocletian, its fountain of bronze nymphs and ever-mounting jets of water, its full circle of flags and triple line of soldiers, made a dramatic scene for the President's entry into Rome. Here the Mayor, in a carved and gilded coach with footmen in red velvet and white wigs and cocked hats, waited to hand over the keys of the Eternal City.

When we reached the station we were all struck by its unfamiliar aspect; unfamiliar because for the past four years there had hardly been a moment, either night or day, that it was not crowded with the coming and going of thousands of people—soldiers from England, France, America, China, Japan; nurses on their way to the Near East; wounded men returning from a service that had incapacitated them for life; refugees from invaded districts—a never-ending procession of people, speaking strange tongues and wearing strange costumes, all being unloaded from incoming trains and crowded into outgoing ones.

That morning every track was cleared; not even a switch engine could be seen. The only sign of life was the long line of soldiers who stood at attention along the tracks, and they could hardly be called a sign of life, as they stood motionless and silent. The one gay note in the otherwise gray silence was a red carpet that led from the royal waiting room to the platform where the train that had been sent from Rome to Paris to fetch the President would stop.

As we were among the first officials to reach the station, we had a good chance to watch the gathering crowd. First came what appeared to be the whole Italian Parlia-

ment, then cabinet ministers, the diplomatic corps, court functionaries, the Duke and Duchess d'Aosta and finally the King and Queen. The greetings were ceremonious and quiet, though there was a low murmur of conversation going on on all sides.

While we waited I got into conversation with a senator from Sicily. He, as every one else, talked of only one subject—the President. What was he like? Had I ever seen him? Were his pictures a good likeness? Was he as genial as most Americans or a bit severe? His photographs gave the impression that he was rather cold; was he?

"I've heard so much of him; I have watched from my home on the slopes of Etna the extraordinary path he has cut out for himself and his people. At first I hated him, when he wrote all those notes; then I began to admire him; now I find myself thinking of him as a sort of unreal person. It doesn't seem quite possible that a mere human being could hold in his hands the power he does. I think of him as something remote, set apart from the rest of us, not a man of actual flesh and blood, but some one with only a mind and a voice that rings across the world from some far-distant Olympus. Do you know, I am almost afraid to see him. I am afraid he will be just like all the rest of us."

At last the presidential train backed quietly into the station, and on the rear platform, holding his hat in his hand, stood the President of the United States. He stepped off the platform during a dead silence and was greeted by the King; then, quite without warning, there was a break in the overcast skies and the whole station was flooded with warm sunshine. With it came a burst of deafening applause and a loud blast from a band playing our national anthem.

If the moment was thrilling to Italians it was doubly

so to our little group of Americans. There we were, thousands of miles from home, seeing—some of us for the first time—our own President, who had become the dominant figure of the world.

As I was watching the carriage, painted a royal blue and emblazoned with the coat of arms of the House of Savoy, drive off with the President and the King, I felt my arm grasped by the senator from Sicily.

"Well—are you disappointed?" I asked.

"*Per Bacco!*" he exclaimed. "He has the face of an apostle!"

With the sun came all the gayety and brilliance of a Roman holiday. The crowds cried themselves hoarse with "*Evviva il Presidente! Evvivano gli Stati Uniti di America! Evviva Veelson!*" And a comic paper came out that afternoon and said that if a signorina had written a letter to her sweetheart that day she would have begun it, under the influence of enthusiasm, with "*Caro Woodrow.*"

When I got back to the Chancery it was filled with members of the President's party, journalists and seemingly hundreds of others who had come on the same train. Of course every one was demanding information on every subject under the sun—what hotel to go to, what functions were to take place, where tickets were to be had, where this, that and the other person could be found, and so on; and Francesco was running about in a terrible state of excitement, all the result of having cooked up some excuse that had carried him to the Quirinal just at the moment the President had arrived there, which had apparently got him a chance to shake hands with "*Nostro Presidente.*" He had also a long conversation—in what language heaven only knows—with "*la bellissima camiera della Signora Presidente, la prima negressa Americana che ho mai incontrata. E stupenda—simpaticissima!*"

And in the midst of this announcement he almost pushed me out of the window to see a limousine, accompanied by four bicyclists, leisurely making its way through the crowds—the King and the President on their way out to the Villa Savoia, the royal villa near Rome, to enjoy a quiet family luncheon.

I should have enjoyed the President's visit to Rome very much—it was a gorgeous pageant from beginning to end—if that eleventh-hour-inspired luncheon hadn't been hanging over me every moment. Whenever I started off to see some of the demonstrations a telephone call would come from the Palazzo del Drago and I would have to drop everything and rush down there. The most alarming incident of the whole affair was that, though the invitations had been sent out two days before, not one acceptance had been received. The courier who had delivered the invitations produced his book and showed that each one had been signed for, which was convincing evidence that they had been received. But why had no one replied? Finally I got several people on the telephone and demanded, none too pleasantly, why they had not replied. One man laughed boisterously and said such an invitation didn't call for a reply, that it was a command; and besides, any one should have known that nothing but death would have kept him from going to such a party.

Then the details of receiving all those distinguished personages got on our nerves. Suppose all the guests were not in the reception rooms by half past twelve! Suppose there wasn't time for the Ambassador to conduct the President upstairs before the King and Queen arrived! Suppose the elevator stopped running at the crucial moment—as it often did! Suppose the cook fell ill—which his efforts to prepare a Lucullan feast rather suggested! Suppose— We exhausted thoughts of every possible tragedy.

Of course this sort of anxiety seems rather foolish, now that the world has settled back into a semblance of its old efficiency; but at that time, with all formal life disorganized, you could count on almost anything happening—or not happening, which was much more to the point.

Even at the Quirinal they were experiencing the same worries. The Queen herself admitted that she was absolutely too exhausted to talk to her guests when they arrived, having spent the previous week in getting their rooms in order, none of the experienced palace servants having yet returned from the war; and the night of the gala dinner, when a part of one of the great halls had to be curtained off so as to make both dining and reception room of it—all the regular salons were still being used as hospitals—she frankly admitted that she had spent the whole day in seeing that the table was properly set and had arranged the flowers herself. Though the Armistice had brought a cessation of fighting, it had not yet brought a return of comfortable living.

In spite of the worry and thought given to that luncheon, several utterly bewildering incidents occurred at the last moment that somehow, as much as we had planned, couldn't have been foreseen. Up to noon everything seemed in order. We had prepared a large diagram of the table and placed it in the entrance hall; each guest's name had been written there in letters large enough to be read by an octogenarian, his place at the table was numbered, a red cross showed the door to be entered and the position of the table, and a card with his name on it—also the name of the lady he was to take in to luncheon—was given him when he arrived. A child of five could have found his way about with such detailed information; but, as always happens at every large official function I have ever attended, there were several people present who

couldn't possibly find their places on the diagram, and even when shown continued to worry the life out of me by asking at the very last moment to be told the history, both public and private, of the lady they were going to take in to luncheon.

However, at half past twelve the guests had arrived and been marshaled into the large ballroom; and the entrance hall was cleared for the appearance of the leading characters. The Ambassador and Mrs. Page awaited the signal—to be telephoned from the Quirinal that the President was on his way—to go down to the street door. For some reason the signal never came; and the only one we had was from the American band stationed in the courtyard, which suddenly burst forth with our national anthem. This meant the President had arrived and was downstairs. In the excitement of the moment Mrs. Page went down the elevator and the Ambassador chose the stairs. In a few minutes Mrs. Page returned with the President and Mrs. Wilson, but the Ambassador could not be found anywhere. He had got downstairs just as the elevator had gone up, and had missed the President at both places. When he finally appeared, much out of breath after running up the stairs, he got through the greetings hurriedly and carried Mrs. Page off with him to the front door immediately, explaining that it was bad enough having failed to meet the President—a national *faux pas* on his part—but to fail the King and Queen would be an inexcusable international episode.

In a quarter of an hour the King and Queen arrived, and without any more complications the King offered his arm to Mrs. Wilson, the President offered his to the Queen, and they started off wandering through the long line of drawing-rooms. I watched them breathlessly, wondering if the King had brought that diagram of the Palazzo del Drago with him. If he hadn't there was no

telling where he might end up, the rooms were so endless and no one had been told to indicate the way. However, he did not hesitate a moment: and when I got into the dining room, there he was, seated at the table in his proper place. After all, I suppose practice in these matters makes perfect. In a few moments each of the sixty guests was seated, and I, for one, drew a deep breath of relief; perhaps a bit too soon, for after luncheon, when all were assembled in the ballroom and the presentation had been got through, there was a rather trying pause.

In a way, this luncheon was unique; it created a somewhat new rôle for the King and Queen; for the first time they were guests instead of being hosts; also, they were in a room that was a bit crowded, which necessitated the backs of many being turned towards them, which is never permitted at court. The King, speaking English fluently, and always quiet democratic, moved about easily from group to group; the Queen, not speaking English, was a little more difficult to take care of, though no one could have carried off the situation more simply and gracefully. While a group of us stood about her she said she had a confession to make and was a little worried to know how the Ambassador would take it. Then she opened her gold-mesh bag and showed us all a roll she had put in it during luncheon. "My little Maria has never tasted white bread, so I am taking this home to her as a great surprise."

Immediately after this luncheon the President left to make his visit to the Vatican, which had to be made while he was a guest of the Ambassador—it is not possible for one who is visiting the King to have any relations whatsoever with the Pope. Also there was a reception given by the Protestant Americans; and the address made by the President to the Italian Parliament—which in some ways appeared to be much more his own setting. In the

House of Deputies, speaking his own language and speaking it in his quiet, distinguished, carrying voice, one got much more the impression of what Woodrow Wilson actually stood for. Perhaps it was due to an association of ideas; we had so long been accustomed to thinking of him as addressing governments; at any rate it was a tremendously impressive occasion, and the fact that he was speaking in a language that was not generally understood made it doubly interesting, especially as the meaning of his words appeared to reach the gathering in some intuitive way and the applause came at exactly the moments it would have if the audience had been composed entirely of Americans.

The crux of the visit came with the dinner at court and the reception at the Capitol. There were present at the dinner one hundred and fifty people, and it was quite the most brilliant affair I have ever seen in the whole of my diplomatic experience, robbed somewhat of complete enjoyment by the fact that all during dinner an American stenographer, who was reporting the speeches, kept leaning over my shoulder and asking what every one who spoke in Italian had said. The dinner was very short on account of the reception that was to follow, but for superbness of effect and magnificence of jewels and distinction of people it could not be surpassed.

Immediately after the dinner the guests drove in procession from the Quirinal down into the heart of old Rome and up the winding roadway to the Capitol—the whole way lined with soldiers and blazing torches and covered with yellow sand, one of the most dramatic scenes imaginable, which reached its climax when the quadrangle formed by the three wings of the Capitol was reached. Here those famous old façades designed by Michelangelo were decorated with tapestries depicting the founding of Rome; the ancient equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius loomed

Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

PRESIDENT AND MRS. WILSON LEAVING THE COLISEUM

immense in the dim light; mounted cavalrymen formed a solid mass in the center of the square; and the whole was lighted by braziers in which flamed flaring pine fagots. Below, down those famous steps on which Rienzi made his last stand against the populace, glowed dimly medieval Rome; at one side rose the Church of Ara Cœli, commemorating the spot where the Sibyl first spoke to Augustus of the coming of Christ; out of a mass of low buildings towered that huge monument of white marble which dwarfs the whole of Rome and makes one realize that a new nation has sprung up on the ashes of the old; and dominating this tremendously suggestive scene, salient against a purple sky, floated an immense flag of stars and stripes. To complete the picture, just as the President reached the top of the hill the whole of the Forum and the Coliseum were suddenly lighted with thousands of Bengal torches.

Seeing the President off to Paris left us all feeling rather flat; but one of the excitements—far from being always a pleasurable experience—of the diplomatic service, at least for secretaries, is that just at the time when you feel that everything is going to be quiet and peaceful for a long time and you will have a chance to do a thousand things you have been planning, something turns up to scatter all such ideas to the winds. At the time of the President's visit I had just completed my sixth year in Rome: I had seen it in many phases—the reckless gayety that seems always to presage disaster, the uncertainty of neutrality, the depression of war, and now once more an approach towards peace. It is impossible to live six consecutive years in a place and not have that place become an important factor in your life. I had begun to feel as if I had always lived in Rome, that the Chancery of the American Embassy was going to be my daily objective for the rest of life.

On the way back from the station, where the ovation to the President was almost as great as upon his arrival, I met the man who was in charge of telegrams in the Chancery.

"A telegram came in about you this evening," he said.

"Anything important?" I asked.

"You've been transferred."

"Wait a minute!" I exclaimed. "Let me guess where I'm going this time."

"I don't believe you could."

"Is it east of Suez or south of Panama?"

"South of Panama—Santiago, Chile."

Chile—even farther away than I had yet been! At that moment it sounded as if it were the end of the world. I glanced about at the familiar scene and realized suddenly that it meant much more to me than I had ever thought a foreign city could. And now the curtain was being rung down, and I had no place to go except home; not even that, for Chile—how many thousands of miles away was it anyway?—could not possibly offer anything approaching what I remembered of my native land. At any rate, in that moment of upheaval I made a very definite decision. No matter if I were going to the other end of the world I would go home first, see if America was still there, find out what I felt like among my own people again, and see, too, what effect European life had had on me. I had always heard so much about life in Europe spoiling one for American existence that I wanted to go back and try myself out in it.

VIII

AMERICA VERSUS EUROPE

WHEN I left Rome to go to Chile, via Washington, I hadn't the slightest idea how I was going to get there. The first step seemed to be Paris, where I hoped to get some information at least about crossing the Atlantic—a somewhat difficult problem at that disorganized moment. However, the Hotel Crillon, which appeared to be a sort of section of America transported in its entirety to Paris, offered a quick solution of my difficulty. After a few hours spent in finding the right person, who in this case turned out to be the naval attaché of the Embassy, I was rushed off on a night train to Brest, where a transport was sailing early the next morning. Brest, too, appeared to be another section of transported America, with hundreds of American soldiers wandering about the streets, Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross cafeterias, nurses and a dominating sound of the American language. In a drizzling rain and a cold, blustering wind I got into a launch, and after a few minutes of tossing up and down on a foggy sea I was landed aboard the America and in the midst of seven thousand of my own countrymen.

One of the first impressions I received after getting on board this boat was that I was eavesdropping on all the conversations taking place about me. It was so long since I had heard every one speaking my language that I found myself listening intently to everything being said: and again, the familiarity of certain types—so long unseen—struck me from an entirely new perspective. Compared to the dark faces of Italians, I found my own people looking a bit pale, almost colorless, as if they were under-

fed; and the first meal served on board rather accentuated this idea, though I got considerable fun out of learning the names by which constantly repeated dishes had become known—goldfish, corned willie, cow, monkey meat.

Traveling on a transport, even when you are given an officer's cabin, is a very long way from being the comfortable trip that a traveler is accustomed to; and when a boat that usually carries a thousand passengers is suddenly commissioned to take seven thousand, any real comforts disappear as completely as though they had never existed. The few steamer chairs on board were reserved for wounded men, a fact that necessitated others sitting in the dining room, where the scent of goldfish became oppressive, or wandering disconsolately about the decks or remaining in bed. The corridors were so congested that if you attempted to walk through them the effort developed almost into a battle or a hurdle race, for the seven thousand were camped about on every open stretch of floor space; typewriting machines were installed on the staircases and hammered upon with warlike energy; card tables were improvised from suitcases; moving pictures went on day and night in various mess halls; athletics were thought suitable for bathrooms and deck corners; amateur orchestras played different airs so near each other that you couldn't tell when one began and the other ended; impromptu quartets sang continually a composition that seemed to be far and away the most popular song of the moment, and recounted the exploits of a little bird in a cognac tree that warbled toot sweet all the livelong day; and the climax of rivalry arrived one Sunday morning when mass was celebrated at one end of the open deck in the presence of several thousand men and at the other end the remaining thousands attended a prize fight. A steady roar of voices went on above the other turmoil; the whole ship was like pandemonium let loose.

Nothing in the world could have been more impressive to a man being suddenly thrown back among his own countrymen than this voyage of ten days, and the delightful part of the whole experience was to find existing in what appeared to be such confusion a good fellowship and friendliness and kindness that are so entirely Anglo-Saxon. Even those invalided fellows, who were brought out on deck from stuffy cabins where their bunks were arranged in tiers above each other, were always smiling and genial and ready to talk with you and tell you their experiences with a light-heartedness that was amazing. No matter what they had been through, no matter how much they had suffered, it had been a great experience—good fun, some of them called it. Anyhow, it was all over now and they were going back to God's country. What had they thought of Europe—of France? Oh, France was all right; they knew how to fight, those Frenchies; but—well, it wasn't the good old U. S. A. Paris? Yes, a pretty fine town; but all the buildings needed a good scrubbing. Now, New York!

The orderly who waited on our table, and who, in spite of jeers, continued to bring us with expressionless countenance huge platters of steamed, fried, baked and even cold goldfish, became very much interested in me when he heard I was in the diplomatic service. Once when I was late for breakfast and alone at the table, and after he had brought me a soup bowl of oatmeal that would have kept a husky soldier going for a week, he leaned comfortably on the back of the chair next me and looked me over intently.

"Say, doc, what's this diplomacy job like anyhow? They tell me you're in it."

I tackled the oatmeal; this seemed easier than trying to explain to my new friend the intricacies of diplomacy. However, he went on with his questionnaire.

"I've got to look round for a new job when I get back home. Do you think I'd like it?"

"That depends upon you—your inclinations, your interests."

"There's good money in it, isn't there?"

This was easier to answer. I shook my head firmly.

"Then what are you in it for?"

Again he was becoming difficult. I tried a question of my own: "What made you think of the diplomatic service?"

"Oh, I've been round the Embassy a lot in Paris. Drove an automobile for one of the officials at the Crillon. Struck me those guys there were having a pretty good time of it—all dressed up and riding round in cars. Does the Government give you all those automobiles?"

Again I could answer definitely.

"You see, I had a good job before I left for the war. I was working in a big store on Fifth Avenue—silk department. Fifty dollars a week. Easy job, too, in a way. I got to know it pretty well. Why, just by running my hands over silk I could tell you whether it was any good or not! That takes lots of practice; it's all in the feel of the stuff against your skin. They couldn't put any rotten quality over on me. I got to be a regular silk shark."

"Can't you have that job back when you return?"

His face clouded.

"No, I can't. I know that without trying for it. The war's ruined my hands. Just look at them! They're all horny and like sandpaper. I could rub them over anything all day long and not know if I was feeling silk or galvanized iron. That's the reason I'm looking round for a new job. Say, how do you get in this diplomatic business anyhow?"

There were several other soldiers who wanted to know

something about the diplomatic service; and one had even gone so far as to go to the Hotel Crillon a few months before when an examination had been held there for those who wanted to enter the service—this was held in Paris, as practically half the State Department was there at the time and so many young men had expressed a desire to take the examinations before returning home—but he had been frightened off by the number of applicants and the rumor that had been circulated that it was not a paying job. Almost all those I talked with appeared to be looking about for something to do quite different from what they had done previous to going into the war; and the peculiar part of their attitude was that, though few of them seemed particularly pleased or interested in what they had seen of Europe, they looked upon any work that would take them back there as being more exciting and adventurous than returning to old jobs in home towns. I began to wonder if the war germ was not going to depopulate certain American districts.

I thought a group of twenty or more war nurses—in all I don't think there were more than fifty women among the seven thousand men on board—would offer interesting impressions of European experience; but after talking to several of them I found their experience had been strangely limited. Most of them had come from the Middle West, had made a profession of nursing before entering war work, had been assembled in New York, sent on a transport to Bordeaux, from there to small French towns where they had immediately gone to work in American hospitals, nursed American soldiers, were directed by an American staff, had eaten only American tinned food, and after six or eight months had been sent on American trains to Brest, where they were put on an American transport and sent back to America.

"How can we say what our impressions of France are?"

one explained. "We have seen nothing of it except a gray, dismal view of country from hospital windows. I don't think I spoke to a Frenchman the whole time I was there; and little good it would have done me, as I do not know one word of French! So far as European experience goes, I might just as well have been spending all that time in a concentration camp in Georgia or Tennessee."

Another group of women on board was made up of French brides who had married American soldiers and were on their way for the first time to what their husbands described to them as God's country. Some of them spoke a little English: most of them not a word. One of them, a girl of eighteen, appeared to be having a rather dreary time of it, as her husband, quite indifferent to the necessity of teaching her his language or attempting to learn hers, left her most of the time to get along as best she could with those who spoke French.

"What am I going to do when I arrive in America?" she asked anxiously. "They tell me no one there speaks French. Is that true? My husband says no one in his family knows anything but English. I am almost afraid to arrive there. What is it going to be like?" She glanced about the deck and it was easy to see the bewilderment in her eyes. "They tell me this is a good preparation for me—this boat." She shuddered slightly. "But somehow I can't get used to the noise and confusion. I thought France was in a disorganized state, but it was peace compared to this. Is New York going to be this way too?" Another shudder. "*Quel peuple!*"

I tried to encourage her with a glowing description of New York—at least as approached from the harbor—and told her that it was one of the most gorgeous sights in the world. Its internal aspects I thought best to leave for her to pass upon. We happened to be standing near each other as the boat entered New York Bay. Unfortunately

the day was misty and cold; a heavy fog completely obliterated everything; and when about dusk we neared the dock at Hoboken there was absolutely nothing to be seen. We might as well have been looking through heavily smoked glasses.

She turned to me with reproachful eyes and said, "You told me the entrance to New York was going to be one of the most wonderful things I had ever seen. I see nothing —absolutely nothing!"

Then, quite suddenly, out of a dull sky appeared huge burning letters, apparently hung far up in the heavens like a constellation—an advertisement for pills. It was all we could offer her that evening of the beauties of New York.

After six consecutive years of tranquil life in Rome—I say tranquil, because even with the excitement of war and the constant grind at the Embassy the penetrating peacefulness of the place was always felt—New York struck me as the most amazing city I had ever been in. The noise, the vibration, the rush of transportation under, on and above the ground; the stimulating climate that made me put off going to bed for fear I'd miss something; the energetic, vital, efficient appearance of every one; the well-dressed crowds; the rather bewildering hotels that towered up and lost themselves in the skies; the overheated rooms, sweating pitchers of ice water and elevators that shot you up and dropped you down; the magnificence of Fifth Avenue; the congestion of Forty-second Street, especially at the theater hour; the thousands of restaurants; the eager faces of people who looked as if they had the best the world afforded; the rush, rush, rush of everyone and everything made an overwhelming impression.

I felt that I had suddenly been projected into an entirely new world. Of course I had; and the more my

thoughts shifted back to Europe the sharper the comparison became. There every one was worn out, exhausted and depressed; here was an astounding virility, not only of man but of Nature, which would surely make its impress upon the whole world. Nothing could possibly stop such tremendous momentum. It was not only bewildering, it was staggering; and for some reason it created a feeling of fear. I felt that I had been thrown into some mammoth machine, and that if I did not quickly get into the swing of it I should be completely annihilated. As a matter of fact, I did come within an ace of being annihilated; for as I was walking casually along a street a man came rushing towards me with a red flag and yelled at me to go back at once, that that street was going to be blown up in another second.

I wandered about the streets that first night like a most exemplary hayseed. In fact, that was exactly what I was, for hadn't I just arrived from Europe, from Rome? No wonder reports of our effort had bewildered the foreign world! No wonder Germany had given up the struggle when she learned of what we could do and were doing! No wonder the sums of money raised by us staggered foreigners when—as many of them confessed—there were so many noughts following the figures that they didn't know what the amounts were! No wonder they began to feel that the future destiny of the world rested with us! A few hours in New York made me feel that it could not be in more virile hands.

The brilliancy of Broadway lights made Rome and Paris seem like deserted villages; and so far as a population of a few millions went, there evidently had been some mistake in the census—there were evidently many times the number given. And if these were my impressions, what under the sun would be those of a foreigner who had arrived there for the first time? I couldn't help wondering

what the little French bride was thinking of us at that moment, and decided to look her up the next day.

The friendliness—more than that, the familiarity—of every one I came in contact with was a contrasting note. Equality was rampant. There seemed no time for courtesy: good fellowship had taken the place of such worn-out methods.

"Hurry up, old fellow, if you want to get off this car."

"Step lively!"

"Hey there, you can't cross this street before that red light changes to green! Now—run! Beat it for the other side!"

And in the shops there seemed no time for a useless good morning. It was just a rather peremptory: "What do you want? You'll find that on the twenty-fifth floor. The elevator is down that aisle to the right." Even in the restaurants there was that prevalent note of equality, with no distinction between the one being served and the one serving, unless you admitted that the latter had the advantage.

When I stopped before a wide plate-glass window and gazed spellbound at a man frying griddle cakes on an electrically heated steel slab, the long dormant call of my native heath reached a crisis. No real American can resist the attraction of griddle cakes; it is absolutely irresistible. I pushed my way almost timidly through quickly revolving doors and found myself at once taken charge of by a fair-haired creature in spotless white uniform—she gave the appearance of just saving had a Russian bath, a facial massage, a Marcel wave and a brisk walk in invigorating air—who convinced me that I had at last found the most dazzling type of perfected womanhood. All the Helens of Troy, the Cleopatras and that fabulous race of Amazons had combined through the centuries to produce this amazing creature.

"Better hang your coat and hat over there—unless you want 'em pinched."

This was her greeting, spoken with the indifference of habit and with an impersonal note that was discouraging. She was the sort of person one longed to have take a personal interest in one; but, of course, she was too much occupied for that. By the time my hat and coat were safely located and I was back at the marble-topped table, she was ready to give me two seconds of complete attention—while I gave my order.

"I should like to have some of those cakes the man is cooking in the window."

"Wheat, buckwheat, rice or bran?"

"It really doesn't matter. All of them look delicious."

"Coffee?"

"Yes, please."

I heard an order called out in a clear, not exactly flute-like voice; then, in a moment it seemed, she was back again with three of the delicious prizes and the smallest jug of maple syrup I had ever seen, and an infinitesimal slab of butter. I looked at these small portions in dismay. Somehow they didn't suggest American generosity, and they were very far from satisfying an appetite that had been developing through six years.

"But can't I have more butter and syrup?"

The goddess frowned down at me with Olympian contempt.

"That's all's comin' to you."

Of course, I ought to have been crushed and put in my place—I should have been a week later, but at that moment I was fresh from Europe and had the courage of ignorance, and long-pent-up longings made me brave.

"Can't I possibly have more? I'm willing to pay for it."

Again the Olympian condescension, mixed now with a

slight curve of the lips that suggested, under more suitable circumstances, a delightful smile.

"Gee, your pa must be one of them munition makers!"

Suddenly she glanced at the clock and disappeared; and a few moments later I caught a last flashing vision of her as she went off duty, dashing out of the restaurant in a fur coat that reached up to her gleaming hair, which was almost hidden beneath the most alluring hat I've ever seen—to jump, I'm sure, into her own waiting limousine.

So this was America! Yes, there was no doubt about it, we were the coming people—no, we already were—of the world. No wonder the French bride had exclaimed "*Quel peuple!*" All of which may strike an American living steadily at home as only commonplace; but to one who had been away from it all so long, to one accustomed to being waited on by rather dowdy old men, and women who had never even dreamed of having their hair marceled; to eating in grubby cafés that had only the smoke of centuries for decoration, it was nothing short of stupendous.

Dining about with friends also offered new impressions. Conversation was vital and interesting. War effort had created new interests; every one seemed to have gone through experiences that were new and thrilling, even though these experiences had not carried them across the ocean; as a matter of fact, the recountal of what had gone on at home was more interesting to me than anything else, and in many ways it was all new to me. I never realized until I reached home how much I had missed in not reading American newspapers—we never received them at the Embassy until they were several weeks old, and it was almost impossible to read at that time news that was of the fortnight past.

Another thing that struck me forcibly, a thing that I do not believe exists in Europe, surely not on the Conti-

nent, was the far-reaching effect of public opinion. I was told many stories of war measures that were put through without even the passage of laws; mere public sentiment made them an obligation that people were ashamed not to observe. I can't imagine a European government saying it would be advisable for people not to use their motors on Sunday, as the supply of gasoline was running low; it would have issued orders to be enforced by strict penalties; but with us it appeared to be only an appeal to our sense of what was right and decent, and we evidently responded without a question. The saving of white flour appeared to have stimulated the housewife to find out what she could produce to take its place; the quantity of knitted things made by American women astounded the world; and a certain efficiency in tackling any job—no matter if it were quite beyond anything we had ever thought of—left no one daunted. All this was so strikingly different from anything I had seen in Europe. There everything had been done because it had to be done; with us each situation had been met with a youthful enthusiasm that made it, in a sense, fun.

Nothing in the world could have given me such a definite conception of our young, virile, unlimited strength as listening to the stories of what we had done during the war, of that patriotism which made the raising of amazing sums an easy matter, of that quick response which appeared to burst forth overnight. A striking example of the state of mind of some American men when they found they were actually going to war was shown in the story a friend told me of his own experience:

"You've seen enough of me to know that I detested the idea of going into a fight. I never felt the lure of adventure. I like a humdrum, regular existence in which I can go on steadily with my work. Besides, the horrors of war as reported to us by observers were not, to say the

least, stimulating. I knew I was in for something horrible, and still there was not the least moment of hesitation on my part or any idea of trying to get out of going. If I had seen a chance of avoiding service I am sure I should not have given it a minute's consideration. I had the feeling that I should have been disgraced forever if I hadn't gone; that I shouldn't have been able to look my friends in the face again. Besides"—and here he smiled—"I also knew that I should have missed something that I should always have regretted."

The tremendous enthusiasm of older men, those beyond the draft age, who had demanded some sort of a job, no matter what, was an interesting phase of Americanism, especially the case of one man who had bothered officials to death until they had permitted him to serve on a transport, where he spent his days scrubbing decks and washing down stairs—somewhat of a contrast to editing a daily paper.

All these stories made me feel more and more that, on account of having been in Europe during the war, I had missed a phase in the development of my own people that left me looking on and a bit out of things. They also convinced me that something existed on this side of the Atlantic that had disappeared on the other side—a great, overwhelming, irresistible enthusiasm that probably belongs only to new peoples. Recently, in discussing our great enthusiasm for anything new, I mentioned that Europe was inclined to think that we were not very profound in the way we took up and dismissed subjects, that we did not take the time to go to the bottom of one thing before we had rushed on to the next.

"Europe has time to go profoundly into things," was the retort. "A Frenchman will spend half his life preparing a thesis on some abstruse subject that will give him a certain prestige but a very scant living. But we Ameri-

cans, due to our climate and the national determination to make a good living, have to push on and on and gather what we can by the way. How can you expect us to be profound when we have some sort of an intellectual crisis every week? Take the past few months, for example. We have had three crusades right here in New York—Clemenceau, Cécile Sorel and Coué—all as widely separated as could well be imagined."

The theaters, with their extraordinarily well-planned, painted and lighted scenes, were a striking contrast to the best theater in Italy. The Jest, which was a yearly favorite in Rome, even during the war, was presented scenically in New York in a manner never dreamed of on its native soil. And as for musical comedies and revues, I was inspired with a great longing to see a Latin audience at one of those Midnight Frolics that are surely the last word in artistic production combined with horseplay. You can't imagine how stimulating Whose Baby Are You? was after six consecutive years of O Sole Mio. No wonder our jazz music sweeps over the world like an epidemic. There is nothing else that expresses so perfectly our pep.

Before leaving New York I looked up the war bride. I had to know what she was thinking of this New World her soldier husband had brought her into. Her eyes looked suspiciously red, and there was an expression in them that suggested she didn't know exactly where she was.

"It is terrible, terrible, monsieur! I am so frightened all the time. I went out on the street alone this morning. How is it that every one is not killed? Everything goes so fast. I was pushed this way and that. And such crowds of people! Somehow they make me feel shabby. They look so *soigné*, so carefully dressed, so rich—all of them. And the shop windows! The spoils of the world seem to be gathered there and shown to the crowds. I

always thought the Rue de la Paix was the most wonderful place in the world. It is nothing to your Fifth Avenue, and there seems to be no end to it. Does it run straight across America?"

"And the hotel? Are you comfortable there?"

"Comfortable! Oh, là là! I am frightened there too. It seems to be completely charged with electricity. I turn on the water in the bathroom and I get an electric shock; I touch the door knob and it crackles; I try to brush my hair and it pops like fireworks. And it is quite impossible to cool the room. I open every window, and yet the walls remain so hot that fresh air makes no difference. The food—oh, I shall never get used to that! To-day at luncheon they brought me a large round plate with little divisions all along the sides. There was a large piece of beef steak in the center, and arranged all round it in separate little compartments were all the vegetables I had ever seen. It was enough for many people—and all served at once. Don't you ever have courses in America?"

"And the people?"

"I don't know. They are not still long enough for me to know if I like them or not. They seem to have two or three things to do at the same time. In France people stroll; here they run. Why, do you know, monsieur, I have yet to see a man stop and look at me! In France they did that every time I went out. We leave to-night. Three days and three nights on a train! That ought to take us to the other side of the world, don't you think? I have never been on a train over eight hours. But three days and three nights—to go to Texas! What will that be like? New York, too, you think?"

When I made the trip to Washington I could not help thinking of her again. The immensity of the station—planned on exact dimensions taken from the church of Santa Maria degli Angeli in Rome—where one went down

and down into the bowels of the earth and finally reached a sleeping car where forty-seven other people were undressing and going to bed in an intimacy that made European sleeping cars seem the last word in privacy; the familiar efficiency of negro porters; the nerve-destroying jar that announced the departure of the train; the rush under a wide river; the dash through endless towns; the deafening roar of whistles that sounded like the noise of a supergreat Bertha; the jumps across deep chasms; the terrific shriek of air brakes and stops that threw one out of bed; and finally the mad rush to dress and get out of the car before it was shunted off into the mazes of distant yards!

Washington at first offered a short respite. At least there were trees there; and there was something in the air, besides the balmy breezes of warmer climate, that suggested breathing more slowly. The great whirling machine of New York was left behind.

When I once more found myself in the Department of State and thought of that time, long, long ago, when the dismal building had made such a lasting impression on me, I could hardly realize that ten years had raced by; years so filled with tremendous changes, in me as well as in the world. Everything was peaceful then; the world was a safe place to live in; people traveled everywhere without even thinking of a passport; and now every imaginable complication existed. Embassies and legations had changed from quiet, pleasant places into institutions that in many ways resembled department stores. The upheaval, the tremendous transformation, had been complete. From pink-tea parties, perfunctory foreign-office visits, court functions and small amount of routine work diplomacy had jumped into currents that called for all one's time and all one's best efforts. Yet in spite of all these changes, and a greatly increased staff, the State Depart-

ment maintained much of its familiar aspect. War had spread over the world, whole countries had been devastated, new theories had been sown broadcast, and at that moment the powers of the earth were sitting in Paris to settle a seemingly hopeless tangle; but the State Department went on its steady, quiet way. Its immutability was encouraging; it gave one a feeling of security that no pronouncement of premiers could possibly have done. You couldn't help feeling that it would be there when everything else had disappeared; there with all its endless files of correspondence docketed, pigeonholed, filed, indexed, cross-indexed and laid away.

The Shah of Persia still hung in the same spot on the wall of the reception room; the same old negro still sat outside the door of the Secretary's office—though the Secretary was far away in Paris—with his elastic smile always ready to contract and expand according to one's importance; the same uniformed wax figures still inhabited the corridor in front of the Secretary of War's office; and the same old gentleman in the Bureau of Accounts—that Waterloo of every one in the diplomatic service—welcomed one with a reassuring smile that seemed to say, and yet never did: "Your account has been audited and found perfectly satisfactory to both the Department of State and the Treasury."

The question of keeping one's accounts straight appears to be one of the most bewildering parts of the diplomatic service. Why, no one seems to be able to explain. The system would appear simple enough. We draw a draft each month—drafts issued by the State Department—on the Secretary of State, payable fifteen days after sight, which is cashed by any bank in large capitals; and at the end of each quarter an account is rendered showing when and where the drafts were cashed. This is sent to the Department, where it is audited by the Bureau of

Accounts, and if found correct is forwarded to the Treasury for further auditing. Then it is returned to us through the Department with a statement saying it is correct—or incorrect, and asking for explanations.

The salary account usually gets by safely unless there has been the complication of the secretary having been chargé d'affaires and thus being instructed to draw a salary that amounts to half that drawn by the ambassador or minister—which usually ends in fatal misunderstandings on all sides. Other complications invariably arise over travel and post-allowance accounts; though these allowances, granted only during the past years, have been such a boon that we have no right to complain.

When I first went into the service I had to pay my traveling expenses; and now to be allowed the traveling expenses of myself and my family, as well as the transportation of household goods, seems too good to be true, though this has been done in the foreign service of other countries for years; and added to this is a post allowance, which during the war was generous enough to help us make ends meet; but which has been so diminished since the world has returned to a so-called peace footing—though peace appears to have brought a still greater increase in living expenses throughout the world—that it has become negligible.

It was in regard to my post-allowance account that I finally mustered up courage enough while in Washington to look in on the Bureau of Accounts.

"I thought I'd see that my account is correct before leaving for the other end of the earth," I began pleasantly. "I sent in a statement before leaving Rome."

The chief of this bewildering department of government affairs smiled pleasantly, said he was sure the account was all right, but that he would take a look at it to be sure; and then, after running over an index system

that made one dizzy just to look at, he took out a *dossier* with my name on it, picked up a small sheet of paper and then—still most pleasantly—informed me that it appeared that my account was overdrawn two thousand dollars. This is the sort of shock, every one will admit, that takes all the joy out of living.

"But perhaps," he continued, "you can explain this away."

"I'll do my best to," I replied. "On which account does it show?"

We sat down at a desk and began looking over the incriminating sheets of paper—all signed by me.

"Ah, here it is!" he exclaimed at last. "During the war you were allowed two thousand dollars a year to meet unusual living expenses. The first two years you drew this correctly; the last two you have drawn incorrectly—that is to say, you have drawn three thousand instead of two."

"But aren't we allowed fifty per cent extra when married?"

"Yes."

I drew in a great breath of relief.

"Then that's it! You see, I got married during the war."

But this was not nearly the end of the difficulties. When I came to make out my account for travel expenses I almost reached the conclusion that it would be much easier to pay them myself than go through the endless system of accounting for every penny I had spent, especially as each item must be accompanied by a voucher. If I had left Rome to go to Chile with the intention of making out and having signed a voucher for every tip I had given porters, waiters, cab drivers, and the like, I am perfectly sure I should never have reached there.

Having obtained permission to spend two months at

home before going to South America, I started off on a trip of two days and two nights; and again a phase of American life that does not exist in Europe struck me with particular force. I mean that gathering place for all men on the train, the smoking room. Here, while some were bathing and dressing and shaving and brushing their teeth and those who had finished had found seats and were filling the ten-foot space with clouds of smoke, the very general and very personal conversation went on continually. If the subject under discussion interested the man who was shaving he would stop, a razor held in one hand, a brush dripping suds in the other, to give forth his opinion; and a fat traveling salesman in undershirt and trousers delayed his dressing half an hour to recount how he had made a fortune selling indestructible trousers.

"A dime back for every button that comes off, a quarter for every seam that splits. I'm putting on a pair right now. You can see 'em for yourself."

And a quiet little fellow, encouraged by the friendly and sympathetic atmosphere, finally came forth with a long philosophical discussion on the necessity of screwing up courage enough to leave a job that wasn't paying well to find one that would.

"Take me, for instance. I spent thirty years working in a printer's office—setting type and making only thirty dollars a week. I had done it so long it never entered my head I could do anything else. I might still have been thinking that way if a fellow hadn't come along and asked me if I didn't want to go on the road selling calendars. He said I could make a hundred dollars a week doing that. It sounded good, but I was afraid to give up a certainty for an uncertainty that sounded too good. But you know that fellow finally talked me into it, and the end of the next week I just got up and walked out of that old job and took on the new one. I didn't make a

hundred dollars the first week, nor the week after that; but I am making it now—got my own little factory and do my own selling. It's all a matter of finding out what you can do. Anybody can make a first-class living if he's got pluck enough to keep his eyes open and jump at the right time."

When I had spent half a day listening to the various ways in which these fellow travelers made their living, the one who sold indestructible trousers turned to me and looked me over rather suspiciously. I think my continued silence, attentive interest and, most of all, my withheld declaration of the way in which I made a living had puzzled him a bit.

"And what's your job, my friend?" he finally asked me.

I told him I was in the diplomatic service. He scratched his head for a few moments.

"You mean you are one of those consul fellows that live in foreign countries?"

"Something like that. I am secretary of an embassy."

He continued scratching his head, and it was easy to see that his suspicions were increasing. Whether he thought I was lying or just trying to put something over on him, I never knew. However, he was ready to be informed.

"What sort of a job is that?"

I attempted a short explanation—the most difficult I have ever tried—which plainly bored him. In the middle of it he yawned and stood up.

"Much money in it?"

"Three thousand dollars."

This brought a gleam of real admiration.

"A month?"

"A year."

"Gosh, if I couldn't make more than that I'd think something was the matter with me!" he replied.

Just such incidents as these kept me continually thinking of the ambition that every American I talked to had apparently given himself over to—the making of as much money as he could. The burning question seemed to be, how much does that sort of a job pay? The work itself, its interests, its opportunities for seeing the world and all sorts of people, the chances it afforded to study world conditions and the policies arising from them, and the stimulating idea of serving one's own country meant nothing to the majority.

I do not mean to decry the man who makes up his mind that he is going to make his special talent and energy pay him the utmost; but at times I did feel that I'd like to argue the question from another point of view and stress the point that a congenial profession that paid a living was a more satisfactory way of spending one's life than one that produced a fortune but left an utterly exhausted man to enjoy it. However, such arguments are usually futile; it is all so entirely a matter of personal inclination; though I must say that one of the most striking impressions I received from my own people during those few months I spent among them was the fact that hardly any of the men I talked to had either the time or the inclination to take even a glance at anything that did not pertain directly to their money-making professions. Even England, which is called a nation of shopkeepers, gives its young men an education that at least opens their minds to some appreciation of cultural interests; and the Continental man is constantly reading and enjoying subjects that the average American would dub tommyrot; but at home it was my experience that if I didn't discuss business, local politics and purely national problems, I would soon be considered a bore and left entirely out of the conversation.

I had hardly got home—at least it seemed that way to

me—when I received orders to go immediately back to Rome. This is another phase of diplomatic life—you think you have burned your bridges in a certain place and without any warning you are sent back to build them up again. I had regretted leaving Rome; and in a way I regretted having to return there, a regret that became almost poignant when I was back there again: for, from being the most popular embassy, we suddenly sank—after the Peace Conference had got into full swing—to a situation that resembled, though in a much more exaggerated degree, the days of our neutrality. Italy was not getting what she had thought were her just dues—what country was, for that matter?—and the burden of her disappointment was laid at our door. None of us was any longer *persona grata;* we were considered unfriendly and unsympathetic to her ambitions; our President was thought to be the granite wall that separated her from her national aims.

When the second order to go to Chile came I welcomed it with real relief; that long yellow line on the west coast of South America had held considerable interest for me for a whole year; I was really quite enthusiastic over getting down there and finding out what it was like.

At the station my friends said my farewells were like Mme. Patti's, so they were not going to feel that this was a final separation; but just to be sure that some day I would go back there, I gave Francesco a penny to throw into the Trevi fountain, which he forgot to do, I'm sure, for I have never been there since.

IX

SOUTH OF PANAMA

ONE of the most stimulating phases of the diplomatic service is the necessity of preparing for arrival in a country which, up to the time of assignment there, has probably existed in one's mind only as a certain colored space on a map. Especially interesting is this preparation when the history of that country, the adventurous tales of its discovery, its settlement, its political development and its relations with our own country unfold a story which has all the novelty of something absolutely new. I spent a fortnight in the State Department cramming on Chile, and felt, when the time came to sail, that I was on the verge of real discovery. When I told my friends I was going there most of them looked rather bored and asked vague questions about how one got there and what my ultimate destination was. They not only knew nothing about my future post but they didn't seem to care to know.

"If I wanted to go to a new country," one of them said, "I'd travel about the United States."

It is amazing how little any of us know about South America.

The difference in the aspect of a steamer on its way to Europe and one bound for South America was the first thing that struck me. There was none of that carefree, happy, relaxed feeling that is so evident on the faces of Americans off for several months in Europe. No one snuggles down in a comfortable steamer chair, pulls a rug about him and picks up a book over the top of which

he gazes dreamily at the dipping horizon; there is no group of young girls, fresh from school and rather severely dominated by a courier-chaperone; there are no conspicuous financiers with de-luxe suites, no actresses whose photographs are taken just as they mount the gangplank, no smart dressmakers on their way to Paris to fetch back the latest creations, no singer who has been receiving fabulous sums for singing before New York audiences. None of these picturesque and diverting personalities are present.

Before the first day was got through I had reached the conclusion that no one on the boat was making the trip for pleasure. All of them appeared too intense, too preoccupied, too somehow businesslike to be merely on pleasure bent. All of which was rather depressing, for, even though one is making a trip for a special purpose himself, it is pleasant to find others aboard who are doing it solely for recreation; they give a certain element of loafing to a sea trip that is indispensable to make it perfect.

The conversations floating about the dining room made me realize at once that I was in an atmosphere entirely different from that of Europe. People were discussing things I knew nothing about. Nitrate, copper and coffee were the popular subjects. If the war was touched on—which was quite rarely—it was only for the purpose of showing its effect upon the nitrate market. I began to feel somewhat like Henry Adams when he went to the World's Fair at Chicago. I had come straight from the land of the Madonna and was sailing rapidly into the country of the dynamo.

A few days out I began to place my fellow passengers, not by their names but by the American products they were selling or going to introduce on South American markets. The man beside me at the table was represent-

ing a harvesting machine that was going to save the Argentine millions in the gathering of crops; another went into long explanations of how keen South Americans had become over self-winding watches. On his former trip he had sold ten thousand; or was it ten million? Another grew eloquent over awakening Latin consciousness to the importance of wearing that world-famous one-piece garment invented by the company he represented; and a fat, comfortable-looking old gentleman with yards of heavy gold watch chain draped over him beamed happily over the prospect of placing in every self-respecting South American family one of his incomparable refrigerators.

"They say they don't use 'em down there. Can you beat that? Now, I'd just like somebody to tell me how they keep butter and milk and fish and meat fresh enough to eat!" And when some one from the benighted land mildly explained that they didn't try to keep their food—they ate it while it was fresh, the old gentleman exclaimed, "Who ever heard of eating fresh food?"

This brought forth another quiet comment from the Latin-American, who suggested that perhaps after the producer of refrigerators had traveled beyond the immediate radius of New York he would find a number of people who actually preferred fresh food to that which had been kept on ice several years.

The ladies on board were either accompanying their husbands or going out to meet them, and most of them had several children with them. To some the trip was a many-times-told tale, to others it was a new experience; and yet, strangely enough—at least it seemed strange to me at that time—none of them appeared to be looking forward with any special pleasure to the end of the journey. Those who knew through experience what they had to expect were oddly lacking in either praise or criticism of

the country in which they had resided. The almost invariable impression I got from them was that they were looking forward only to the moment when their husbands had fulfilled a contract which necessitated three years' residence in South America—it seems that all engineers must sign a contract to remain a certain time—and had made enough to return home and live comfortably. Not one of them expressed any love for South America.

This almost unanimous opinion on the part of fellow passengers was a bit disconcerting. None of them seemed to look towards that land south of Panama with any feeling for the romance, the beauty which I felt it must surely offer. Of course, I had to admit that I was going there knowing practically nothing about it; but at least I was going with an open mind and with the expectation of finding the experience interesting.

The first six days of the voyage were uneventful. Distant, rocky, barren bits of land appeared now and then out of a colorless sea—Cuba, Haiti, Salvador. Then a mild interest began to be shown when it was announced that the following day we would land at Colon; but, mind you, none of that enthusiasm and planning of excursions that is so much in evidence on boats approaching Europe. The fact that we were on the point of seeing and passing through one of the most extraordinary feats of construction ever accomplished in the world apparently created no special excitement.

I began to resent this wholly indifferent attitude on the part of my countrymen. If those who had passed through the Canal did not look upon it as a thrilling experience, what was the matter with them or with it? But in a way, after it was a past experience, I began to understand why so little enthusiasm was expressed for this wonderful achievement. The passage through the Canal was so simple, one saw so little of the mechanism, the underlying

machinery which opened and closed the locks, let in the water, lifted the huge steamer; one saw so few people about—as a matter of fact, the few men who stood on either side of the locks appeared to have nothing to do with what was taking place; even the directing engineer in the observation tower made no sounds and gave no audible orders; everything was done so automatically, so perfectly, so quietly that I had the feeling all the time that it actually amounted to nothing. It was rather like watching an acrobat do a stunt which years of practice had made so perfect that it no longer appeared marvelous.

Colon, with its remnants of De Lesseps' days, its quaint old houses built by the French and still standing in groves of palms and flaming tropical plants, its flights of screaming parrots, its strange assembly of shops filled with merchandise from the Far and Near East, its very modern hotel where one dines in the light of shaded candles and looks out upon the tranquil Caribbean Sea, its picturesque office buildings representing every shipping line in the world, its battered and gleaming boats that stop there for a long breath before going on to unheard-of-places—there in Colon I got my first glimpse of the exotic life I was expecting to find south of Panama.

The only South American family on the boat was composed of father and mother and six daughters. The old gentleman was something of a grand seigneur, tall, thin, quite well dressed and rather a martinet, with all the hallmarks of being used to the best the world afforded. In a way he suggested—not in appearance, for he was quite dark, sallow and with burning black eyes—the domineering type of the English paterfamilias. His wife was purely Latin—South American Latin—rather fat, very smartly dressed, with magnificent jewels which she wore at all hours of the day, and made up in a way that gave

her the appearance of being exactly the age of her daughters.

The daughters were in a class by themselves: a description of them is somewhat baffling. They spoke English and French as perfectly as they did Spanish: they had traveled a great deal and had a smattering knowledge of superficial things; they were well-bred in an indifferent, cold way, and showed a rather harsh attitude towards life that robbed them of the freshness and enthusiasms of youth. The only thing that seemed to arouse any spark of interest in them was when they described their recent visit to the United States. The freedom of American girls—North American, they were careful to say—was a new experience to them. They had visited friends in Washington and had had the unheard-of adventure of going out alone with men in motors, to the movies and to dances, always unchaperoned.

Their mother listened to their stories with disapproving shakes of the head. She said the United States had ruined them. What was she going to do with them when they got back to their home in Chile, where there was nothing for them to do but stroll once a week in the plaza when the band played, go to mass in the morning and receive their friends in the presence of the whole family? It was all well enough for North American girls to have so much freedom, but it was impossible to give Latin girls the same—at least in their own country. Latin men and North American men were so different. A young girl could be trusted alone with the latter; with the former—never! Not that she entirely approved of North American girls, this young-looking mother admitted. They appeared to her at times wanting in respect to their elders; and were they not a bit difficult to manage? On the whole, she was inclined to believe a South American girl would make a better wife and surely a more peaceful

home for her husband. At least she was not brought up with the idea that she could do anything that popped into her head.

It was amusing to hear this family discuss us, and they were courteous enough to put their more caustic criticisms in the form of questions—all of them except the old gentleman. Stretched in a steamer chair, with his querulous, shining eyes taking in everything, he very frankly admitted that he heartily disapproved of all our much-advertised customs and much-vaunted democracy. His family had come down from the days of the Spanish conquistadors, they had always had slaves, they had lived without making an effort, they had dominated the lower classes and made them work—and both, his class and the others, had been happier for it. He was a royalist, a feudalist and a despot—and he looked the part.

His obsession, as we neared Peru, was to explain to me in detail the real object and result of what he called the war of the Pacific. He almost had a stroke of apoplexy when I asked him if he were going to spend the day in Lima.

"Put my foot on that accursed land? Never!"

"But you aren't at war now."

"In our hearts we are."

Then followed another long recountal of the Tacna-Arica affair, and an explanation—entirely from a Chilean point of view—of the famous Treaty of Ancon; all of which was most useful to a diplomat going to a country where this question had been the important one for so many years.

A day in Lima left fleeting impressions quite contrary to expectations. I seem to remember a swarm of Fords rushing at death speed up and down narrow asphalted streets; policemen of small stature and dark faces standing at corners and holding up the palms of their hands

to denote the stop and go of traffic regulations—which no one appeared to observe, as the motors continued their fatal speed in whatever direction they wished; arcaded streets where vivid-colored stuffs were hung out for sale; a palm-bordered plaza; an uninteresting cathedral with the dried body of Pizarro, which supplied an irresistible attraction to all visitors; dusky women rendered more dusky by the application of several layers of powder—which they didn't need at all, as the natural pallor which came from fear as they clutched the sides of the flivver that was hurling them straight into eternity was whiter than any powder; and the strong scent of Spanish cigarettes—an unforgettable odor. Where were all the romance, the voices of the past, the evidences of Spanish days and Inca wonders?

But wait! I was almost on the point of wronging Lima. There was one moment, one fleeting vision, that made up for all the bitter disappointment. I don't think it was due to my imagination, though it was so quickly gone that it seems so now. In a victoria drawn by two handsome horses, the hood raised, a woman passed. Far back in the protecting shadows her face shone, pale, passionate, gentle, very sweet, very—somehow—fragrant. A white lace mantilla was draped over her black hair and high comb with infinite grace; a flaming hibiscus drooped over one ear; a fan was held so that the face rose above it very much as though it were some fantastic creation of head alone; and in her eyes was something I had expected of Lima—they held the quintessence of romance.

The coast of Chile rose abruptly out of a colorless sea, strangely bare and forsaken and very grim. The Humboldt current has made this west coast of the continent as barren and dull as the Gulf Stream has made the other side tropically verdant. Towns, built almost exclusively of galvanized iron, appeared now and then on

the seemingly endless coast line, as dreary as the precipitous mountains that towered behind them. And the climate gradually changed from the oppressive heat of the equator to a mild and then a searchingly chilly atmosphere. It was almost impossible to believe that we were going steadily towards the south; the brisk, stimulating air suggested only northern climes.

Nitrate became more and more the god of the world; people discussed nothing else; every tramp steamer appeared loaded with it; every port at which we stopped was congested with it; and every one delighted in repeating the story of how the Scotchman accidentally discovered it in finding that his fruit trees grew to extraordinary proportions when fertilized with it. This favorite topic was sometimes varied with other stories of the wonders of Chile and what it had given the world. Did I know that potatoes were first found there? Parmentier had discovered them and taken them back to France with him, though the French had refused to eat them until Louis XV had them served in soup at one of his court dinners. And was I aware of the fact that the cocktail had been invented by a Chilean?—a story I was very much inclined to doubt until, the first day of my arrival in Santiago, I was taken to the club and invited and expected to drink ten of these so-called national concoctions before luncheon. Even if the Chileans did not invent the cocktail, they are past masters in the art of consuming them. By the time Valparaiso rose gracefully from the sea—its gentle, vine-clad hills suggesting the aspect of Naples, though without its color—I was prepared to land in a country every bit as fabulous as had been painted by those first Spanish adventurers.

I had telegraphed ahead to the Consul at Valparaiso and asked him to be good enough to meet me and get me started on the five-hour journey to Santiago. Fortu-

nately he responded, for leaving the boat far out in the harbor and climbing down into a small launch, trying to have trunks and bags come along at the same time, and being besieged and pulled about by natives whose language it was impossible to understand, made the landing somewhat difficult. But once ashore, the modern side of Chile became immediately apparent. There were rather handsome buildings and a somewhat spick-and-span look to everything. The trip up to Santiago—in an American Pullman car—gave charming vistas of fertile fields, poplar-bordered roads, luxuriant farms and the most amazing background of mountains I had ever seen; and Santiago itself, reached at night, gave me the impression of being the most brilliantly lighted place in the world, though it appeared at first glance to be suffering from the same nerve-racking epidemic of recklessly driven Fords as Lima.

I was fortunate—at least from the point of view of studying South American politics—in arriving in Chile during a presidential election. Even before landing I had found out that nothing else in the world mattered—and wouldn't—until this very serious contest had been settled. Fortunately this upheaval comes only every six years. I hardly dare think what the nervous systems of the inhabitants would be if the momentous event occurred oftener. Business, amusements, ordinary life are apparently laid aside or become absorbed in the burning topic. On the steamer two insistently repeated names impressed themselves on my mind—Barros Borgoño and Alessandri. They sounded out above everything; in the train they were roared out like a tornado; and in Santiago you could hear them in spite of dashing flivvers.

My first entrance into these discussions took place the night of my arrival. I had just begun dinner when a burst of rather terrifying yells came from the street. I

could make out only two words—"Viva Arturo!" My waiter paused to listen, holding a plate in midair at a dangerous angle. His face, a stolid Indian type, which had been absolutely blank up to this moment, suddenly lit up as with an inner fire. With the plate still held at a fatal angle, he made a gesture of silent cheering. It was very plain that the noise without had struck a responsive chord in him.

"What is it?" I asked, curious to know if my first night in South America was to be spent in the very center of a revolution. The cheering had a very threatening, ominous sound.

The waiter's eyes rolled in rapt gaze towards the window.

"They are cheering for Arturo."

"Yes; but who is Arturo?"

He looked at me in bewilderment.

"Who is Arturo? Arturo Alessandri!"

"Oh, one of the presidential candidates."

"The candidate," he corrected me.

"Then you are sure of his election?"

For a moment an ugly expression flashed into his eyes; then he answered with dramatic simplicity, "He is the choice of the people."

"Why? Tell me about him. I have just arrived. I know nothing."

He finally placed the plate on the table—to my great relief, for it a held a delicious salad of alligator pears—and looked down at me with a strangely brutal, primitive expression. He must have been of undiluted Araucanian ancestry.

"For a hundred years no one has done anything for us. Arturo has promised us that he will see that we have our rights. He says that this country will no longer be run for the rich, who have crushed us down under their

feet until we are starving. He says he is going to run it for us—for the poor."

On and on he went with an amazing story of what this wonderful Arturo had promised, combined with an explanation of undefined hopes of creating a leisure class from the ranks of the laboring masses. He cited numerous instances to illustrate his arguments. Had I noticed the head waiter? He was so sure of Arturo's election that he had already given notice to the hotel that he would not work after his election.

"But why not? Every one has to work to make a living."

"He says he won't—that none of the poor will. This country owes them a living. The rich will have to work —yes—because they have never done it. But the poor—no. This is to be our time."

"And you—aren't you going to work either?"

"If they pay me what I ask—yes: but just as it pleases me. You have come at the right moment, señor. There are going to be great events in the next few weeks. The whole place is going to be turned upside down."

This, any one will admit, was rather alarming news to hear on the first night of my arrival. It was bad enough to have left New York at the beginning of spring and, within three weeks, reach a country that was approaching winter; a country in which, as a singer explained, if one wished to be understood one had to sing, "Oh, that we two were Novembering." That was upside down enough to start with; but to be told that a governmental and social régime was on the verge of complete annihilation made all the stories I had heard of South American revolutions too real to be amusing. And these first disconcerting impressions were only intensified when, a few hours later—while I was standing at an open window gazing spellbound at the sweeping line of twelve-thousand-

foot snow-capped Andes—the whole building rocked from its foundations, swayed to and fro, seemingly shook hands with houses across the street and finally settled back in its original place. I had been through earthquakes in Italy; but they now appeared like child's play compared with this convulsion of Nature. The waiter had said the whole place was going to be turned upside down; but I had no idea he was such a reliable Cassandra. War-stricken Europe suddenly appeared the most tranquil and peaceful spot in the world. Why had I ever been lured away from it?

The Embassy in Santiago—a house rented by the Ambassador—was imposing enough for any European capital. In fact it was handsomer than any I had seen in more important places. White columns, broad terrace and steps and a garden filled with palms and tropical plants made it attractive as an exterior; and the interior, with spacious rooms and a large chancery, made it practical for work as well as entertaining. We all felt it was most unfortunate that it could not be bought, especially as at the time I arrived in Santiago our Congress had just passed a bill appropriating one hundred and thirty thousand dollars for the purchase of an embassy there—one of those inexplicable gestures sometimes made by our Government. An appropriation of one hundred and thirty thousand dollars for an embassy in Chile when we were still homeless in London and Paris! And again, as so often happens, when the sum was finally appropriated the house decided upon had already been sold.

Witness the recent complication in Paris, where a house was found that was admirably suited in every way for our embassy and which, when Congress finally made up its mind to vote the necessary three hundred thousand for the purchase, was found to have changed hands and was no longer on the market. At any rate, the news that we

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had such an amount with which to buy an embassy brought every one in the whole of Chile to us with plans and photographs and demands to come and look his place over. One even went so far as to suggest that the Embassy be moved to Valparaiso, where he had for sale a sumptuous villa overlooking the sea. In a way this appropriation offered an exceptional opportunity to see what houses in Chile were like and how people lived in them, for almost every day after luncheon the Ambassador and I would start out on tours of inspection.

Some of the places offered for sale were quite wonderful, in more ways than one; one was a building of a hundred and forty rooms arranged in suites with patios between—all on one floor. You can imagine the amount of ground it covered. One was a sort of reproduction—though on a larger scale, I'm sure—of the Alhambra. One, after having been entirely surrounded by galleries of stained glass—red predominating—was further enhanced by a garden which included a reproduction of the Blue Grotto, something like Mammoth Cave and Lake Como. And still another had a swimming pool of Moorish tiles, a tennis court on the roof and a large theater for amateur theatricals.

I have never seen or imagined anything like these houses, though many of them were extremely comfortable and livable, and possessed a good deal of the charm of old Spanish estates. Most of them were furnished with beautiful pieces of old furniture brought from Spain, which would have been a joy to a collector. When the Spanish note did not appear it was modern French taste, which apparently permeated the whole of Chilean life, as it does of all South America. There was hardly a family there that did not spend at least several months of each year in Paris. As one lady expressed it, "We remain here just long enough to gather together a sufficient amount of

money to go to Paris. That is the height of every Chilean's ambition."

And this predilection for everything French was shown in the dress of the women—at least in the afternoon and evening. In the morning they usually go to mass and always wear mantillas, as no woman is allowed in the churches with a hat. But in the afternoon at the races—and every living soul in Chile goes to the races—they blossom out in the very latest Paris styles, which they accept long before we do, though, as confessed to me by a French shopkeeper there, their purchases are confined to dresses and hats and never extend to the fine lingerie for which Paris is so celebrated. When asked why this was, he said, with a glance about to see that no Chilean customers were within hearing distance, "Because it can't be seen."

Making diplomatic calls in Santiago had much the same atmosphere as that of Europe, with some amusing differences. One of the difficult problems of housekeeping seemed to be to find any one to answer the doorbell. This was somewhat overcome by having a wire—very often it was a piece of string—attached to the front door and connecting with some remote interior department in such a way that the door could be opened, the reason for the call demanded and a reply be given without any one being seen. I often was told from dark interiors or from the top of stairs to leave my cards on a chair in the hall; and once, being greeted by a woman who was evidently doing the family washing, as her hands were covered with soapsuds, I was told to drop my cards in her apron.

The first official call was, as always, on the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and when the Ambassador told me a time had been appointed for this function he counseled me to put on the smartest clothes I had, and by all means a top hat, which is worn on every possible occasion. This came

as a surprise after Europe, where formal dressing had practically disappeared during the war; but then, of course, Chile had not entered the war—a fact which was always striking me, I must confess, somewhat unfavorably. To arrive in a country which was apparently so prosperous and so far removed from any signs of the world conflict I had been witnessing for the past four years created in me a feeling of resentment—a resentment that reached climax when I went to a review of the Chilean Army and could easily have imagined myself witnessing a review at Potsdam. But again I should have known what to expect; the Chilean Army had been trained, uniformed and outfitted by specially selected German officers, and its exaggerated interpretation of the famous goose step must have put its instructors to shame.

The Moneda—a handsome building of two stories with an immense courtyard—housed both the offices of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs and the residence of the President. Here I went to be presented to the Minister and to the President, the former a gentleman very much of the old school, who spoke English fluently—he had been minister only a few weeks, a long term, as cabinets change there frequently; the latter a very large, imposing-looking man, rather a more modern type, who came into the room wrapped up in a heavy overcoat, and very sensibly so, too, for there was no heat in the whole building and the temperature was just about at the freezing point.

This lack of heat in Chilean houses is one of the most trying problems one has to endure. For some unknown reason very few of the houses have any heating apparatus. They may have elevators to take you up one flight, elaborate bathrooms and extensive ballrooms, but rarely either fireplaces or furnaces. I suppose this is due to the fact that the original settlers thought they had arrived in a country similar to Spain, and never having lived in a

heated house, naturally knew nothing about them; but the climates of Spain and Chile are as different as those two countries are widely separated. Braziers burning charcoal, foot muffs of fur into which you slip your feet when sitting in the house, and overcoats that are worn more indoors than out seem to be enough to keep Chileans from dying of pneumonia, if not from actually freezing to death; but a foreigner is continually risking his life. The first dinner I went to almost ended my career in that distant—or any other—land. The temperature must have been below forty; there were two oil stoves in the hall—which was of marble and about the size of the Grand Central Station; and in the dining room, equally vast, there was a single brazier. In spite of this frigid atmosphere, ladies appeared in full—or scanty—evening dress, and apparently, up to the time of leaving, were still in robust health. I suppose it is possible to get used to anything; as the old adage says, "It will be the making of you if you live through it"; but I never got used to the bitterly cold houses of Santiago. I had the novel experience of talking to people with my teeth chattering, a thing I had read of but never believed really happened; and perhaps what made it even more poignant was the psychic suggestion that it was all so abnormal, being in those traditionally hot months of July and August. When it snowed on the Fourth of July, I felt the climax of everything impossible had been achieved.

My official duties in Santiago began—and for that matter continued throughout my term there—with an attempt to understand the complicated political situation which had been presented, at least from one angle, the evening of my arrival. I read the papers industriously, which, by the way, are excellent, one of them having been founded over one hundred years ago by an American; in fact, I have been told that the news associations find their

best customers in Latin-American countries, and judging by the foreign news printed I should think this was quite true. The arrangement of news struck me as being exceedingly well planned. Two pages were given to incidents occurring all over the world and arranged under headlines denoting the country of origin. This system made reading very easy, as, for example, if you were more interested in what was going on in Italy than in other countries, you had only to turn to the column marked "Italy" and read there the news of the past twenty-four hours.

After reading one of these papers I decided it was politically impartial, as it gave one entire page to one of the presidential candidates and one to the other. The contrast was interesting. The platform of one candidate was appealing in its proposed changes—compulsory education, stabilization of exchange, good roads, reduction in governmental expenses, bettering of labor conditions and a just arrangement between capital and labor. It might have been more impressive if the last two columns had not been devoted to an exposition of the crimes and maladministration that would surely curse the country if the opposing candidate was elected. The opposing candidate's page was more conservative in its statements; not nearly so appealing to the imagination, but became eloquent when it ended with a violent denunciation of the new political party. These contrasting pages, I soon learned, were paid for by each party and were frankly propaganda; they had nothing to do with the political inclinations of the editor and owners. The impression I got from these papers, after reading them for a week or two, was that the political situation was a fight to the death between those who were determined to cling to an old régime of conservative oligarchy and those who wanted to move with the times and radically shake up the country.

It was impossible not to feel the excitement of this campaign; in fact you couldn't talk to any one about anything else; and one of its most interesting phases was to contrast those who were so determined to retain the old régime with those who felt their salvation depended on the new. The crowds in the streets particularly interested me. On the way from the hotel to the Embassy I had to walk along the Alameda—Santiago's Fifth Avenue—and passed each morning the house of Alessandri. There were usually hundreds of people standing there, gazing at the house with fanatical expressions which seemed to say that it was the temple that held all that was dear to them. Except for their unkempt appearance, which gave them a primitive, savage look—most of this lower class were Indians, with now and then a mixture of European races—they appeared a peaceful enough lot, though the evidences of their sordid poverty were pitiful. Some of them actually looked green with starvation. I had always thought Italy presented the most depressing examples of poverty; it was nothing in comparison with Chile.

All sorts of alarming rumors were going the rounds. Open demonstrations against the leisure class were expected at almost any moment. A traveled, cosmopolitan Chilean told me, when I asked if there was any real cause for this uneasiness, that he hoped not, but that the situation was such that anything might happen.

"In a way, we have brought all this on ourselves. We have been criminally indifferent to the poor. We have selfishly worked them for our own interests and done nothing for them in return. They are poor, ignorant, diseased, hopeless, and are just beginning to awaken to their real condition through the teachings and stories told them by those who have been to Europe or read of present-day conditions there. Unrest is all over the world; naturally we are feeling it here.

"Alessandri is an opportunist. He knows this is the moment to appeal to these poor devils, and he has done it. They have never had a voice in our country; they are quite unorganized; they have no real leader; and now this man comes along and tells them he is running for the presidency for their sakes; that he is determined they shall have a better chance in every way. He is a very clever man. If he should be elected—though I assure you he will not be; we"—here he struck his chest proudly—"will never permit it; but if by some strange fate he should be, he may be able to stir up trouble for a while. But, after all, we know how to hold the reins of power. We have held them for a hundred years and more. We have no intention of giving up now. Let this crowd of ignorant *rotos* howl as much as they please. They can do nothing. If they go too far we still have the army with us. Cold steel will be a quieting influence."

The Union Club—that historic meeting place of Santiago, of which the conservative candidate was president and where all the ramifications of the thirty-two families of Chile meet at noon for their cocktails and an exchange of political views—proved a most useful place to gather news and get to know people. All South American capitals seem to have developed the club idea much more in accordance with ours than with that of Continental countries. They are the gathering places for men. Their restaurants are the best in town—the one in Santiago was suggestive of a London club dining room, with waiters in livery and perfectly served delicious food—and all privileges are usually extended to diplomats free of expense. Here, among the younger men especially, I found now and then some one who was willing to admit stringent changes were necessary in the political administration of the country.

"The Panama Canal has put Chile conspicuously

before the world," one of them once said to me. "You don't have to go all the way down to Patagonia to reach us now. It is no longer possible for us to remain a little Russia. We have got to face modern changes and accept them. We have grown too much to continue our feudal methods. This election is the first step in the right direction. I myself am a conservative, because my family always has been; and I believe our candidate will bring about decided changes; but he is not willing to appeal to the lower classes to give him a chance."

The momentous day came and passed, outwardly calm. The next morning the papers printed full pages—each rented by a contesting party—proclaiming on one sheet the victory of one candidate and on the other the overwhelming success of the other. But to an onlooker the situation appeared settled, if one were to judge by the demonstrations in the streets. They were filled with workingmen and their families—parents, aunts, uncles, cousins and their numerous children—all bearing aloft Alessandri's picture and singing their rollicking campaign song. A parade of tram conductresses—with their dangerously tilted straw hats and fancy aprons—gave the necessary suffragette note.

There was a washerwoman's procession, too, headed by some worthy lady who, I felt sure, was going to see to it that I washed my own dirty linen from that day forward. And the miners from the mountains came to town, also a delegation riding their sturdy horses and proudly flaunting their ponchos to the wind, dashed about the streets—all of them wearing the Alessandri badge. Everything suggested an overwhelming victory for the people's candidate; yet three days passed without any proclamation by the government as to the result of the election.

On the fourth day the announcement was made that a mass meeting of Alessandri's followers would be held in

the Plaza de Armas before the intendente's palace, where the votes were being counted, and the result demanded. The streets showed expectation of trouble. Soldiers were everywhere: and about the plaza cavalry made an imposing display with their fine horses, their long lances and floating pennants. A government order had been issued to let no one enter the plaza.

The window of my room at the hotel gave on the Calle Ahumada, one of the streets leading into the plaza. It was like a private box for a specially got-up performance of a South American revolution. I sat there all morning awaiting the crisis, but saw nothing but soldiers and cavalry pass by. At one o'clock my friendly waiter burst into the room and announced that the crowd was coming, that they had assembled before Alessandri's house and were moving in a body towards the Plaza de Armas. A few minutes later the street was a seething mass of people —and such people! Most of them were in tattered, filthy clothes; some carried long branches of trees; some had hewed themselves staves, at the end of which were tied knives; many carried baskets of stones. They came steadily and noisily up to the mass of mounted soldiers. Here they stopped and argued with the cavalrymen. Some used pleading voices, some cried aloud that the army was for Arturo and would not stop his followers, and some hurled insults at these so-called employees of the government. Finally a stone was thrown.

The stolid countenances of the soldiers gave no evidence that they had either seen or heard the threatening mob. Another stone was thrown and a soldier fell from his horse, stunned. Perhaps twenty stones followed. Then, very coolly, very quietly, the captain of the squad got off his horse, ordered his men to do the same, and gave the command to level their rifles over the heads of the crowd and fire.

When the smoke cleared away a voice sounded out loud and clear, "A threat! They don't dare harm us!"

The captain, driven this time to more drastic measures, ordered his men to charge the crowd, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the whole of the Calle Ahumada was as empty as a graveyard at midnight. But this peace was of short duration.

A few hours later another crowd attempted the same tactics. However, when the excitement was at its highest, and I felt sure missing lunch and sitting all day in a window was going to bring a reward, a strange thing happened. A sudden hush fell over the roaring mob; though still facing the soldiers with fanatical determination, all of them seemed to have become paralyzed into dead silence. I leaned far out of the window and finally made out a group of men coming from the Plaza de Armas. There were not more than twelve in the group, and in their midst walked a man holding his hat in his hand who appeared to be saying a few words to the crowds as he passed along. The soldiers made way for this group and let them pass quietly down the street, and as they went along the mob turned and silently followed. A few minutes later the soldiers were left alone in their glory.

Again my door burst open. "Did you see him?" cried my campaign instructor.

"Who?"

"Arturo. He went by with his friends. He came out to stop the trouble. He told them he was elected; that the government would have to announce his success in a few days; that there was nothing to worry about; that there was no use of blood being shed; that every one must go home and wait quietly."

So ended my first and only experience in a South American revolution; a near-revolution, I suppose it

ought to be called; but, though the crisis was passed, the uncertainty lasted for weeks and weeks, and nothing definite was announced until a method very similar to the one employed by us during that memorable Tilden and Hayes struggle was resorted to. Every one had become so worn out with the continued upheaval—each party charged the other with fraud, cheating, withholding of votes, and the like—that it was finally fairly easy to form what was called a tribunal of honor, composed of men from both parties, who studied the details of the election and rendered a decision which was accepted by the whole country.

Living conditions in Chile were rather complicated for the foreigner; and the expense, after Europe, fairly brought on consternation. My salary at that time was four thousand dollars—I had been promoted just before reaching there to Class I of the diplomatic service—with a post allowance of six hundred dollars. A single man might have got along very well on this; but for a married man it was quite impossible. The hotel was good enough in a way; but when we got fed up on it and started out to find a furnished house the most impossible problem in the world confronted us.

In despair, we finally chose a house in the suburbs of the city which had as its only recommendation a beautiful garden and a stupendous view of snow-capped Andes. The flowers in the garden surpassed any I have ever seen. When we moved in, in October, the roses were just beginning to bloom and covered the whole place with over life-size blossoms; borders of huge irises, immense violets and pergolas of wistaria fashioned by giants stretched in every direction; fruit trees with cherries the size of plums, plums the size of peaches and peaches the size of melons were everywhere; and just beyond all this fantastic development rose, seemingly just outside the garden walls, those

weirdly gorgeous mountains. No wonder Pedro Valdivia thought he had found the promised land when he arrived there from rainless Peru!

But the house! Every window protected with prison-like iron bars; walls covered with blazing red-and-green paper; plush-upholstered furniture; and plumbing whose only outlet was the gutter before the front door! And the servants—almost all of them Indians whose ideas of living were perfectly in accord with the days of the Spanish invasion of their country! As for obtaining a diplomatic clause in the lease which would allow a transferred diplomat to give up the house on short notice—a custom in use in most European countries—no such thing had ever been heard of; a fact that left me, after having moved in and eaten a first dinner, faced with the desperate problem of paying six months' rent on a house in Chile at the same time that I should be paying for another in Portugal.

Amusements were extraordinarily good. The National Theater—usually the most conspicuous building in any Latin-American capital is the opera house—was very handsome, and during the season, beginning in June and ending in September, offered such varied attractions as a good Italian opera company, a French company made up of actors from the Comédie Française, the famous Guerrero family, who gave all the classic dramas of Spain with exceptionally good stage settings, Maud Allen with her Salome dance, Strauss with his own orchestra, and exceptionally good concerts at which noted pianists and violinists from all over the world appeared. The Chileans were particularly fond of pianists, and showed intense enthusiasm over the appearance of an American pianist, Frances Nash, who, they said, convinced them for the first time that we were actually beginning to produce artists of some value.

There was, of course, the usual endless round of entertainments given by the diplomatic corps, which, in a way, were most instructive; for every time I found I had to go to a reception in honor of the national fête of Bolivia or Paraguay or Ecuador or Colombia, I immediately went to work to find out exactly where these countries were, what their history had been, what the political crisis of that moment was and what our relations with them amounted to. The longer I remained in South America the more extensive my diplomatic education became, and in an entirely different direction than ever before. The official functions of the government were really most impressive, well planned and carried out with considerable appreciation of the spectacular. They spared no expense; in fact that was one of the difficulties complained of by the entire diplomatic corps. You could not entertain Chileans simply. If you gave a reception you could not get by with tea and coffee, cakes and sandwiches and lemonade, which usually completes the menu in Europe; you had to serve champagne in great quantities. Our Fourth of July reception—on the day it snowed—cost the Ambassador a round thousand dollars, most of which went for an old vintage popular there at the time.

The opening of parliament was really gorgeous, with a lavish use of handsomely uniformed soldiers, stretches of red carpet, much ceremony, picturesque carriages and a very handsome setting furnished by the building itself. Funerals, too, were occasions for great effectiveness, in a cathedral which lent itself to dramatic display; in fact, everything pertaining to the church was done in that spectacular vein demanded by countries that draw their inspiration from Spain. Even the diplomatic corps was given a touch of the picturesque by the constant presence of the Nuncio—the Pope's representative—who not only had first place at every function, even above ambassadors,

but invariably dominated every gathering with his gorgeous apparel.

Dinners in Santiago were not so much in favor as balls; large gatherings amused people more; and some of the big houses gave entertainments that were the last word in lavishness. In fact, lavishness was one of the salient characteristics of this far-distant land. The races, the betting and the magnificent race course—I suppose there is none in the world to equal it in beauty—were planned and attended on an extraordinary scale; the country club, with tiled tennis courts, ballrooms and restaurant, the golf course, the polo field, the paper chases, were all done on an extravagant plan. Indeed, I was continually amazed at the contrasting note which was always evident between the two classes—the rich and the poor. As far as I could make out, there was no such thing as a middle class. One either drove in luxurious limousines over the few paved streets or scrambled onto an overcrowded tram; one either attended a concert at which the tickets cost ten dollars or listened to free music in the plaza; one either ate at a restaurant where a simple dinner cost fifteen dollars or made a meal out of scraps; one either wore clothes that came from Paris or London or contented himself with a woolen shawl woven by Araucanian Indians; one either drank the rarest vintages of champagne or got noisily drunk on chicha.

I left Chile on Christmas Day, having lived through a series of celebrations—heaven knows how!—got up in honor of the fourth centennial of the discovery of the Strait of Magellan, at which the Infante Fernando came all the way from Spain to strengthen the accord with the mother country and fitly to inaugurate Don Arturo Alessandri as president of the republic. My last official visit was to the Moneda to congratulate this famous gentleman upon his success and wish him well.

As I drove to the station—a terrifically hot day—children were playing about their Christmas tree in the gardens, flowers and fruits were filling the market places, and people were walking about in the thinnest clothes they could find. From the station platform I could see the immense barrier of snow-capped mountains that lay between me and the Argentine, where I was to find a boat to take me to another unknown land—Portugal. Yes, diplomacy is an unusually varied career; you hardly get started on one subject before you find yourself in the middle of another one.

X

PORTUGAL

WHEN I told a friend I had spent a year and a half in Lisbon he looked at me in amazement and exclaimed, "Wasn't it a frightful experience?"

"Frightful! Why?"

"Don't they have revolutions there all the time?"

I had to admit they had a few. "But somehow they don't interfere with one's comfort."

"Didn't I read last year that they shot their Prime Minister and several of the cabinet?"

Again I had to admit that he was right.

"And I seem to have heard that people walk about the streets with smallpox and bubonic plague and all sorts of terrifying diseases. Spend a year in a place like that—in danger of either being shot or dying of some medieval malady! What under the sun made you stay there?"

It does sound absurd—when one concentrates on all the extraordinary things that happen in Portugal—to say that I never enjoyed any place more; and yet such a statement is quite true. I suppose the climate has much to do with making it so attractive; it is the most heavenly climate in the world; the much reputed Riviera is harsh by comparison; and gorgeously golden winters and cool summers make you feel that nothing is worth bothering about—least of all those chronic national revolutions. It is also an exceptionally beautiful country—I am almost tempted to say it is as beautiful as Italy—with strangely fascinating architecture and some very lovely cities, and

a history that is so splendidly romantic that one is inclined to feel that a magnificent future, in spite of the extremely disturbed present, is bound to be the eventual outcome. No one seems to believe me when I become enthusiastic over Portugal; they say I am exaggerating or just merely lying; and as practically no one has ever been there—and apparently never intends to go—the question is usually dropped. But in spite of all doubts of my sincerity, I do look back on my year and a half there as being a most delightful and amusing experience—amazing, too, in some ways.

A diplomat going there should spend at least a month in preparing himself in those complicated points of international law which relate to asylum and sanctuary, for such questions will probably occupy him during his stay more than anything else.

The government changes so often and so violently that the Legation is constantly faced with the problem of sheltering or refusing to hide those who rush to it at crucial moments for protection. To give an idea of the constant governmental changes one only has to be told that during the twelve years Portugal has been a republic there have been about one hundred and fifty prime ministers—that is to say, on an average of twelve a year. Suppose our President changed his cabinet twelve times a year! It would give almost all of us a chance to hold some important official position—which seems to be the ultimate ambition of every Portuguese to-day.

It took twenty-six days to reach Portugal from Chile. During that time the Andes were crossed on a railway that mounted up ten thousand feet and then cut through a tunnel as long as it was high; a rush was made across hundreds of miles of Argentine pampas, where strangely mixed groups of cattle and ostriches and sheep grazed contentedly; a few days were spent in that very handsome

city, Buenos Aires, which is justly called the Paris of the New World; a luxurious English boat was boarded which stopped long enough at different ports to furnish lasting impressions of the tropical splendors of Brazil, especially of that fairylike and radiantly smiling, fantastically beautiful Rio de Janeiro; and finally a diagonal cut was made across the Southern Atlantic where fleeting glimpses were caught of weirdly remote St. Vincent, dainty Canaries, theatrical Madeira, and at last that picturesque coast which was for so many years the gathering point for all the adventurous and seafaring men of the world—Portugal.

I awoke early in the morning, looked out of the porthole and saw nothing but an impenetrable fog. I decided the boat had got off the beaten track and gone on to London; but before I was dressed and out on deck the sky had cleared, and Lisbon lay before me in all her smiling, bland, sunny splendor—a mass of blue and pink and green and white and yellow houses mounting up hills that were covered with palms and flowering vines. No wonder Byron called it one of the beautiful spots of the world! I have seen Naples, Rio de Janeiro and Hong-Kong; they are more wonderful perhaps than Lisbon, but none of them has her bland beauty. And beyond the city blue hills rolled and gradually mounted to the knifelike silhouette of Cintra—fourteen miles away—a castellated summit that dominated the whole scene.

That first glimpse of Lisbon made me feel that I had reached the most perfect grand-opera setting in the world—an impression that did not lessen with closer inspection, for the better I got to know Portugal and the Portuguese the more I felt that I was living on the stage. And there is every reason for the Portuguese to be theatrical; their surroundings are dramatic, their history is one picturesque adventure after another, and their literature is the most

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LISBON, AND THE CASTLE OF ST. GEORGE, FROM THE RIVER TAGUS

romantic that one is likely to encounter. I always think of one of the episodes in their epic poem, the Lusiad, as being perfectly representative of what they were and what they still are. The incident took place sometime in the distant fourteenth century, yet it is recounted to-day, painted by artists and played on the stage with all the fervor and interest of a recent event. Inez de Castro was a Spanish lady who sought refuge in Portugal from the tyranny of her own monarch. The Portuguese king's son, Dom Pedro, fell in love with her and secretly married her. This greatly offended the old king, who wished his son to make a marriage that would help along international relations; and when he found out where Inez was living he had her brutally murdered. Dom Pedro swore that even though dead she would yet reign as queen of Portugal; and as the first step in carrying out this strange oath he raised an army and waged war against his father until the old king died and he ascended the throne. He immediately had Inez's body disinterred, clothed in the royal robes—the story goes that her hair had grown so that her skeleton was completely shrouded in a golden mass—placed on the throne beside him, crowned queen of Portugal while every subject in the kingdom was commanded to come and kiss her hand and swear eternal obedience to her wishes.

Her funeral lasted for weeks. The procession moved only at night and was illuminated by hundreds of torches, thus making an indelible impression upon every one who saw it, which was what Dom Pedro had planned; and her tomb at Alcobaça, where she and Dom Pedro lie—not side by side, but with their feet touching so that when they awaken from their long sleep they will rise looking into each other's eyes—is one of the most popular pilgrimages of the whole of Portugal. Of course if one is brought up on stories like this, one cannot be expected to live the commonplace existence of everyday people; and the Por-

tuguese don't. They get just as much romance out of their frequent revolutions as if they were epic events.

The private secretary of the Minister met me at the boat and helped me through the customs, which are more difficult there than in some larger countries; in fact I have noticed that the smaller the country the more difficult the customs officials are. Perhaps it is a case of a big frog in a little pond. At any rate we eventually convinced the official of what a diplomat was and the privileges which should be—even if not always—accorded him, and started off along streets that looked rather like those of Naples, and surely smelled like them—if not a bit stronger.

Fish seemed to be the most popular scent, an odor which grew more and more intense as the market was reached and a procession of fish venders—all women in fantastic costumes, carrying baskets of fish on their heads and shrieking at the top of their voices—rushed madly along to see which could reach first the highest hill in Lisbon. That they were dropping fish along the way and sprinkling every one with water did not worry them in the least; indeed they appeared so intent upon being the first to reach some altitude that they would not even stop to sell their merchandise on the way. And climbing the hills of Lisbon is something of a feat, even when your head is not encumbered with a basket filled with hundreds of sardines. Rome may boast of her seven hills; Lisbon can show you twenty, many of them precipices which apparently discourage no one, as pedestrians, trams, motors, carriages, pushcarts and motorcycles climb them with a reckless ease that is sometimes appalling.

The private secretary informed me that the Minister was in America and that I was to be chargé d'affaires at once, as the secretary I was succeeding planned to leave in a few days. He also told me that I had been particularly lucky in not arriving a few days earlier, that I had

thus escaped a revolution—an unusually violent one, which had made it rather uncomfortable for the guests of the hotel, as the guns of the opposing parties had been leveled on that building during the three days of the conflict; in fact a bomb had been thrown right into one of the rooms and had landed in a lady's bed. Fortunately the lady had been taking a bath at the time, and so had suffered no inconvenience; and more fortunate still, the bomb had not exploded.

"Have you engaged a room for me at that hotel?"

The secretary nodded and explained that it was the best hotel in town, that all diplomats stopped there and that the food was considered excellent. I suggested that it might be more comfortable to put up with simpler lodgings, more questionable company and plainer food, and at least not be constantly on the lookout for bombs in my bed. He assured me, however, that the revolution was quite finished and that there was always a few months' respite between them. To add to the sincerity of his statements he gave me his card, on which was engraved "Mr. Lisbon Portugal."

The dangerously situated hotel adjoined the railway station—which may have had something to do with its popularity—and was crowded with a most cosmopolitan gathering. There appeared to be several representatives of every nation in the world there—American, French, German, Italian and Spanish—awaiting or just off a steamer that was going to or returning from South America. The crowd made me feel more comfortable. If they were not bothering about bombs in their beds, why should I? So the secretary and I sat down to an excellent luncheon, glanced over two-day-old Paris editions of the New York Herald and the Daily Mail, looked out on the broad Avenida, where Judas trees were just beginning to bud, which led to ever-mounting hills, covered with

rainbow-colored houses. I drew a long breath of relief. But the relief was short-lived. Something drove me into asking Mr. Lisbon Portugal where the guns were placed which had fired on the hotel. He pointed straight up the Avenida and indicated a hill at the end.

"You see," he said, with the air of imparting some pleasant information, "they are in a direct line with this window."

I looked and saw he was quite exact in his statement. "And this table too," I mildly commented.

"Yes—but everything is very peaceful now."

"At any rate—couldn't we have another table? You see, I've just arrived from Chile and I'm still a bit nervous." After the change was made: "And would you mind explaining why under the sun they chose the hotel to fire at?"

"They weren't firing at the hotel. They were trying to hit the barracks, which are on the hill beyond it."

"Then one is just as unsafe anywhere else!" I sighed again. My congratulations over having reached peaceful, war-stricken Europe were a bit premature. Portugal was evidently going to be a repetition of Chilean days.

My first day in Lisbon is a confused memory, a mixture of surprises and alarms, delightful in parts and very full of a keen delight in the surroundings. I had had a vague idea that it was going to be exactly like Spain on a small scale, and most of my friends seemed to have the same idea, some of them to such an extent that they continued to address my letters to "Lisbon, Spain." But Portugal is anything but like Spain. The character of the country is different; it is gentle and rolling and semi-tropical, in direct contrast to the harsh ruggedness of most of Spain; the architecture is unlike Spanish architecture, with its combination of white stucco and granite in its churches, its villas showing Oriental influences in their roofs, which

turn up at the corners like those of Chinese pagodas, their red-lacquer doors and their latticed windows—ideas brought back from the Portuguese colonies in the Orient four hundred years ago, and still used by the architects of to-day. Though tiles are used lavishly—whole façades are often made of them—they are not at all like Spanish tiles, being usually of blue and white and depicting historical events of romance and adventure; and everywhere—on fountains, on churches, on public buildings, on stone benches—are those emblems of the Templars' cross and Manoel's sphere and the chains and anchors and strange birds—designs conceived by artists when Portugal was the richest nation of the world and was bringing back from distant lands untold gold.

Nor are the people in any way Spanish. "What are you, racially?" I asked a Portuguese. "We are Lusitanians," he answered proudly. In appearance they are much less harsh than Spaniards—gray eyes seem to predominate, with almost Gothic features. And surely their character is much gentler and more genial. As for their language, it is the most amazing I have ever encountered. They claim it is more purely Latin than is Spanish or French or Italian, and as a matter of fact it is not so difficult to read; but when it came to speaking it or trying to understand some one speaking it—it proved to be my Waterloo. I once listened a whole hour to a man making a speech and all I got out of it was a prolonged ish-h-h sound ending with often-repeated owngs. And their money! I spent three hours the first day trying to make out what the huge roll of dirty bills represented which had been given me in exchange for twenty dollars. If I had wanted to take it about with me I should have had to carry a large valise.

Arriving in an absolutely unknown capital and becoming chargé d'affaires at once is somewhat difficult. It

meant that I had to fall right into the middle of things with practically no preparation. However, before my predecessor left he took me to call on the Minister for Foreign Affairs and several other important government officials, so that when I found myself alone in charge I was not entirely lost. Our Legation was a delightful building rather a long way from the center of town, surrounded by a garden and adjoining a pine wood that led down a hill to the Palacio das Necessidades, the former Royal Palace and present Ministry for Foreign Affairs—which made it extremely convenient for us when we had official visits to make on the Minister. The Legation building was owned by Queen Amelia, and had been her residence up to the time that she and Manoel fled from Portugal.

My first week in Lisbon convinced me that, in spite of bloodcurdling stories of revolutions and disorganized conditions, it was going to be a very pleasant and friendly place to live in. The diplomatic corps was small but most cordial, and welcomed a newcomer warmly. Some of them frankly admitted they hated the place; others were enthusiastic—the usual characteristics of every diplomatic corps, though I should say that, as a rule, most diplomats complain bitterly of the place they are in, no matter if it be London, Paris or Rome. It seems to be considered good form not to be contented anywhere.

The first week I dined at the French Legation, owned by the French Government, and one of the handsomest old palaces in Lisbon—a combination of church, convent and terraced gardens which overlooked the Tagus; the next night I dined at the British Legation, also owned by its government, and met several Portuguese politicians, one of whom proved particularly interesting, and later became Prime Minister and was conspicuous in one of the revolutions I lived through; I went to a masked ball at the Brazilian Embassy—the only embassy in Lisbon; I

attended a charity ball given in the opera house which only a few years before had been considered the home of the best operas in the world; and I went about making calls and meeting people and having a thoroughly good time, which recalled in a way days in Copenhagen. The life was intimate enough to throw people often together, and the picturesque surroundings made every trip about the town interesting and delightful.

As usual, the first thing a diplomat has to do—especially if he has a family—is to spend days looking for a house; and this was no easier a task in Lisbon than anywhere else to-day. We ended by settling at Mont' Estoril, about twenty miles out of town, where a charming little villa, set in a beautiful garden with a wonderful view of the Atlantic, just two minutes away, was offered to us at an extraordinarily reasonable price. The house had some modern comforts; there was a bathroom with running cold water, there were verandas, where we could sit and watch the crimson sails of the fishing boats and the steamers coming home from far-away lands; and there were several hotels and shops near by in case housekeeping became difficult. But it never did.

The servants were excellent and most amiable; we had four that cost us ten dollars a month—not each, the whole four. And as for food, all one had to do was to sit in the garden and stop the fishwives as they went by with baskets on their heads loaded with freshly caught lobsters and sole and those deliciously sweet oysters; or call to the old patriarch who wore a knitted cap handed down from Phenician days and who, by means of a long crook, marched a procession of turkeys straight up to the front door and made them stand there with military precision while you chose the one that pleased you most.

Due to the favorable exchange at that time, expenses were almost ridiculous. The Portuguese escudo before

the war was worth a little over a dollar; at the time I arrived its value had fallen to ten cents—and prices had not yet gone up accordingly. In some cases prices were absolutely incomprehensible. I am sure four servants for ten dollars would make any American envious; and there were many other things as cheap. It cost only six cents to have your hair cut by the best barber in town, who came to your house if you preferred; a motor for the day was about ten dollars; a dinner of many courses with excellent wines was sixty cents; a room and bath with food at the best hotel was less than three dollars; street-car fares were down to two cents; women's clothes were so cheap that it was dangerous. But, alas! as with all such good things—this wonderful period was soon finished. The continued depressed currency brought a tremendous and sudden rise in prices, and before I left, Portugal was no longer the fantastically cheap place I had found it.

Most of the time I was in Portugal I lived the life of a regular American commuter. The express train—the equivalent of our business men's special—left Mont' Estoril at nine o'clock and got me into Lisbon in time to be at the Legation promptly at ten o'clock. It was always a delightful hour and gave me plenty of time to read the morning papers, though I must admit that the scenes along the way and the conversation in the coaches were invariably too diverting to permit much concentration in other directions. The first part of the journey lay along the ocean, then a cut across the peninsula brought the train to the shore of the river, where it continued all the way into Lisbon. Towers from the days of Vasco da Gama, ancient castles, fortresses which spoke eloquently of days when Phenician pirates raided the coast, strangely shaped fishing boats with red and orange colored sails, huge steamers from France and England and America,

convents, churches and old buildings left over from that glorious hundred years of Portuguese world supremacy lined the way. Emerald green water, flowering cactus, Judas trees, gardens overflowing with roses, stock, poppies, houses decorated with tiles or painted in brilliant color; and orange, crumbling walls covered with moss which formed a fitting background for the gay costumes of peasants—one delightful picture after another—all made the morning trip a sort of romantic voyage. Even if the engine took its time—and why shouldn't it, no one was ever in a hurry—still it, too, kept in the picture, for on holidays it would arrive in Lisbon with its smokestack wreathed in roses and palm branches.

I said it was commuting—but what a vast difference between such a trip and the one from Plainfield to the Pennsylvania Station or Greenwich to the Grand Central. I usually got off at a station near the Necessidades Palace and walked up the hill through the garden and pine wood, thus reaching the Legation by a back door and arriving in my office without being seen, which was sometimes useful when an energetic traveling American had come to the Chancery at eight and complained bitterly of our negligence in not keeping American business hours. On such occasions I would come out of my office and greet him as though I had been there since six in the morning.

It took me a very short time to find out that our Legation—to put it in the vernacular—was the whole thing in Lisbon; and this was entirely due to the efforts of Colonel Birch, the Minister, and Mrs. Birch, who had been there eight years and who returned after I had been in charge two months. I do not think I have ever been in any mission where our position was maintained and kept up in better style than in Lisbon. The house was beautiful, furnished with perfect taste in old Portuguese furni-

ture, the dinners and receptions and balls were done with dignified lavishness, and the atmosphere was what that of every American mission should be—simple and informal and well done. In fact I am inclined to say that it is the only mission in which I have been where we actually had first place—even above the British—and this in spite of not owning our house.

In many ways Colonel and Mrs. Birch built up and cemented an impression which seems to me to be the duty of an American diplomat; they made themselves personally popular, they made their legation the most attractive of them all, and when our battleships arrived in port—which happened every few months—they went to no end of trouble to see that every one was invited aboard, and arranged entertainments that had much to do with impressing the Portuguese with the fact that we were actually what we had been exploited as being—one of the greatest nations of the world. With a beautiful house, fêtes at which the gardens were hung with lanterns like a fairy place, a park leading down to the river where our ships lay at anchor, and, above all, with the gift of personality which made every one feel at home—they made the American Legation the one to which every one sought invitations.

I remember being present at an interview—an argument, it might be called—between Colonel Birch and one of our admirals. The Admiral was objecting to going to so much trouble about giving teas and dances on board the flagship for the amusement of the Portuguese; Colonel Birch was trying to convince him that it was good propaganda.

"These people see our huge ships in the harbor; that makes an excellent impression; but I also want them to know that they are welcome to go aboard and meet the men who are capable of running such ships. I want them

to feel that we are just as hospitable and friendly as we have the reputation of being. This is an exceptional way of creating personal contacts."

And the Admiral finally admitted that Colonel Birch was right, and agreed to all the arrangements that he had planned.

"When I arrived in Lisbon," Colonel Birch frankly admitted, "I knew just as much about diplomacy as the average American business man; but also like the average American business man I determined to do the job to the best of my ability. The secretary who was here when I arrived advised me not to attempt to do anything much; he said that Lisbon, in spite of having been a republic for three years, was a capital with all the traditions of a monarchy; that it would be impossible for Americans, untrained in diplomacy, to take any important position among such an Old World group, which had, before the republic, been accustomed to meeting the most distinguished diplomats Europe produced; that the best thing for me to do was to settle down quietly, take an adequate house, and spend the four years of my term as inconspicuously as I wished; that America was so far away—and so unknown to the Portuguese—that it really did not matter at all what I did. Of course he may have been right; though his ideas didn't exactly fit in with mine. If America was so far away that it wasn't known, it seemed to me all the more reason why I should make a special effort to put it on the map for the Portuguese. The first thing I did was to look about for the best house to be had, and I was lucky enough to get the Royal Palace of the Queen Mother, which had just been offered for rent—though completely unfurnished. After we had got it done up suitably, we were faced with the problem of finding servants to run such a place. Then came the necessity of finding private secretaries for myself and my

wife—for again, like most Americans, we spoke only our own language and needed those about us who spoke both Portuguese and French.

"It was something of a job getting settled and under headway—but where there's a will there's a way. I have been here eight years now and I don't believe it is boasting to say that the Portuguese at least know that they have an American Legation in their midst."

Colonel Birch's personal appearance had no little part in helping out the impression he made. He is a big handsome man, with white hair, pink skin and a most winning smile—somewhat the type of the John Bull pictures—and ready to listen sympathetically to every one's troubles, and, more than that, help out. So many of us are disposed to listen and let it go at that. He had, too, an appreciation of what the Portuguese wanted—a most necessary trait in a diplomat—and he gave it to them. When he was decorated by the government with the Order of Christ—which all other diplomats had received and wore upon all occasions—he wore it, too, in spite of the fact that our Government does not look favorably upon our representatives' wearing such decorations. However, he often laughed when he dressed for special occasions, put on a uniform he had worn when he was aide of Governor Wilson, of New Jersey, and covered himself with the wide ribbon and jeweled cross of the Portuguese decoration, saying that if other diplomats got themselves up in gold lace and stars and crosses he didn't see why he couldn't too. His coach and four became one of the sights of Lisbon. When he appeared driving down the Avenida, crowds would gather and you could hear on all sides: "*E o Senhor Ministro d'America!*" And when the arrival of the battleships was announced the Legation would receive calls from all the Portuguese mothers with families of ten and fifteen daughters, who wished to know

when they might entertain those nice boys in the white uniforms.

The work of the Legation centered about following governmental changes, labor conditions, constant strikes and conditions in the colonies—for it must be remembered that Portugal is one of the richest countries in the world so far as colonial possessions go. Angola and Mozambique, in Africa; the Azores, in mid-Atlantic; Goa, in India; and that far-distant Macao, off the coast of China—form a group of possessions that are steadily increasing in importance, not only to the mother country but to the rest of the world as well. Study in an entirely new direction was necessary, and names that I vaguely remembered from school days came back with new significance. A great part of my diplomatic education has been made up of study of the history of the different countries to which I have been sent, for no matter how much I may have thought I knew of geography and history, when I actually arrived in a new country I invariably found my information appallingly meager. I had hardly got well started in learning what such names as Pizarro, Pedro de Valdivia, San Martino, and Balmaceda meant in the development of Chile than I had to begin reading up on Affonso Henriques, Henry the Navigator, Vasco da Gama, Dom Pedro and the separation of Brazil from the mother country, the Marquis of Pombal, the House of Braganza and the famous Albuquerque—though I must say this latter name lost some of its romance when I found the present member of the family bearing the title was an American lady. And if one wishes to go more deeply into the characteristics of a country, it is necessary to take more than a glance at its literature—and Portugal is quite rich in literature, especially in being the birthplace of that illustrious poet, Camoens, who has given to the world an epic poem.

One of the most trying phases of our work was that as soon as the acquaintance of one minister of foreign affairs had been made and certain pending questions between our countries had been presented and discussed and his interest—or at least a promise of interest—had been aroused, presto! there would be a change of cabinet, a new minister would have to be met and the same story gone through a second, third and fourth time. Fortunately there were some underofficials who remained throughout the numerous changes, so that there was some basis to begin on; but of course underofficials are never in a position to act on more important matters.

The revolutions that one hears of vaguely outside of Portugal came and went all the time I was there—and yet so far as the comfort of life was concerned there was really nothing to complain of. Perhaps the trams stopped running, restrictions were put into force about being on the streets after certain hours, and there may have been now and then some delay in the delivery of goods, but on the whole the pleasant easy-going life went on peacefully enough. As a matter of fact, the revolutionary microbe seems to confine its activities to Lisbon alone; the country is always quiet and goes about its work as steadily and tranquilly as ever.

My first experience in a Lisbon revolution came after I had been there several months. There had been rumors of trouble for several weeks, but no one seemed to take them seriously, the general belief being that revolutions are not advertised in advance, that they are prepared quietly and sprung on an unsuspecting public. One morning, when the train was approaching Lisbon, the conductor passed through the cars and advised every one to remain there and return at once to Mont' Estoril, as the city was in possession of revolutionists and going about might prove unsafe. Most of the passengers decided to return

to the peaceful seashore, but I was too much excited over seeing one of those much discussed upheavals to consider discretion.

I started off along somewhat deserted streets where not a tram or motor or carriage—not even a vociferous fishwife—was in sight. Once or twice a camion passed, filled with armed men who carried guns pointing casually in any direction. At the Legation everything was quiet. It seemed that early that morning several guns had been fired from a warship in the harbor, which meant that the navy had sided with the revolutionists and that the struggle was on—between the group of politicians who were already in power and those who wanted to be. So far as outward demonstrations went, the day passed peacefully: though late in the afternoon a gentleman arrived at the Legation and asked if he might remain there through the night, saying that he had been told that he was among others who were being sought out by the revolutionists and that he feared almost anything might happen within the next few hours. The Minister had him shown to a room where he remained for several days.

I stopped at the Legation that night, for fear of missing something, and was very much disappointed. I neither saw nor heard anything. The next morning early, however, we found that the Prime Minister and several others had been taken from their homes during the night, carried to the arsenal and shot: and that the revolutionists were going about making a house-to-house search for those who were opposed to their plans. We were soon in possession of what was called a black list, which included the names of those who had been particularly successful in a material way and who were believed to have exploited the country for their own benefit: these were to be exterminated, it was said, immediately.

When I reached home that evening I found that several

families had taken refuge in my house and were asking to be allowed to remain there during the night. They evidently thought the American flag—though I had none hanging out at the time—would afford them safety. All sorts of plans were discussed during the evening, and it was finally agreed upon that the next morning early the whole lot of them should take a sailboat, go up the river and board an English steamer which was due to sail the next day. While these plans were being made we all listened anxiously to the roar of motors rushing by on the road. The death camion—containing the group which had taken upon themselves the duty of ridding the country of those they considered undesirable—was supposed to be in our vicinity. I was wondering all the time what sort of influence I could exert on a band of armed revolutionists who might arrive at any moment and demand entrance. Every time the rushing motors passed on I drew a deep breath of relief; and at about one o'clock my frightened visitors decided to go home and pack their trunks for an early departure.

The next morning the sun was shining as serenely as it always does in Portugal; and the business men's special began its journey to town—though with only about six passengers. Lisbon appeared tranquil, too, as indeed it was—for now the revolutionists had won and were in power and there was no more cause, at the moment, for continued disturbances. It was only when I got back to the country that evening that I heard of the dramatic incident which had occurred in a villa adjoining mine. It seems that our neighbor was one of those named on the black list. During dinner a friend had telephoned him from Lisbon that the death camion was on its way to his house and that he had better get away as quickly as possible. While he was upstairs putting some things in a bag the camion arrived. His wife told the servant to

open the door, and stood in the hall to receive the armed men who entered. They asked for her husband; she said she was expecting him on the train which was due in a few moments, and asked them to come in and wait; she even went to the extent of offering them wine and refreshments, and sat with them discussing the revolution for half an hour.

When the train arrived and her husband did not appear the men insisted upon searching the house. She assented willingly and led them from room to room. The husband had had plenty of time to escape and was then on his way in a motor towards the Spanish frontier. When this quiet little lady recounted her adventure—with all the simplicity of an everyday event—I thought of many almost identical scenes which I had seen on the stage.

This revolution, which brought into power for a few weeks an entirely new group of officials—with the exception of the President, who remains in spite of cabinet changes—was the worst I went through. Though it was the bloodiest—so far as assassinations went—I was told it was not nearly so uncomfortable for the residents as the previous ones. In others there had been armed forces with considerable firing back and forth across the city, and it was dangerous to be out on the streets, and more dangerous still to go near a balcony or open window. During one of these revolutions the Legation had sheltered whole families for a week or more.

My second revolution was more amusing—at least as far as the Legation went. When rumors began to float about that another coup d'état was contemplated, it was again discounted until we found that the President and his entire cabinet had fled from town and taken refuge in a fortress at Cascaes—an old castle on the sea about an hour from Lisbon. After the assassinations of the previous revolution this was considered a precautionary

step. Just at the time this happened an American tourist ship was due in Lisbon, and the manager had telegraphed ahead asking the Minister to invite some of the Portuguese officials on board for dinner and a ball given in celebration of Washington's Birthday. The Minister, always anxious to help Portugal in making a good impression on foreigners, found the arrival of the tourist ship somewhat inopportune—for surely a thousand Americans arriving and finding the town in a state of revolution and the President and cabinet taking refuge in a remote fortress could not give travelers a very reassuring idea of the peacefulness of the country. However, he decided to extend the invitation—thinking the revolution might be over by that evening—and sent me out in his motor to deliver the invitation in person to the Minister for Foreign Affairs. I went with some misgivings, feeling that I might get into any sort of difficulty and be taken for a spy, an advance guard of the revolutionary party or some sort of truce maker. Some one suggested that I take an American flag along and wave it strenuously if things got very bad; and accepting the suggestion in good faith, I rolled up a flag and sat comfortably on it throughout the journey.

The fortress of Cascaes is built on a strip of land jutting out into the sea and is used to-day principally as a lighthouse and signaling station for incoming and outgoing vessels. Formerly it was one of the royal residences, and still contains the suites of apartments where Dom Luis—Manoel's father—spent the autumn seasons. The little town built about the fortress is one of the quaintest fishing villages imaginable and claims the distinction of being the birthplace of Alfonso Sanchez, who, the Portuguese insist, first told Columbus of a wonderful continent he had visited which lay straight out across that western expanse of sea.

I drove up to the fortress without being questioned, and

got out of the motor, not forgetting to take with me the tightly furled flag. A group of soldiers were guarding the dark, forbidding entrance gate—a veritable hole in the wall. When I told them I had come to see the Minister for Foreign Affairs and carried a message to him from the American Minister, they let me pass and indifferently nodded towards a winding staircase which led up through a mass of stone embattlements where apparently a ray of sunlight had never penetrated.

I might as well confess that I experienced a moment of hesitation; I have never liked the dark, even in peace-times; at a revolutionary moment it appeared all the more sinister. But the soldiers were so casual about permitting me to enter that courage, combined with pride, came to the rescue and I bravely started up the gloomy steps, treading as heavily as I could and clutching the flag tighter than ever. When it got so dark that I could not see my hand before me I had an almost irresistible desire to unfurl the flag and wrap it about me. However, I soon came out on a terrace and was met by a guard who, when my mission was explained, waved me towards a door and told me to go in.

I soon found myself in a huge room with raftered ceiling and wide windows looking out up the sea—a magnificent room, a magnificent view and a magnificent situation. Far off in one corner a man was sitting in a chair, with two officers standing beside him. When they saw me one of the officers came forward. After hearing my story he asked me to wait a few minutes while he went in search of the Minister; and while I waited the gentleman in the chair rose, came towards me and extended his hand—the President.

Our conversation was somewhat labored since we were both so careful to avoid any reference to the reason for his being there, and confined ourselves to discussing the

history of the fortress. In a few minutes the Minister for Foreign Affairs came in and said he would be delighted to accept the invitation to dine that night on board the American ship, and would be at the Legation promptly at seven o'clock. I returned to Lisbon with the flag stored in the tonneau; and the next day, some sort of compromise having been arranged, the President and his cabinet returned peacefully to town and resumed their duties.

The next time I saw the President was under somewhat gayer, though, for him, much more uncomfortable conditions. He was watching an entertainment which had followed a diplomatic dinner, and his chair, having been placed under a crystal chandelier which was lighted only with candles, made him the center of attraction for streams of dripping tallow. I am sure there was an order the next day for a new presidential dress suit. In some ways this dinner and reception stand out as one of the most beautiful functions of my diplomatic career. The Ajuda Palace, where it was given, is built on a conspicuous hill overlooking the whole of Lisbon, the Tagus and a wide stretch of the Atlantic, and is another one of the numerous palaces formerly occupied by the royal family. It is a huge building with magnificent reception rooms now used only for the one or two important official functions given each year; and a note of the ever-changing times is furnished by the throne room—from which the throne has been removed—in which the President receives his guests. The decorations are superb, done in the flamboyant style of Portuguese artists; and one of the most famous silver services in existence is used for state dinners—the work of the famous Germain of Louis XV days.

In fact most Portuguese entertainments, both official and private, were done with a certain spectacular effect that made them picturesque. The setting of old palaces surrounded by gardens and terraces and lakes, old villas

from the Manoeline period which were made gorgeous with the use of beautiful tiles, fountains and grottoes, country estates that in many cases rivaled those of Italy and England—all lent themselves to creating an effective atmosphere.

There were many functions in Portugal that were really quite memorable, especially the burial of the unknown soldier, which was a veritable Old World pageant from Lisbon to the battle abbey—Batalha—a magnificent cathedral built in the fifteenth century, which is the equal in many ways of any in the world.

It is extraordinary how, when living in other countries, one becomes so keenly interested in the impression one's compatriots make on the foreigner. Living out of the United States for fourteen years had had the effect of making me a much better American than I was when I left home; my admiration and respect for our standards, our wholesomeness, our simple frankness and our really sincere kindliness have increased; but this constant living among foreigners has created a peculiar sensitiveness to our faults and given me a perspective that could never have been developed at home. I constantly find myself hoping that we are not going to do something that, though quite unconsciously done on our part, is going to create an unfavorable impression on foreigners. They have so many traditions, so many conventional ideas about how each situation should be treated, so many hard-and-fast rules—all of which do not exist in our consciousness—that we often unintentionally offend them deeply. Especially true is this when the young people of the New World and the Old World come in contact.

There were several opportunities in Lisbon of looking on and taking part in this meeting of the young people of an old and a new race. One I remember particularly, when the Annapolis summer cruise brought nearly two

thousand midshipmen to Lisbon for ten days. I don't think I have ever been so proud of my country as when five huge battleships, all in line, steamed up the Tagus and anchored before the city; it was such an effective demonstration of our power; and later, when about eight thousand Americans—officers, midshipmen, marines—all dressed in white duck, filled the streets of Lisbon, the Old World capital appeared inhabited by an entirely new race—a race of a different color, of different character, of a new invigorating vitality. The impression they made was amazing. The old city suddenly became grubby and worn out and sordid; the inhabitants took on a look of exhaustion and lassitude; the picturesqueness remained, it even became accentuated, but it was in no way a setting for this fresh young race from an entirely different world.

The largest restaurant of the town offered a particularly interesting scene to the Portuguese; they stood before its doors and windows and peered in with admiring eyes at the hundreds of fresh, fair, blue-eyed, spotlessly clean, gay, carefree young Americans sitting at the tables. One old Portuguese gentleman, seeing a group of jolly midshipmen pass, said, "Somehow they make me think of young Galahads. What a wonderful thing for Portugal if they could all be left here to help us build up a next generation that would counteract our effeteness of centuries!"

The daily dances on the battleships created amusing contretemps. The Portuguese girls flocked to them, always closely chaperoned by mothers, grandmothers, aunts and cousins—the only chance these dear old ladies ever had of getting out and seeing what was going on in the world; and I must confess that at times I got fed up on doing my duty by this mass of chaperons, a duty which consisted principally in asking about the health of every

member of their numerous families—their one subject of conversation. I once asked one lady who was sitting alone—though not missing one thing that was going on—how many children she had. This is the internationally accepted formula for beginning a conversation with a Latin woman. She replied promptly that she had had nineteen; then added that seventeen were living. I couldn't resist asking her if she knew them all by sight. She answered indignantly that she not only knew them by sight but that she was intimately acquainted with each one's character, tastes and talents. Somehow I couldn't help thinking she was exaggerating a bit; though she pointed out with no evidence of uncertainty a dozen daughters who were at that moment dancing with admiring midshipmen.

While the chaperons ranged themselves on all the available chairs and benches and camp stools to be found on the battleships, enjoyed quantities of American punch and were mildly shocked by our latest musical compositions which they called "le shimmie," their numerous daughters and granddaughters were making very precocious progress in the intricacies of American customs. When the dance ended and the midshipmen asked the girls to meet them the next day on shore and have lunch or take a motor trip with them and inquired when they might call, the mothers and grandmothers and aunts almost fainted with consternation—especially when the daughters said they didn't see why they couldn't accept such nice invitations. One midshipman complained bitterly of the customs of a country where he would have to marry a girl before he could see her alone.

When I found a number of midshipmen were from Mississippi I decided to invite them out to my villa to spend an afternoon and evening. I mentioned this to the admiral; he consented to let them have permission for the

extra hours necessary and instructed the captains of the different battleships to extend the invitation for me. I supposed there would be about twelve or fifteen, and accordingly prepared for this number and gathered together some girls for the occasion—though with the stipulation that they come without their retinue of mothers and grandmothers and aunts. The excuse given for such an unheard-of proceeding was that my house was too small to hold the vast ramifications of even one Portuguese family. At four o'clock, the time for the train to arrive, I happened to look down the road leading from the station and saw a procession—it appeared without end—of young men in white coming directly towards my villa. There were more than fifty of them.

Consternation reigned for a few minutes; then we decided that the only thing to do was to transport the whole party to a near-by casino, which was much better prepared to take care of such a gathering than our small house.

I found out, after making some discreet inquiries, that not only those from my own state had come but each one had brought along a companion from a neighboring state —an example of the traditional Southern hospitality.

When spring arrived—which is not very different in Portugal from autumn and winter; it seems to be a country of almost perpetual spring—I was again alone at the Legation. Colonel and Mrs. Birch had returned to America, a new minister had been appointed, and the Legation had been moved from the delightful house of Queen Amelia to one more in the center of town. One of the unpleasant sides of diplomatic life is that friends are hardly made and become a pleasant part of one's existence when, without warning, they are shunted off to another side of the world—sometimes never to be seen

again and sometimes to be run upon unexpectedly in the Rue de la Paix or Regent Street or Fifth Avenue.

I had hardly got the Legation moved, the pictures of Presidents Washington, Lincoln and Jefferson hung, the hundreds of calf-bound archives arranged on their proper shelves, the red and blue Turkey carpets laid and the comfortable family sofa well placed, when a cablegram arrived which, when the first group was deciphered, spelled my own name.

Of course this meant transfer. I put down the code book and looked out of the window. Where under the sun was I going to be sent now?

Suddenly I closed the cipher book, threw it in the safe and rushed off to catch a train which would carry me far off into that distant Alemtejo land where I could wander all the rest of the day about a town that had been built in the days of Julius Cæsar—a town where aqueducts, walls and Roman temples were still standing in a state of almost perfect preservation. This was very much more delightful than jumping at once into the midst of making plans for life in an utterly unknown place. But there is no peace in uncertainty; my thoughts continually shifted back to that coded telegram; the change hanging over me robbed the peaceful Alemtejo of all its calm beauty. I caught the train back to Lisbon and made straight for the Legation and that disturbing code book.

A few minutes later Lisbon had become a part of the past and my thoughts were racing ahead to a far-away land more utterly strange and remote than anything I had yet seen. The deciphered cable read: "Upon arrival of new minister you should proceed immediately to Tokio."

XI

EAST OF SUEZ

BEFORE going to Japan I took a solemn oath to the effect that when I returned home I would not mention having been there—all this due to the fact that I had so many times suffered acutely from that class of bores who go to the Orient and come back so filled up with what they have seen that they buttonhole you and make you listen for hours to their experiences. There seems to be a very virulent microbe that gets into the system of most visitors to the Far East and creates a garrulousness that nothing can cure. Kimonos, porcelains, kakemonos and bronzes are brought out and shown to you and explained in detail. No matter if you have a mild preference for the art of the Western world and have courage enough to confess it, you are invariably made to listen to what this esthetic culture of the Orient represents. It is a part of your education which must be forced upon you against your will; you just must know about it; it is only your profound ignorance that keeps you from becoming obsessed by it. Diplomats are usually worse than casual tourists, though they at least have prolonged residence there to excuse their lengthy descriptions.

When I admitted that I had actually been to the Orient and brought back nothing with me—this was a slight exaggeration, as I did fill my trunks with silk shirts and pyjamas—one of my friends frankly said that he was bitterly disappointed in me.

"No screens, no lacquered furniture, no cloisonné, none of their beautiful and fascinating art! What is the matter with you?"

I explained that I had found very many exquisitely beautiful things there but did not think they should be used out of their own setting; they were perfect in Oriental surroundings; in our houses they would be entirely out of place and useless.

"But you can keep them put away and bring them out to show to your friends!"

Which was exactly the point I was trying to make. I know very few people who, when they come to see me or dine with me, want to be shown things. We have all suffered enough in our youth in being forced to look at and admire the plush-covered family photograph album.

After having taken this resolve and got it off my mind I set to work to find out how the journey of ten or twenty thousand miles—I'm sure it was the latter—from Lisbon to Tokio could be made, and ended by deciding in favor of the Suez route. That appeared much simpler than crossing the Atlantic, the United States, the Pacific, with all the necessary incidental changes. In going by Suez all I had to do was to go to Marseilles, get on a boat and get off at Yokohama—only a matter of forty-six days.

Forty-six continuous days on the same boat! I had never thought such a trip possible unless one were bent upon discovering a hidden Pole or hitherto unknown land. In anticipation it sounded something like taking a long lease on an apartment and settling down for the rest of my life. Yet it was a most pleasant voyage in many ways. The cabins were large and comfortable and fitted up with hot and cold water and electric fans—those big wooden fans that hang from the ceiling; the food was excellent; and there was a great deal of deck space—an absolute necessity for a voyage that was to hover con-

tinually in the neighborhood of the equator. One of the most surprising things about the long voyage was that I was the only American on the boat. In fact there were only one or two people who spoke English. Almost the entire passenger list was made up of French officers on the way to their Oriental colonies.

Just before the ship sailed from Marseilles some consternation was caused by a lady who found out at the last moment that she was on the wrong boat. As she rushed madly ashore, carrying dozens of parcels and followed by cabin stewards with her trunks, she expressed her terror in a loud, nervous voice:

"Japan! Oh, là-là! Tangier is far enough for me—three whole days and nights! But Japan! Forty-six days on the ocean! *Mon Dieu!* Let me off quick!"

Perhaps several other passengers felt the same way. It did seem that we were cutting ourselves off from the world for an interminable time. But as soon as Marseilles and its Château d'If of Monte Cristo fame had faded into the blue Mediterranean there was an apparent acceptance of the inevitable on every one's part, very probably accompanied by some sighs at leaving a country so intimately known for one so utterly strange and distant. As night came on evidences of the East began to crop out; an emaciated old gentleman, the color of bronze, appeared on deck wrapped in a voluminous white sheet; a Chinese lady, in what looked like black oilcloth trousers and loose jacket, and smoking a silver pipe, lounged comfortably in a deck chair; a Japanese youth in the latest effort of a Parisian tailor tramped up and down with all the jauntiness he had acquired from long residence in France; and the large assembly of French officers threw off their stuffy uniforms and appeared in cool duck. There seemed to be a hectic rush on every one's part to get settled down to those forty-six days.

The first night at dinner proved that I was once more in for new subjects—just as new and unknown as when I was sailing down the west coast of South America. The conversation now centered about Indo-China. All the French officers were going there. What I learned that first evening about Saigon, Hai Fong, Tongking and Annam made me realize that a certain part of my education had been deplorably neglected. I had never even heard of half the places they mentioned; though later, when I consulted the map of the journey, I found them all printed in letters large enough to denote great importance.

The trip was a continuous series of flash-light views of vastly differing civilizations. The first stop was at Port Saïd, a sordid town which looked as if it had been hastily built and hastily inhabited by men who wore everything from voluminous white bloomers, with evening coats and red fezzes, and ladies who swathed themselves in black robes and decorated their foreheads with dangling gold ornaments. There was a weird mingling of East and West in a setting that was neither one nor the other. The Suez Canal sank into insignificance by comparison with the Panama, but offered one of the most mysterious and beautiful sights as the ship glided noiselessly along, surrounded on both sides by vast stretches of eternal desert. The next morning the Red Sea, so alarmingly hot that one actually saw red, was all about us. It was undoubtedly named by a symbolist. Mount Sinai rose on the far horizon like a lifeless mass; hot winds from the deserts parched and blistered the face; and the dismal yellowish water made one feel that the end of the world was rapidly being reached—the end which Dante has painted in such sinister colors. Jibuti appeared at the tip end of French Somaliland, filled with emaciated black people whose features were of classic Greek lines and

whose hair had been burned a bright orange color; emaciated camels, emaciated plants—a town which the French told me had made tremendous progress during the last few years and was becoming the rival of Aden, just opposite. I hate to think what Aden must be like. Then a straight dash out into the Indian Ocean, which, combined with prostrating heat and a disturbing monsoon, kept every passenger either in his cabin or stretched out flat on deck.

When this had continued for five days a fairylike island suddenly appeared out of the vast sea; an island of white houses, tropical foliage, inhabited by an exceedingly handsome race of dark people and surrounded by distant blue mountains—Ceylon. The boat took a breathing spell here and gave us one day in which to dash out into the country and reach, over perfect motor roads, one of the most fantastic places imaginable—Kandy, where, after luncheon in a delightful English hotel surrounded by Buddhist temples, very friendly elephants, cinnamon and spice and nutmeg trees, jolly monkeys and every British material comfort, I watched an Indian plant a mango seed, cover it with earth, place a basket over it, play on a flute, make a pet snake wriggle about, and finally remove the basket and show a small full-grown tree bearing fruit.

Another four or five days followed at sea, and then, in the middle of the night, a veritable scene from the Russian ballet greeted us. A circle of water illuminated by lights from the ship disclosed a mass of elaborate little boats, painted in imitation of strange fish, filled with dark people clothed in white topped by gold turbans and offering bunches of delicious unknown fruits for sale—Penang, or at least all I saw of it.

Then down the Malay Straits we sailed until Singa-

pore, the most southern point of this voyage, rose to meet us out of heat so intense and throbbing that it was actually exciting.

Again British comforts, even luxuries—including our own American ice-cream soda—were offered, combined with an amazing mixture of Oriental life. Rickshas flew about in every direction, large hotels and department stores seemed to furnish everything the traveler demanded; cinema theaters announced Justine Johnstone in the latest Broadway success; Chinese, Japanese, Javanese, Malay and Siamese faces peered out from long rows of shops or from the shade of tropical gardens.

Java was vaguely seen across a flat sea; a point of land was passed and a northerly course begun; Borneo shone faintly on a distant horizon, and another three days brought us to the mouth of a wide river which somehow suggested the lower part of the Mississippi; and a still more familiar note was struck when, across lowlands densely covered with tropical foliage, two church towers rose out of what appeared to be an exact reproduction of a provincial French town—Saigon. Two days later another French town, Hai Fong, gave more evidences of Western life in the heart of the East.

Then came the coast of China, with oddly shaped mountains, silhouettes which somehow made one think of fantastic creatures and unknown cults; and finally the entrance to the harbor of Hong-Kong was reached, and one of the most dramatic cities in the world rose straight up the sides of a mountain peak. And again along the coast of China until we entered the famous Yangtse River, filled with picturesque junks, and landed at a city which rather suggested Buenos Aires—especially its sumptuous club, with a bar one hundred and fifty feet long, where every one in the Far East meets at noon and sometimes

remains on indefinitely—Shanghai. Then straight across the China Sea to the island empire—The Land of the Rising Sun.

It seems to me that the mistake most of us make in approaching Japan—at least, I did—is to expect to find ourselves immediately in a land which is an exact reproduction of scenes on the stage, scenes from The Geisha or The Mikado or Fantana; but that is not at all what Japan is like to-day. I was up on deck early in the morning and had a splendid view of Fuji-San, streaked with snow, rising out of gentle green hills, which quite came up to expectations; but when Yokohama was reached, its bay filled with ships from every port in the world, I realized at once that I was not in a stage setting at all. It was more an impressive concentration of all those mechanical contrivances which make all busy ports to-day so hideously ugly—cranes, switch engines, long lines of freight cars, warehouses, hotels and utilitarian piers.

I was met by two secretaries from the Embassy and hurried off in a motor to the station, where we boarded an electric train that carried us so rapidly through miles and miles of congested one-story frame houses and factories and across iron bridges and along a mass of steel rails—all somehow suggesting the suburbs of Jersey City—that I reached the hotel in Tokio, an hour away, without having the feeling that I had arrived in the heart of the Far East. Of course, there were salient scenes here and there that jumped at me as being strange and unfamiliar; there were dainty little creatures in gay kimonos, their faces covered with white powder, fanning incessantly and squatting on their heels on the seats of the coach; there were dignified little gentleman in black and gray crêpe coats and broad sashes who wore American straw hats and derbies; there were women with babies strapped to their backs with strips of colored ribbons;

there were jolly paper parasols and vivid silk handkerchiefs tied about traveling parcels; there were now and then whole rows of buildings decorated with floating pennants covered with ideographs; there was a continual procession of strange little yellow faces and eager black eyes; there was the incessant sound of clicking clogs as these little people moved about in their wooden sandals.

But somehow these were not the things that made up my first impressions. I had expected them; I had not expected the setting, which struck me as being all wrong; it was entirely too modern, too usefully ugly; there was nothing about it charmingly dainty and picturesque and suggestive of painted screens and fragile porcelains. The whole place appeared to be given over to catching up as fast as possible with what the western world considered progress.

Our Embassy building suggested a respectable New England farm house or perhaps more a suburban residence of the past century. A white frame building with green shutters and a porte-cochère of the style which we used to think gave great dignity to a house, and two small houses for secretaries, all set in a garden surrounded by a wall, made up our bit of America in this far-off world. The Chancery was a two-story wing attached to the Ambassador's residence in which, on the lower floor, were the offices of what might be called the American divisions; the upper floor was given over to the Japanese department and the Commercial Attaché's rooms. The buildings were rather shabby and in need of paint—this in spite of the fact that we own them and have a lease of a hundred years or more on the property —but on the whole were rather homelike and comfortable. In comparison with the compounds of the British and German and Italian Embassies we made a showing which would have gratified those of our Congressmen who think

we should always maintain the greatest atmosphere of simplicity in all our foreign missions.

As I arrived alone, one of the secretaries who was occupying one of the two houses in the compound took me in with him until I had a chance to look about and decide how and where I wanted to live. That first day—and night—in Tokio stand out as one of the hottest I have ever experienced; and this after a voyage of six weeks spent almost exclusively on or near the equator. It was most debilitating, depressing heat; after half an hour spent under a cold shower I felt as though I might have enough life left in me to go on for a few hours longer, but the shower had to be repeated constantly to keep this feeling in existence. Thick green trees, a garden filled with strangely dwarfed plants, a miniature lake and pleasant verandas and awnings gave a comfortable appearance to surroundings; but the pleasant effect was only one of vision; sensation was quite another matter. When night came on, the sultry oppressive heat seemed to increase and unfamiliar noises accentuated a feeling of depression which had struck me as soon as I had landed at Yokohama. From a near-by house came a weird, wailing voice accompanied by some picked instrument that sounded like a banjo with one string—which I was told was a geisha practicing her songs; above this rose the loud plaint of the cicadas that somehow suggested they were making a supreme effort to live through the intense heat; there was an incessant sound of motor horns from a thoroughfare; and there was now and then a peculiarly penetrating noise made by the night watchman as he passed by clicking two pieces of wood together and thus warning all burglars to delay their house-breaking until he had moved on to a safe distance. When the secretary and I had talked ourselves homesick over stories of our own country, he attempted to cheer himself and me with

Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

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some records he had just received: but under such circumstances "My Little Gray Home in the West" became too poignant to bear. I didn't like Japan that first day; it was entirely too far away from anything I had ever known and it was immensely discouraging when I realized that it would mean years of study before I could begin to have a first gleam of understanding a civilization that was centuries separated from our own.

This discouragement at finding myself in such an utterly unknown world drove me at once into gathering together a tremendous collection of books on Japan and settling down to reading day and night in an attempt to find out something of what it all meant; and I was soon deep in a history that became more and more absorbing. I fairly gloated over the wild deeds and blood-curdling brutality of the Shoguns; they made the story books I used to read as a boy flat and tame. Ieyasu is about the most picturesque character to be found in any history —not only was he a sort of adventurer who made himself practically king, but he was a statesman, a diplomat and a very capable business man when it came to using to advantage the knowledge of the English sailor, Will Adams, who was made to build him ships like those that had defeated the Armada; and when it came to exterminating the new religion which Saint Francis Xavier had begun so successfully to implant in Japan, his methods make Diocletian's efforts seem feeble and puerile. But Ieyasu is only one of many amazing characters. I found them all fascinating, especially the defeated warrior who, realizing there was no hope for him, fled to the woods and cut off his own head so that his conquerors would never be sure they had captured him; and another who took refuge among lepers rather than give himself up; and another who set fire to his castle and committed hara-kiri; and another who captured a city by damming

a river so that the town was inundated and all the inhabitants drowned; and still another who, to prove to the Shogun who had sent him off to conquer Korea that he had succeeded, sent back sixty thousand pickled ears which he had cut off the heads of his prisoners. And further back, before the time of these powerful dictators, was a history that is a combination of legend and mythology and religion—so interwoven that it is difficult to tell which is which. And after this background of the past was glanced at there still lay before me the study of the development of this extraordinary nation—which has never known what it means to be conquered or even invaded—into a modern world power. Once more I found myself forced to relinquish all interest in Cavour and Garibaldi and Mazzini, and Pizarro and Balmaceda and Alassandri, and Vasco da Gama and Dom Jaôa Quinto and devote all my time to Yoritomo and Ieyasu and the imperial descendants of the Goddess of the Sun. No wonder I found Japan overpowering! There was no connecting link; there was no relation there with what had gone on in other parts of the world; there was nothing to do but make an entirely fresh start in an absolutely new direction.

The work in the Embassy was a striking contrast, too, to what I had grown accustomed to in European chanceries. One of the most important phases of the work was the translating and interpreting that must go on incessantly and which necessitates a complete staff for this alone—a work which demands long study and preparation; in fact, the secretaries in the Japanese division had spent many years in Japan so as to learn to read, write and speak the language fluently. In connection with the Embassy was a group of language students who, after an examination in Washington, had been sent out to spend two years there in the exclusive study of the lan-

guage; and after they had mastered it to a certain extent they were returned to Washington to pass another examination and then be appointed officially to a consulate or the Embassy. This is a highly specialized work and of course means, when a man goes into it, that his career is to be confined entirely to those countries in which his knowledge of the language will be useful. Besides the Japanese division of the Chancery, which included two secretaries and assistants, we had four secretaries who confined themselves to the work which was carried on in English; and besides this already large staff we had about five Japanese who worked in an adjoining office and whose special occupation appeared to be opening doors, carrying messages, delivering cards, receiving mail, telephoning, etc., etc.—perhaps a rather large crowd for such simple duties but such is the custom in a country where each man is supposed to do only one thing.

I had never before been in a city where I couldn't at least attempt to make myself understood: but in Japan I couldn't even read a sign or understand an elaborate gesture and my means of communication were equally incomprehensible. This gave me a frightfully lost, bewildered, abandoned sort of feeling; and created an ambition to begin at once a study of Japanese. The second day I got hold of a professor and started in: but, alas! learning Japanese and learning French or Spanish or Italian is quite another story. When I realized that it was all in ideographs—that a certain picture might mean a word or a whole sentence—that the same word might have three different meanings according to the inflection of the voice—that three thousand words were considered the bare skeleton of a vocabulary—that there were two entirely different forms for writing, either the ancient Chinese characters or the more modern kana—that to speak it courteously you had to draw in your breath and

bow continuously from the waist:—I sent the old professor off with many thanks and the explanation that as I had only, if I were particularly favored, forty more years to live and as that was not half enough time in which to learn his language, I didn't think it worth while to begin. It seems that the Japanese find our language just as difficult as we do theirs; though I must say I do not think their system of studying it the best—at least from a practical standpoint. I used to get considerable amusement out of talking to one of the men who stood at the main door of the Embassy. As opening the door was his sole occupation, he had a good deal of leisure time which he devoted to the study of English. Dressed in a black silk kimono he sat all day at a little table bent over huge volumes which he read with the aid of gold-rimmed spectacles. These volumes were "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Hamlet," and Milton's "Paradise Lost." From them he was learning current English. No wonder, when he brought me a message, it was delivered in poetic and oftentimes incomprehensible language. Once he came in excitedly, and after bowing three times and drawing in his breath, announced: "Sir, the Ambassador has thrice asked for thee." After weeks of repetition I learned a few phrases and how to count up to ten, though this latter accomplishment was not very useful as the names of the figures change according to the object you are enumerating. For instance, when you speak of three ladies you use an entirely different name for three from the one you would use if you were speaking of men; if you mention three cabbages or three books they each have their individual three; in fact, each object seems to have its special numbers. An unforgivable social faux pas is often made by beginners who refer to a number of ladies with the same numeral used to denote cabbages. I also learned a few addresses that I could give to the rick-

shaw coolies but I was never sure that they understood me correctly; they just as often carried me off in an entirely different direction from the one in which I wanted to go.

I looked forward with keen interest to being presented at the Foreign Office and making official calls, feeling sure that such occasions would furnish ample opportunity to observe and learn all the intricacies of Oriental ceremony. In this I was very much disappointed. The Foreign Office, a modern brick building set back in well kept grounds, gave no suggestion of the East. The Minister and under secretaries wore the same kind of clothes we were wearing at the time—pongee suits—and received us in rooms that might have been furnished in London or Paris or Washington: in fact I had the feeling that I was anywhere but in Japan. This determination to become just like us was one of the disappointments of my sojourn there. In another twenty years I suppose the picturesqueness and romance of this remote corner of the world will have disappeared entirely in the wholesale adoption of Western customs and methods of life—all except perhaps the costume of the women. When Commodore Perry first arrived there in his "black ships" and forced the Japanese to accept us as friends and to become a part of the association of mingling nations, there was a mad rush to become as much like us as possible—this done to prove that they were in every way capable of becoming like other great nations—and our dress was accepted without question. That being the time of frock coats, every one who was able to had one made at once and the ladies—from the Empress down—clothed themselves in the fashions Paris dictated at that moment. To-day, however, though official and business men continue to wear our style of dress, as they find coats and trousers much better adapted to the activities of modern life than

divided skirts and somewhat floppy kimonos, the women have decided that they will continue to wear their charming national dress—and very wisely, too, for no costume is quite equal to the beauty and grace of a kimono when worn by a Japanese lady. Of course it demands certain gestures, small steps and a swinging sort of motion—none of which goes with the present dress of the Western world. The gorgeousness of the materials used is likely to make one gasp at the expensiveness of such costumes, though this is partly offset by the elimination of changing styles. A Japanese lady does not have to worry over how her next year's dress is going to be cut; the only probable change will be in the designs stenciled on the kimonos.

Embassy life in Tokio differs from that of other capitals in that each embassy has such a large staff that each is independent of the others so far as amusements go. Not only had we our own large staff of secretaries, but both the naval and military attachés had theirs, and there was also the large number of language students; and most of the other embassies were composed of equally large or larger personnels.

As I arrived in the middle of summer, I found most of my colleagues spending the hot months out of town, at the mountain resorts, which are only a few hours away from Tokio. Formerly it was the custom during the summer months to move the entire embassy staffs to Chuzenji, a delightful spot several thousand feet up in the Nikko Mountains on a very pretty lake—immensely suggestive of our lakes in the Adirondacks—and pass the entire summer there; but the necessity during the war of remaining constantly in Tokio has somewhat changed this custom, and diplomats now go for a few weeks wherever they find themselves most comfortable. Our staff was rather widely separated during July and August. The

Ambassador spent several weeks at Chuzenji, one secretary took a house at Hayama, another was at Myanoshita, and still another at Karuisawa. Though their families remained throughout the season at these resorts, the secretaries took turns in spending a week or two in town, so that the Embassy was always well manned and ready to handle all questions that came up.

I chose to remain steadily in Tokio—with only week-end excursions—in order to familiarize myself as quickly as possible with the work there and learn something of the, to me, entirely new questions pertaining to the diplomatic relations between this Far Eastern world and our own. Nothing could possibly have given me a better opportunity to study, read and wander about Tokio than those long summer days, though I must admit wandering about Tokio in the summer is not exactly an exhilarating exercise. A block or two was sufficient to make me think I had already taken the shower bath that I was anticipating at the end of the excursion. But these walks were interesting and always filled with some new evidence of the strangeness of Oriental life. I had only to go out of the Embassy compound and walk a few steps to find myself in a narrow lane where masses of tiny houses and tiny people offered striking contrast to everything embodied in our reservation. Little piles of salt before each gate were evidence that the house had recently been purified; branches of fresh green leaves showed the presence of Shinto gods; cups of tea and bowls of rice on miniature altars testified to the fact that the spiritual hunger of ancestors was being appeased.

"Clean houses, clean bodies and fresh flowers are some of the forms of our religion that we observe most carefully," a Japanese explained to me.

I seem to remember, almost more than anything else in Tokio, the constant sound of splashing water. It came

from behind high wooden fences, from the interior of houses and often from right in the middle of the street—the daily bath that every native invariably takes. I was particularly interested in an old gentleman who had his bathtub—a sort of barrel with a charcoal heater under it—placed before his front door every afternoon. Here he sat for an hour or so, in the tub, with hot water up to his neck, smoking and fanning and talking to any friends who might pass by. One of the most thoroughly luxurious customs I have ever encountered! Imagine how delightful it would be to go home in the cool of summer afternoons, sit in a tub on the front porch, read the evening paper and exchange gossip with the passers-by! If anything interesting happened that the old gentleman could not see from his tub, he would step out, completely naked, and stroll down the street until he found what had aroused his interest. Japanese unconsciousness of nudity rather takes one's breath away at times. Some say it is the right attitude and that ours is false modesty. Still, when we are brought up with the expectation of always seeing those about us sufficiently clothed, it is a bit disconcerting to find ourselves surrounded by people who have no such inhibitions.

One of my first excursions to the country was to a sea resort near Tokio. We had to walk from the station to the inn on the beach, and, arriving there hot and dusty, we asked at once for a bath. The boy in attendance brought us white cotton kimonos and straw slippers, told us to undress in our rooms, don the kimonos and follow him to the bathhouse. This proved to be a large room half filled with a tub of hot water. My friend showed me the formula for bathing, which is to scrub yourself with soap and water, rinse yourself thoroughly and then sit for twenty minutes in the tub of hot water. We got as far as sitting in the tub—which is not the most com-

fortable thing in the world, as the water is practically boiling—when three women and two men came into the room, undressed completely, very considerately scrubbed one another's backs with the coarse brushes I had avoided, and then quite casually stepped into the tub where we were sitting and sat down beside us. With their heads just above the water they smiled at us, and nodded and drew in their breaths—a courtesy which is observed carefully, even though you have reached the stage of intimacy where you bathe together. My thoughts rushed back to childhood, when we used to say, "Wash together, friends forever."

Tokio, which is claimed to be the fourth largest city in the world, is the most amazing combination of East and West. At first glance it struck me as being a great overgrown village—this due probably to the lack of sidewalks, the predominance of one-story frame buildings and unpaved streets, numerous trees and isolated handsome buildings. Somehow it made me think of what our Western towns must have been like fifty years ago, before the different sections had been linked together by well-paved streets and a complete unity made of them.

Contrasts abound on all sides. A twelve-story concrete office building—designed by an American architect and built by an American construction company—is just as likely as not to be placed beside a red-lacquered pagoda; a red-brick building, which might have been picked up bodily from Philadelphia, rises out of a mass of small shops which overflow to the sidewalk with millions of teapots; huge, handsome and rather ominous looking gates of wood and tile announce the entrance to some nobleman's estate which is hidden away in what looks like a tenement district; one of the handsomest department stores in the world—in which elevators, orchestras, restaurants and bargain sales abound—is constantly filled

with pushing throngs; a theater, as large and comfortable as any on Broadway, is crowded from four in the afternoon until ten at night with an audience that is just as enthusiastic over translations of Madame Sans-Gêne, Julius Cæsar and A Doll's House as over their own dramas; temples before which people stop to clap their hands and offer obeisance are crowded with the very latest development in American drug stores, where ice-cream soda and apple pies are consumed ravenously by a race which is just beginning to find out that American food is almost better than its dollars; and the Ginza—Tokio's Fifth Avenue and the most fantastic street in existence—offers everything under the sun and in a way that leaves you absolutely wondering what has happened to you or it. It has sidewalks, not very well kept and often covered with mud; it has two lines of overcrowded electric trams; it has the most confusing network of telegraph poles and wires; it has hundreds of signs announcing the latest in everything from London and Paris and New York; it has pretentious plate-glass windows extremely well decorated; and it has thousands of people clattering along in wooden clogs and dressed in any way that the most casual fancy may have suggested. An undershirt and drawers of white crêpe and a black derby are very popular. Then there are coolies in dark blue coats and pagoda-like straw hats; there are many men in black silk kimonos and broad sashes, carrying fans and walking sticks and wearing American straw hats; there are hundreds of those charming little ladies in their stenciled kimonos and flassing obis and jolly parasols; there are dignified matrons in more somber attire, though with headdresses that make you wonder how many hours it took to arrange them; there are workmen strolling about in nothing but narrow loin cloths; there are young boys

flying in every direction on bicycles; there are motors filled with representatives of distinguished families, all dressed in the most perfect Western clothes; and there are—but why try to describe the Ginza? You would never believe that such an extraordinary place exists until you had seen it for yourself.

I have always prided myself on having a sense of direction and being able to find the way about in almost any city. In Tokio I got lost every time I went out alone; and as for ever reaching the end of it and coming to the open country, I don't believe any one has ever done that. It goes on forever—thousands and thousands of little one-story houses, sometimes bordering a wide street, more often clustering about narrow lanes that bring you back to where you started from.

But there is one central portion of the city that is as distinguished as one is likely to see anywhere—the section which immediately surrounds the vast, moated, Cyclopean walled fortress which is the residence of the Emperor. I often stood before this somewhat ominous-looking citadel, and, after gazing at it and wondering over the aloofness and mystery it suggested, would turn and look back over wide pleasances that showed modern office buildings, handsome government edifices, department stores, banks, theaters and hotels. At such moments I was very much inclined to believe that, if so much has been done in less than fifty years, Tokio will some day be one of the handsomest cities in the world.

There were sufficient familiar amusements to occupy the average foreigner who demanded golf, tennis and club life—the Tokio Club is a thoroughly modern building with an excellent restaurant, and is the meeting place in the afternoon for both native and foreign members—but somehow, perhaps pushed on by the always-disturbing

feeling that I was never getting any closer to this utterly strange civilization, I spent most of my leisure time wandering about the city.

One of my favorite spots was in Shiba Park, where I always found, late in the afternoon, in a little shrine devoted to the worship of the Goddess of Good Fortune—a charming little building on a tiny island surrounded by giant lotus blossoms—an old priest who was always zealously demanding the attention of the goddess by means of bowls of rice, cups of tea and vases of flowers which he placed on her altar. Kneeling before the shrine, he would clap two bits of wood together so incessantly that I began to wonder if it were not an endurance test to see if the goddess would not become so bored with the supplicant's clatter that she would answer his prayers just to get rid of him.

When I wanted to glance at the more active life of this amazing city I would wander along that long lane of one-story brick shops or booths which leads to Tokio's most popular Asakusa temple—a resort that is very closely akin to our own Coney Island. The narrow approach to the temple is a mass of gay, jostling, noisy people; the stone pavement makes an extraordinary sounding board for the shuffling of thousands of wood-sandaled feet: and the cries of venders, selling candies and dog collars and teapots and books and cakes and lanterns and dolls and pickles and fans, make a reverberation that no one would ever connect with the worship of a god; yet that is exactly what they were there for; for when I finally reached the temple, a huge building guarded by wooden demons that were anything but friendly in appearance, the gay throng was even noisier and happier there as they amused themselves clapping their hands and throwing coins into a long trough.

In this neighborhood, which is the center of hundreds

Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

STREET SCENE IN TOKYO, SHOWING OCCIDENTAL STREET CARS AND ORIENTAL KIMONOS

of cinema theaters where many American films were being shown, I used often to remain to dinner. After taking off my shoes, passing along the smallest and most perfect gardens imaginable, and climbing steep stairs, I would finally reach a tiny room, where spotless matting and screens and lacquer tables and silk cushions made up the furnishings. While I looked out over lantern-lighted lanes and houses, a dainty little figure in lavender and orange silk would sit beside me, fan me, chatter most amiably in a language of which I understood not one word and serve me a repast that consisted of dozens of little lacquered bowls filled with seaweed soup, mushrooms, Christmas-tree ornaments, fried lobsters, sugar-coated raw fish and candied cherry blossoms. If I appeared disposed to spend the evening there the little figurine would clap her hands and call downstairs and give a hissing order which soon brought up two giggling geishas—one dressed in heavy black crêpe stenciled in pine trees and white cranes, the other in a shimmering kimono of gold and pink peonies.

With their appearance I knew I was in for an hour or two of symbolic dancing—of which I am not desperately fond—and so would stretch out on the cushions, light another cigarette, take a sip of the very insidious lukewarm sake and resign myself to those posturings—accompanied by the sadly strummed samisen—which were supposed to represent the trickling of a mountain stream over pebbles, or the first whisper of spring breezes at the meeting of the iris and the lotus.

If I became more ambitious in studying this culture of the East I would go to a No dance—which the Japanese say is as fine as our Shakspere—which usually went on for seemingly whole days and nights; or I would go to a performance at the National Theater and watch endless scenes in which a husband or father or son, finding

himself dishonored, would go through the intricate ceremony of committing hara-kiri in a way that left nothing to the imagination.

Yes, those wanderings about Tokio were rather wonderful. And yet all the time I seemed to be growing farther and farther away from those strange people. The more I saw of them the less I understood them; even when I went away I did not feel that I knew them any better than when I had first glanced at paintings of them which some traveler had brought back with him.

The autumn season was ushered in with an earthquake that was quite different from those I had experienced in Italy and Chile, in that the motion suggested the up-and-down hurried movements of a juggler rather than the swaying and rocking to and fro—this no doubt due to the different effect upon frame houses and those made of stone and mortar. The earthquake was followed by a typhoon that lasted three days and was accompanied by a tidal wave that did considerable damage. Then suddenly the hills and gardens about Tokio looked as if they were in the grip of a huge conflagration—the autumn effect of turning maples.

After this the season might have been said to be launched, and the first large entertainment was given—one of those garden parties that are so much in favor. Frock coats and top hats were the formal dress for men, which gave me an excuse to dig out from the bottom of trunks these articles of apparel that had lain there since the days before the war, in Rome.

The story goes that this rigorous rule of the frock coat delayed the visit to Japan of the Prince of Wales for several days. It seems that he had only brought a morning coat with him, and upon being told that this was not considered sufficiently dressy for official functions had

telegraphed from Hong-Kong explaining his difficulty and asking that—at least during his visit—this be considered formal dress. The reply came back that as every one in official circles in Tokio only had frock coats, and there being no time to have so many morning coats made, it was suggested that the prince remain long enough in Hong-Kong to have one made by a Chinese tailor—which he did.

The first function of the season was given by the Minister for Foreign Affairs in one of the imperial palaces, of which there seem to be any number in Tokio. The garden was an interesting example of that amazing landscape-gardening art which creates vistas and lakes and mountains and bridges on such an infinitesimally small scale that they look exactly like toys. The house was a rather dilapidated wooden building with verandas decorated with those fancy scrolls and twisted pillars and gingerbread balustrades that we used to think the last word in elegance.

The Minister and his wife—she was a graduate of Bryn Mawr—received the thousand and more guests near the entrance door, welcoming their own people with the characteristic bow from the waist, but greeting foreigners with cordial handshakes. From the hall we were shown immediately into the garden, where all sorts of entertainments were going on. In one part a stage had been erected and a continuous performance of juggling and dancing went on, all done before an arrangement of black velvet curtains which was immensely effective; in another part an orchestra was playing; and in gayly tinted tents most elaborate refreshments were being served—all the most dainty and complicated Western dishes, which the Japanese guests apparently enjoyed to the fullest. Indeed, it is said that their somewhat unnourishing food of thin soups and raw fish and candied flowers is rapidly

being superseded by our more satisfying beefsteaks and fried potatoes.

The next official function was the review of the army by the Prince Regent, an impressive sight in which thousands of these small khaki-clad soldiers marched by with extraordinary precision, while several bands played a national anthem that was in many ways one of the most curious and exotic bits of music I have ever heard, and tremendously characteristic of the East—though some one later told me that it was composed by a German.

Then began a seemingly endless series of dinners given by embassies and government officials, at which I had a first opportunity of meeting and talking to the representative people of Japan. A great many of them spoke English, even if they had not traveled, and I was interested to find out that most of the men who had been educated abroad had attended schools in England rather than in the United States. Foreigners were usually entertained in the part of the houses—sometimes a wing, sometimes two or three rooms—which had been built especially for that purpose, and had been furnished with chairs and tables.

I remember with a good deal of amusement the surprise I experienced in my first conversation with a Japanese lady, who sat next me at a large dinner. She was dressed in a pale blue kimono with a gorgeous obi of silver and white water lilies; her hair was piled high on her head and stuck through with sparkling combs and ornaments; and her heavily powdered face and long, upturning eyes were exactly like those pictures on fans and lacquered boxes. I was perfectly sure the conversation between us was not going to be very animated. She was too completely Oriental to suggest the knowledge of one word of English. But we had hardly got seated when she turned to me and said in fluent English:

"I have recently been reading with a great deal of interest the opposition your countrywomen are showing towards the birth-control movement in the United States. I must say I am rather surprised to find such an advanced country as America—especially advanced where women are concerned—not disposed to accept such a humanitarian idea. But you are a nation of striking contrasts, aren't you?"

This from a kimono-clad lady, who was exuding a pleasant aroma of rose geranium and looking as if she had just stepped down from a fifteenth-century screen, was almost too much to believe.

I was also interested in hearing a Japanese lady give her reasons for having renounced her national religion and becoming a Christian:

"I began to learn your customs at a school in Kioto conducted by American missionaries. I might as well confess that I did not attend this school in order to become a Christian; that was the last thing I thought of. I went to learn English and your way of living. I even left the school, after two years, without having given much thought to the Christian religion. Then, when I was suddenly taken ill, I was carried to an American hospital, where my family felt I would receive the best attention. I was there a long time, several months, and during those long days in which I had to remain in bed and do nothing I began to be interested in the way every one treated me. There was something so very kind and gentle and thoughtful in the way I was taken care of; and all this was not alone for me; it was for every patient in the hospital, whether they were known or not. Each one was an individual carefully looked after and treated with very deep personal interest.

"This impressed me very much. I began to wonder if

your civilization—and, of course, that means in a great part your religion—did not possess something that ours did not. Our affections seem to exist only for those close to us; yours seem to embrace every living creature. You not only have kindly feelings for every one but you put them into practice.

"Once I asked my nurse why she was so good to me, and she laughingly replied that it was her duty, that she was expected to be encouraging and kind to all the patients; then later she gave me a little black-bound book to read—your New Testament—and I found in it the inspiration for everything that I had seen about me. To-day I am a member of the American Church in Tokio."

My first experience in attending an official function at our Embassy came very near being disastrous—at least so far as showing any diplomatic training on my part. As I was the only secretary present, the Ambassador asked me to meet the guests in the hall, show them on the diagram their places at the table, and see that they were presented to the ladies they were to take in to dinner. As I had met very few of those invited—most of them had just returned to town—I found it a rather difficult task trying to decide who was who and getting the names straight. I concentrated on the Prime Minister; and, though I had not met him, I had seen so many photographs of him in American papers during the Washington Conference that I felt sure I would recognize him as soon as he entered. When I saw one I took for him come in I rushed up with considerable *empressement*, greeted him with a low bow, showed him his place at the table, told him whom he was to take in to dinner, and even went so far as to follow him into the drawing-room to see that he was presented to the lady in question. After having got this off my chest I stopped a moment

before a friend and commented on the fact that Baron Kato looked exactly like his photographs.

"Has he come?" my friend asked.

"There he is."

I indicated the one I had just taken so much trouble over.

"That isn't the Prime Minister. What ever made you think so?"

This explains the difficulty I encountered all the time I was in Japan. I never seemed able to distinguish one person from the other, even though the Japanese maintain that they are just as distinctly different as we are. At any rate, I spent a bad few minutes that evening undoing all I had done, getting the card away from the wrong man, presenting him to another lady and showing him another place at the table.

Our Embassy teas brought out the American colony in force, especially those from Yokohama, where most of our compatriots live and which is really a much more cosmopolitan city than Tokio. They also afforded a chance to meet the large numbers of missionaries of all denominations who are carrying on an interesting and steadily growing work—perhaps more important than anything else that we are doing in that distant part of the world. It was a constant surprise to me to find, not only in Tokio and Kioto and Yokohama but in much smaller places, American churches and schools springing up in all directions.

I must say that one of the most striking influences of the schools appeared in those students who with almost violent enthusiasm had taken to gold-rimmed spectacles and gold-filled teeth. I have never seen such a general display of these articles, and when I commented on it I was told that the Japanese look upon them as a form of jewelry.

I left Japan more confused and bewildered than I had been during the whole of my diplomatic experience, and with the feeling that this last assignment had comprised more that was new and utterly strange than the whole of the previous years. When I stepped off the boat at Seattle, thus completing a journey round the world, I felt that the time had come to settle down on my own native soil—at least for a while—and let the kaleidoscopic impressions of varying civilizations fall together and form, if possible, a composite whole. Fourteen years is a long time to live away from one's own people, even though in the official capacity of representing them and caring for their interests.

XII

AFTER FOURTEEN YEARS

"AS you have been fourteen years in the diplomatic service, you can surely give me some advice about my son. He attended Eton for two years; after that he returned home and graduated at Harvard; since then he has traveled about Europe extensively. He is now twenty-five and is looking about for something to do. He seems to think diplomacy would be exactly the thing for him; that it would give him a position in one of the European capitals, a pleasant occupation, not really much to do and a chance to make some delightful friends. Would you advise me to encourage him in taking it up?"

This is the sort of question that should be answered by an emphatic no, and if one did not bother about being diplomatic, should be answered with the explanation that diplomacy is not the career for such a young man; or better still, such a young man is not suited to diplomacy. This seems to have been the attitude, twenty years or more ago, in which most young men approached the diplomatic service; but recent years have shown that the foreign service is not the place for those who look upon it as a casual sort of profession which offers opportunities for having a good time; it now demands serious, hard work, and the more important and influential the United States becomes in international relations the more need there is going to be for our most brilliant, well-educated and serious men to represent us among other nations.

A letter from the Middle West put forward a somewhat different problem:

"I have just graduated from high school, am eighteen, have no income and so have to make a living. I should like very much to go into the foreign service if there were a chance for me to be self-supporting in that work. Do you think it a good career for a young man to prepare for?"

Another letter from the South asked:

"I have always wanted to go into the diplomatic service, but thought it was necessary to have an income—that the salary was not enough to live on. Do you think I could get along on the salary now being paid?"

And again:

"After graduating from college, what course do you think I should pursue in order to prepare myself for entering the diplomatic service?"

And still again:

"I am twenty-eight, rather nice looking, unmarried, well educated and a hard worker. I speak no foreign languages, but have always felt that I could learn French easily if I had the chance. Since one lady has already been accepted in the diplomatic service, I suppose the career will now be opened to others. Do you consider diplomacy a suitable career for a woman?"

There is so much to be taken into consideration when thinking of the diplomatic service as a career that I find it extremely difficult to answer such questions. It is a much more intellectual profession than most people seem to realize. A young man who is interested in world conditions—not only political and economical but social as well—will find it the most stimulating and absorbing work that he can possibly take up; and, of course, it furnishes

an extraordinary position for one who feels a deep, sincere pride in his country and wishes to go out among other nations as a representative of his own people. But admitting its wide interests and its advantages, one is also bound to acknowledge certain drawbacks. In many ways it is a lonely career. One lives continually among strangers; one makes friends and then they are suddenly shunted off to the other end of the world; one acquires considerable cosmopolitan culture, but never becomes an integral part of any group; in a way, one becomes the proverbial rolling stone, with all the polish and none of the moss.

Most young men—and I must admit that at the time I entered the service I was very much of their way of thinking—look upon diplomacy as a sort of romantic adventure in which the foreign setting is going to be the most attractive feature. Fourteen years have shown me that it is a much more serious affair than that. In some ways I have come to think of it as almost the most brilliant career open to young Americans. You have only to realize that when you go to a foreign country you go not only to carry on the work of the embassy or legation to which you are assigned but to take with you the message of America to the rest of the world. Your official position makes you a target for a criticism that is anxiously awaiting opportunities to pick flaws. What you say, what you do and the way you live are taken to be representative of every American. You have only to appreciate this to see that your mission has responsibilities that very few other careers embody. In a way, diplomacy might be called a sort of missionary work.

Tourists rush through countries—and undoubtedly leave impressions behind them—but a man who lives for several years in a community makes friends, consciously or unconsciously influences those about him, expresses

opinions and tastes, is constantly thrown in contact with the natives, and therefore takes a much more important place in the mind of the foreigner. The foreigner feels that he has grown to know and understand you; those others passing through only furnished fleeting impressions which you either solidify or ameliorate. If every young man who contemplates going into the foreign service would consider himself in this light, weigh his capacity and his sincerity carefully, glance at his background and question his ability for such a career, he would soon begin to see that it is much more than an opportunity to see the world under delightful circumstances.

One of the dangers of the foreign service is that, no matter where one goes, arriving in an official capacity gives one at once a place—it might be said that the place is already made and waiting—and that all one has to do is to step into it. It is all very well stepping into a place; filling it properly is quite another matter; and filling it in such a way as will reflect credit on one's country should be the inspiration of every aspirant.

During the war, when the American contingents first arrived in Italy, Thomas Nelson Page, then Ambassador to Italy, wrote a short address to the soldiers and had it distributed among them. In it he told them that they had arrived in a country which was inclined to look upon them as the finest products of the modern world and that it was up to them to make good this belief; that everything they said and did was going to be accepted as representative of America; that they were being given an exceptional opportunity to show that they were what they had been called and that he hoped every soldier would feel he had arrived with a personal mission to fulfill.

It seems to me that this advice might be used to advantage by every one who goes into the foreign service. And

besides living up to what is expected of us, we have also the perhaps more difficult task of trying to live down some reputations that have already been made for us. We have had some representatives who, on account of their personal inclinations and their indifference to the effect they made, have done much to give us what might be called a black eye.

There is every reason to believe that the foreign service of the United States is receiving more serious consideration every year. The war had no little part in bringing it to the general attention of our people. Those who had heard vaguely of embassies and legations before the war found them a comforting point of refuge during those uncertain days; and now that reconstruction has set in, with all the complications of political and industrial and commercial affairs uppermost, our missions are steadily increasing in importance. Where formerly those who came to an embassy were principally made up of a class who wanted to be presented at court or given letters of introduction to important personages, the visitor now arrives on much more serious business and finds himself invited to make use of the specially devised departments which are capable of helping him in the direction in which he is most interested.

Undoubtedly all this has created a reaction at home which has found expression in the recently discussed Rogers Bill, a bill presented to Congress for "the reorganization and improvement of the foreign service of the United States and for other purposes." The four important provisions of this bill are:

The adoption of a new and uniform salary scale, with a view to broadening the field of selection by eliminating the necessity for private incomes and permitting the relative merits of candidates to be adjudged on the basis of ability alone.

The amalgamation of the diplomatic and consular branches into a single foreign service on an interchangeable basis. This would relieve the limitations of the present consular career and effectually coördinate the political and economic branches of the service.

The granting of representation allowances, which would lessen the demands on the private fortunes of ambassadors and ministers and render it practicable to promote a greater number of trained officers to those positions.

The extension of the civil-service retirement act, with appropriate modifications, to the foreign service. This has become necessary for maintaining the desired standard of efficiency under the merit system.

It would be well for any one contemplating entering the foreign service to read this bill carefully and to study the discussions of it, which are embodied in a pamphlet printed by the Government Printing Office at Washington and entitled Hearings Before the Committee on Foreign Affairs Before the House of Representatives on H. R. 12543. During these hearings the present Secretary of State, Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, made this statement regarding the foreign service, which explains the effort now being made by our Government to place this service on the basis which every one who has considered the matter seriously will heartily agree is the right one:

"We have to-day more than twice as much work in the Department of State as we had before the war. It is not only double in volume but far more important with respect to the quality of the work demanded, because of the problems presented in every part of the world, because of the intricacies of the questions left by the war, because of the kaleidoscopic character of conditions all over the world, the instability which is unfortunately presented to us in many parts of the world.

You have the minimum of diplomatic service required when you have the maximum of stability. You have the maximum service required when you have unstable conditions, new developments and a constant need for the protection of American interests. . . .

"There are some who have the idea that because of the increase of facilities of intercourse—by cable, by radio, and in every way by which communication is made easy—the importance of the diplomatic agent is diminished. That, from my point of view, is a very erroneous conception. The more you develop the facilities of intercourse the more you develop the very situation in which the need for an agency is increased, because you multiply the opportunities for questions to arise.

"There is not any business house of importance in the United States who in any matter of difficulty will send a wire if they can send a man. They will send their wire and the man. It is, of course, a matter familiar to every one who has had any wide connection with affairs that the personal contact in the last analysis is the vital and determining contact. I might send an instruction; I might write out in detail, textually, just what is to be said; but much will depend upon the man who presents that, upon his manner and his experience, and whether he is persona grata—whether he is a man who has won the esteem and confidence of the foreign office with which he is called upon to deal. . . .

"This great country cannot afford to be represented by any service less than the best attainable. It is not an expensive service. When we consider the responsibilities resting upon the Department of State, the vast interests of our citizens and of the nation itself that are at stake, I think it is the least expensive service in the Government. . . .

"Now, what do you need to make this service more efficient? I am not talking here about ambassadors and ministers. It will not be for a moment questioned that we ought to have the opportunity—that the President should have the opportunity—to call distinguished citizens, men of wide familiarity with the business and politics and affairs, well-read, cultivated men whose personality gives prestige to their country wherever they

may be. The President should call such men to service at foreign posts, particularly at the more important posts. But a man of that sort, I do not care who he is, cannot function without a staff. The more intelligent he is, the more skillful he is, the more he appreciates the necessity of that staff.

"Take a lawyer in a busy office crowded with clients, at the front rank of his profession, with men coming to him with the most important concerns—does he sit there as a repository of all knowledge, depending upon his individual efforts, which he must put forth between calls on the telephone, between interviews? He has a trained staff, and the more skillful and able he is the better staff he will have, not to supply what he gives —no staff can do that. No one could give his intelligence, his acumen, his analysis, his ability to deal with complicated situations, calling to his aid experiences which others know nothing of; but he must have the technical aid, the researches necessary to the particular case, the information as to the office precedents as to all matters which go into the final action for which he will be responsible. I do not have to argue that to men of affairs. So that however skillful or able the ambassador or minister may be, you do not get rid of the necessity for a staff. . . .

"What should that staff consist of? Of course, it should consist of men who have natural aptitude and knowledge of languages. I think our ministers should know the languages. Certainly there must be some one who knows the languages of the countries where they are, and who knows their history, knows all those things which constitute the common law of any office or department. I mean by that the world of things that have been done—the routine, the hundreds of interviews, the revelations of attitudes, disclosures of motives, expositions of personalities. . . . To accomplish these results you must have men of career, and unless you provide for the career, what would happen to a young man who enters the service?

"I speak now candidly and directly to you: What do you offer to a young man who has no fortune, who has just got God-given abilities and a desire to serve, who is interested in international relations, who has the qualifications that come

through specializing in history, in languages and in study of world politics? What would lead him to enter upon a diplomatic career now, when all that he sees before him is a salary at a maximum of $4000? He knows, however, that by having an Executive who is keen for the service of the country, he may have a remote chance to get an appointment as minister. He may get it, but in the main he cannot look forward to it, and, otherwise, he has got there a limit of $4000. . . .

"I do not go at all upon the theory that men of spirit, of high ideals, are entirely influenced by money or money considerations. It would be a sad day for our country if our best young men had no other ambition. It is not true that they have no other ambition. Of course, you cannot compete with what engineering will give or what the practice of law will give or what the practice of medicine will give to the brightest minds. It would be folly to attempt a thing of that sort. But this country has always been able to draw upon its best blood to a considerable extent because of the desire for distinction, the desire for cultural opportunities, for the relations that are congenial; because of the ideal of public service that a technical opportunity of a professional sort or a business might not satisfy.

"That is the reason why during the last generation or two generations, when America has jumped forward, when great fortunes have been developed, and the country has expanded in every way, you have had men in the schools, in the church, in various activities where pecuniary considerations were not dominant. Of course, our colleges have had to meet the new exigency; they have had to readjust their salaries. Our universities have had to meet it. We have had, in various ways, to meet the higher expense and the increased competition under conditions at this day. . . .

"What is necessary to give a man an assurance that he will be able at least to live, that he will be able to get married, that he will be able to support himself according to reasonable and modest American standards? Is it too much to lay down the maximum for the very best at $9000, at this time? Well, if I thought I should have to argue that question, I should

despair of any consideration of the department. It cannot be possible that I must argue this—that for a man who has chosen his career, who year after year sees his friends at college get rich about him, a maximum of $9000 and a minimum of $3000 should be considered excessive. The maximum will only be, of course, for the best men of long service. It runs down to $3000. . . .

"It is not a good thing for the diplomatic service to be recruited, even on a merit basis, exclusively from men of families of fortune who can afford the life on the present basis. When I say that, I want to say that I am the last man in the world to deny the fine ambition, the qualifications, the creditable work of our young man of families of fortune who have not tried to add to their pecuniary competency, but have made it available for public service. I do not know what we would do to-day if it was not that we could draw upon men who not only have the advantages of culture and refinement but who have private means and can afford to enter the service and are selected because of their ability and not because of any fortune they may have. With all credit to them, however, it is a great mistake, utterly undemocratic, for the Government to so arrange its affairs as to exclude others. . . .

"This is not an extravagant proposal. This is an effort to make reasonable classification which will give an opportunity, first, to put men where experience shows their best fitness lies, and next, to make a career attractive within limits so that those who enter the service may feel that if they are reasonable and modest they can get along just as our boys want to get along if they are normal; that they can have a fair livelihood and a reasonable position in the world."

The bill has many other interesting questions besides that of increasing the salaries of secretaries. One which has caused considerable discussion and has brought out a number of varied opinions is the clause which provides for the interchange of the diplomatic and consular services—that is to say, an arrangement by which men entering the consular service, if found more suitable for the

diplomatic, will be changed to it, and vice versa. Under the provisions of this bill the diplomatic and consular services will be known as the Foreign Service of the United States. Personally I find the clause regarding interchange from one service to the other exceedingly practical. By it a young American can enter the consular department, and if he shows himself more suited to the diplomatic can be shifted to it; and the one who finds he is better adapted to consular work can be changed to it.

There is considerable distinction between the two branches of the work. Both are exceedingly interesting, and though my experience has been confined to the diplomatic, it has brought me naturally in close contact with our consular representatives. Of the two, I should say that it would be less difficult for the average American young man to enter the consular service than the diplomatic; in one sense the former is more really American than the latter.

Diplomacy demands a certain social experience without which a man finds himself somewhat embarrassed. In spite of the changes and a simpler life developed by the war, there still remains in diplomatic intercourse a great deal of form and ceremony that must be observed if one wishes to be successful in it; and it must be admitted that American life does not exactly prepare one for this existence. Unless one has a natural aptitude for it, unless one has a keen social sense—even a liking for such things—one is very likely to be bored and awkward in such surroundings. It can hardly be called a democratic existence, as it affords privileges as well as restrictions, and—more on account of traditions than actual conditions—confines one to a certain group that expects certain things.

Again, a secretary in the diplomatic service has obli-

gations that do not exist to such an extent for a consul. He must keep up a nice house, he must entertain, he must give a considerable portion of his time to the amenities of life through which he meets people, develops contacts and thus, through social intercourse, makes himself persona grata to those who are important in governmental affairs. A consul, working more in the field of commerce and business relations, is thrown in contact with a somewhat simpler, if more real, social class; he is neither expected to maintain a large house nor to entertain elaborately, and in a way is much less open to criticism than a diplomatic secretary.

This difference in the two services is less noticeable in republics than in monarchies. In the latter the secretary has a position at court, whereas the consul has not. This distinction is somewhat difficult for Americans to understand. Two men coming from the same town, the same social class, having been educated at the same college, may arrive at the same capital, and the one in diplomacy will have all the advantages of a wide social entrée where the consul will have comparatively none. This distinction has often caused considerable ill feeling —it is even at times exceedingly embarrassing; but it has to be accepted as a fact in those older countries that have built up class differences which do not exist with us.

The present Consul-General to London, Mr. Robert Skinner, made some interesting remarks on the foreign service when discussing the Rogers Bill. He said:

"This bill is a business bill. Its outstanding purpose is to protect, encourage and assist our commercial and other business relations abroad, which are so intimately intertwined with our political relations as to be practically inseparable. It attempts to provide a better business organization of our foreign service. . . . It gives the Executive power to cut out

duplication and to coördinate various activities, and it lays the foundation for a trained personnel from whom the President can draw, if so disposed, those higher diplomatic officers who, under the Constitution, can be named by him as he deems best. I frankly say, as one of the men from the field, that we hope in time he will find it to his advantage and convenience to select those higher officers from the trained service. . . .

"It introduces one novel administrative feature, not novel in the practice of other countries but in our own; and it is the vital feature of these proposals. That feature is the destruction of the wall now existing between the diplomatic and consular branches of the service—a perfectly useless wall, the only obvious effect of which is to tend to create a caste among officeholders, a wall which prevents your diplomatic secretaries from obtaining a working knowledge of business affairs, prevents your consuls from obtaining an insight into the processes of central governments, and deprives the Secretary of State from employing available talent where it may most usefully be applied. . . .

"The men now in office cannot be changed in their characters or habits of thought by this or any other bill. You are legislating only incidentally for them. But ten or fifteen years from now, if this bill passes, you will have created a new, a more efficient class of public servant, true to type, like the splendid fellows who come out of the military and naval academies; men who, while possessing a proper appreciation of the amenities of life, will also have an equal appreciation that ours is a business country, with whose varied concerns they will be familiar and capable by their habits, instincts and desires of giving such assistance as a well-conceived foreign service may render. . . .

"Now you are not going to find men of this sort full-grown, like Jove. Perhaps there was a time when our foreign representatives, being amiable and intelligent, were adequate to every probable situation. I can recall the sign on my own door twenty years ago—Office Hours Ten to Twelve and Two to Four—and not much going on, at that. It is different now. I remember hearing Mr. Page in London, shortly after the

outbreak of the war, exclaim almost pathetically that his predecessors had had a very good time.

" 'Of course they had a very good time,' " said he; " 'but they had no work to do.' "

"And there you have the key to the need of this bill. There is work to be done, and somebody must do it, or try to do it, and it is for you to decide whether it shall be well done or indifferently done or poorly done."

A former Ambassador to Great Britain, Mr. John W. Davis, in speaking in favor of the Rogers Bill, said:

"Speaking generally, of course, the diplomatic branch of the foreign service is the first line in the country's defense, and the consular is the spearhead of the country's trade. . . . I am quite aware of the fact, and I assume we are all aware, that the man on the street really does not appreciate the importance of either of these services. Speaking from my experience in Congress, and subsequent service in the executive department and in the diplomatic corps itself, you constantly run into the most astonishing ignorance of what the service is, its importance, or what it really means.

"There is a prevailing impression, I know, that the diplomat's chief duty is to attend pink teas and escort dowager duchesses around at ceremonial occasions. Most people think that the consul does not come into action until somebody gets arrested in the port in which he happens to be residing. I am sure that is a quite prevalent point of view. . . . Manifestly, if we are to get good men in the service and hold them after they get there, we must set them to work under conditions that are agreeable, that will stimulate their personal ambition, and that will induce them to remain in the service after they have had the experience which makes them valuable.

"Over and over again, while I was in London, young men and good men in the diplomatic service would come to me in great personal concern and ask me frankly whether I thought they ought to stay in the service. I always asked them what their financial condition was. If I found that they had no,

or at best meager, resources beyond their official salary, I told them with great regret that I thought they were doing an injustice to themselves, and that at the earliest opportunity they ought to leave the service and get into something that was not a blind alley. I did that because I felt that the time would come when they would want to marry, in the normal course of affairs, and would have children to take care of; and I knew they could not hope to raise a family on the salary they were receiving, and that the time would come, as it comes to all men who stay too long on salaries, when they would find it difficult to get away and would drag out the rest of their lives in discomfort to themselves and discomfort to their families."

Nothing could furnish a more complete answer to those young Americans who wish to enter the diplomatic service of their country, and yet who must rely upon their Government to furnish them with a living wage, than the remarks of these experienced men. The hope of making the foreign service a career apparently lies in the passage of the Rogers Bill.

Many young men have asked how they should go about preparing for the diplomatic and consular service. There are special courses in most of our larger universities. George Washington University and Georgetown University have extensive courses on this subject; the American University has a course; Harvard, Yale and Princeton, I understand, have special courses; the University of California offers an elaborate course; in fact, it is not at all a difficult matter to find opportunities for obtaining instruction in those subjects required by the Department of State.

As for the examination, the pamphlet issued by the Department of State entitled American Diplomatic Service, which can be obtained upon request, includes information for applicants as follows:

"Diplomatic-service examinations to obtain candidates for possible appointment as third secretaries are not held at stated times, but only when the needs of the service require. These examinations are held in Washington only. No one may be examined who is not specially designated to take the examination. Traveling and other personal expenses connected with the taking of examinations must be borne by the candidates. A general notice of examination is announced through the public press. Notice is not sent to all applicants individually, but only to those designated for examination.

"Blank forms of application for appointment may be had upon application to the Department of State. Application for appointment should be addressed to the Secretary of State. They must be made in the handwriting of the applicant. An application is considered as pending for a period of two years. After such period has elapsed without favorable action thereon, another application with indorsements will be necessary to obtain further consideration.

"Applicants for appointment, in their correspondence with the department, should always sign their names as given in their applications, without enlargement or contraction. An applicant should be particularly careful to give his legal residence correctly. The department does not undertake to determine what an applicant's legal residence is. Originals of all indorsements listed in the application must be filed therewith, copies thereof not being acceptable. Indorsements may not be withdrawn while a person remains an applicant, or while he is an officer or employee of the Department of State.

"A candidate is not designated for examination with a view to his assignment to a particular post, or a particular part of the world, but in order to determine his eligibility for appointment to Class Four. A secretary may be assigned to any post, where, in the judgment of the Department, his services will best serve the public interests.

"The Government does not maintain a school for the training of candidates for the foreign service; does not recommend any special institution; does not suggest a list of books to be studied; does not furnish a course of study in any school.

No special training is accepted in lieu of the prescribed examination, and no transfers without examination are made to secretaryships from other branches of the government service.

"The department publishes no list of vacancies and is not able definitely to forecast when vacancies in the service may occur. The only set of examination papers which can be furnished to applicants is the one printed in this pamphlet. Appointments of secretaries are made only after a physical examination of candidates to determine that they are physically qualified to live in any part of the world. The written language examinations include papers in French, German and Spanish only, and no other language will be accepted in lieu of these. An oral examination is also given the candidate in the language selected by him in his written examination to test his ability to converse in that language. He may also present in his oral examination any other language with which he may be familiar.

"Dependent upon the number of candidates, the examinations last from three to six days. The written part of the examination covers a period of two days of six hours each. The first two subjects are given on the first day, and the remaining subjects on the following day, probably in the order presented in sample examinations in this pamphlet. The ratings in the various parts of foreign-service examinations are not published or furnished to candidates, the only figure given out being the general average received by successful candidates, this figure being given such candidates when they are notified that they have passed the examination."

After this general information follows a list of questions suggestive of those comprised in the examinations. The first subject is international law; the second, diplomatic usage; the third, modern languages; the fourth, natural, industrial and commercial resources and commerce of the United States; the fifth, American history, government and institutions; the sixth, modern history—since 1850—of Europe, South America and the Far East. At first glance this list seems rather formidable; but to a

college graduate, even to a man who has made the best of a high-school education, this impression will not last long.

Perhaps the only two really unfamiliar subjects are international law and diplomatic usage, for almost every one who has gone to school at all has a smattering of some modern language, some idea of American and European history, some conception of the resources of the United States. So, on the whole, it would seem that with a year's preparation, concentrating on international law and modern world politics, one should have no difficulty in passing the examinations.

Another phase of the foreign service which should be interesting to all young Americans is that branch which has to do with our commercial relations with foreign countries, and which is not a part of the Department of State, but is under the direct control of the Secretary of Commerce. This trade service is now organized under the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce and, since the war, has developed into one of the most important parts of our foreign service. Practically every embassy and legation now has its commercial attaché and trade commissioners, and the work carried on by them is not only extremely interesting but of tremendous value to our country.

The British have been perhaps a little more interested in this branch of foreign service than we have; in fact, they are much more inclined to develop closer relations between the head of the mission—that is to say, the ambassador or minister—and the commercial attaché than we are. Not only do they see that he has every opportunity afforded him for obtaining valuable information, but they also see that he has the proper social entrée—always an important phase of foreign life. It was interesting to me to find that the commercial attachés of the

British Embassy in Rome and Tokio—and in several other places—were considered as much a part of the embassy staff as the secretaries.

The development of this side of our foreign service is increasing each year; it offers a permanent career; the salaries are already much better than those paid to diplomatic secretaries, ranging from $3000 to $5000 for trade commissioners, and from $5000 to $7000 for commercial attachés. The chance for promotion is most encouraging, an instance of the quick appreciation of good work having been shown recently when two young women who entered the service as clerks were promoted to be assistant trade commissioners—one in Peking, the other in Berlin. On the whole, any one who is considerating entering the foreign service would do well to turn his attention to this side of it as well as to the consular and diplomatic branches.

The functions of the foreign representatives of the Department of Commerce are described as follows:

"The primary duty is that of investigating and reporting upon economic conditions and trade openings in the territory assigned to them. They are constantly forwarding reports by cable and mail to the Department of Commerce for publication and distribution to the American business community. The second function of the foreign representative is the rendering of specific practical assistance to American business interests. Our foreign representatives are constantly receiving requests from American business firms and are called upon to aid American business men traveling abroad or the agents of American firms engaged in foreign trade. The third function of the foreign representative is serving as commercial adviser to the American diplomatic mission located in the territory assigned to him. The entire staff of each foreign representative is always at the disposal of the chief of a diplomatic mission on any commercial or economic matter that may arise."

No discussion of diplomacy would be complete without some reference to the part women play in it. Some people have gone so far as to suggest that if we are going to have special courses in our schools and colleges for this profession these courses should include instruction for wives of diplomats—that they play just as important a part in the career as men. As a matter of fact, I am inclined to think that they play an even more important part. There are numerous instances where the wife of an ambassador or minister has had everything to do with his success or failure.

Especially is this true of American women, who to-day have taken a rather unique place in the world. They are looked upon by the foreigner as something entirely new in civilization and a dominant factor in American life. A French author has gone to great lengths to show that the problems of the New World have created a place for woman which is a reversion to those primitive days when there was little distinction between the sexes; when of necessity women were hardy and capable of the same effort as men; when working side by side, combating the elements, constructing dwellings, following the chase and living in the open made of them a physically strong race; and ends his theory with the suggestion that successive generations of increasing civilization had weakened woman until, in the effort of settling a new continent, she once more regained her pristine power.

Whether this theory is correct or not, the fact remains that an American diplomat's wife, like her primitive ancestresses, works side by side with her husband; and when she arrives at a new post she is looked upon with perhaps keener interest than her husband. If she comes up to expectations—which generally comprise being very well dressed, given to entertaining and possessing an un-

usual amount of energy, with the freedom necessary to exercise it—she is at once very much sought after.

A diplomat's wife can make or ruin her husband's career. She can make the house attractive, she can make it a rendezvous for the entire diplomatic corps, she can make it a home for the younger secretaries, and, by being herself interesting and attractive, can draw people to it who will be of immense help to her husband in an official way.

The traditional idea that more can be accomplished in a friendly, unofficial conversation than in cut-and-dried official discussions is just as much a fact to-day as formerly; and it is in setting the stage for this informality that the woman becomes so important. If a man knows that he can drop in any afternoon, have tea and gossip lightly over current events with a charming woman, he is going to be on much more friendly terms with that mission than with one where he is not expected unless he is formally invited. More important agreements have been arranged in this way than in the stuffy precincts of some dismal foreign office.

English diplomats' wives are particularly successful in helping their husbands in official life; but then—again different from us—they take diplomacy as a very serious career and prepare for it as a life-work. I was once told the story of a British diplomat who fell very much in love with a girl who had been brought up on a country estate and had had little social experience. When he told his family that he wished to marry her they said it would be perfectly foolish of him to do such a thing; that the girl would ruin his career; that she was in no way fitted to be a diplomat's wife. When she found out the nature of the objections that were held against her she immediately began to prepare herself for the life her future husband

was leading. She went to Paris and lived there a year, and thus perfected herself in French; from there she went to Berlin and spent another year learning German; and all this time she was reading and studying the history of diplomacy. Then she returned to England, showed that she was quite capable of being a diplomat's wife, married her faithful lover and eventually became one of her country's most distinguished ambassadresses.

Would an American girl be willing to do as this girl did, to make her husband's career a success? Somehow I am inclined to doubt it; yet think what a tremendous impression she would make in a diplomatic corps if she could discuss in French or German the Agadir incident, the Treaty of Vienna, the various ramifications of European diplomacy during the eighteenth century, the policies of Bismarck, or—to bring the matter quite up to date—the League of Nations. How many of us—both men and women—try to discuss this last gesture towards improvement in international relations without once having glanced at the original document!

The woman's part in diplomacy is tremendously important. Women represent a refinement in civilization; unfamiliarity with accepted forms is not forgiven them as it might be in a man. Nothing in the world exposes a mission to more ridicule and unfavorable comment than to have the infinite number of details carelessly attended to. The sending out of invitations, the leaving and returning of cards, the assembling of the right people at the right time, the avoidance of gathering together people who are neither socially nor politically sympathetic, the proper seating of guests at table, the thousand and one little things that must be looked after so scrupulously and which a man has no time for—all these things are done well or badly according to the ability of the wife.

The story goes that one very popular ambassador of

a foreign country was recalled because his wife never returned the cards left for her. We are inclined to think that such details are trivial and unimportant, because so little formality exists at home; and we often create unfavorable impressions just on account of our indifference —sometimes prejudice—to accepted forms.

I remember once having some friends arrive in Rome to spend the winter. They said they wanted to meet Italians and go into Roman society, and asked to be given some hints about customs there. When I told them they must leave cards on all the Italians to whom they were formally introduced, they said they couldn't think of doing such a thing; that at home the stranger waited to be called on by the native; that if they left cards for some one they had just met it would be exactly like bidding for an invitation to the house or to dinner. No, they would not observe Roman customs if they were as silly as that. No amount of talking had any effect upon them—such as when in Rome do as the Romans do; while in a foreign country, following the etiquette of that country is only courtesy, whether we privately consider it idiotic or not. But to no avail; they soon left in disgust, complaining bitterly of the fact that I had become so Europeanized that no one would ever take me for an American.

I do not see that observing the customs of a foreign country necessarily expatriates one; and surely we are just as intolerant of those people who come to America and try to force European customs on us as they are with us when we refuse to accept their formalities. Of course, I admit that one does not have to go to an extreme and adopt everything, whether we approve of it or not. No one who arrives in Turkey feels it an obligation to acquire a family of seventeen wives in order to become *persona grata*. Surely we shall lose none of our American characteristics in refraining from an attempt to

revolutionize the whole social fabric of a European capital when we arrive in it—a social fabric which, incidentally, is a few centuries older than our own.

The reputation of our missions is often made by some member who feels it his or her duty to spread American customs broadcast, even against the wishes of the people among whom the mission is situated. The story is told of one minister's wife who said she would not change her custom of having supper at night just to please the diplomatic corps; she had always had supper at six o'clock and she was going to continue to have it at that hour; those who came to the legation could call it dinner if they wanted to, even though they had scrambled eggs and fried ham and a good big cup of coffee served right along with the other things.

Another lady became famous because she insisted upon doing her marketing on a bicycle; another made a somewhat unique reputation for herself by asking a queen how her husband was getting along. When the queen replied that His Majesty the King was quite well, and then asked the diplomat's wife how her husband was, the American lady was quick enough to see the point and replied with dignity that His Excellency the American Ambassador was never better. Another gave a rather unusual impression of the way American women dressed by appearing at a ball clothed in an American flag covered with edelweiss —the former to show from which country she came, the latter to denote that her last post had been Switzerland; and still another, whose knowledge of French was somewhat limited, in explaining that every American woman prepared herself for some sort of a profession, was asked what hers was, and replied, "*Moi, je suis nourrice.*"

Foreigners have a good deal of fun recounting stories about us—more, I'm sure, than ever reach our ears; but we can tell just as many about them. There are just as

many provincial types among the diplomats of other nations as there are among us. On the whole, we have much more to be proud of than ashamed of.

Some have complained that I have written only of the pleasant side of diplomacy; that I have left out all the disagreeable incidents that must surely be a part of such a career, as of every other. As a matter of fact, diplomacy probably offers a pleasanter and more diverting existence than any other career that I can think of; and surely, if one views it from a patriotic standpoint, nothing could possibly offer a higher mission than going out to the nations of the world and carrying our message to them. And we have a message to carry—one of cheerfulness, eagerness and energy; one of good fellowship, helpfulness and equal opportunity; one of clean sentiments, youthful simplicity and an extraordinary freedom. I have no intention of making the eagle scream—he is quite capable of doing that unaided—but fourteen years away from my own people and my own country have made me realize how very lucky I was to have been born an American.

THE END

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Author Richardson, Norval R5243m

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